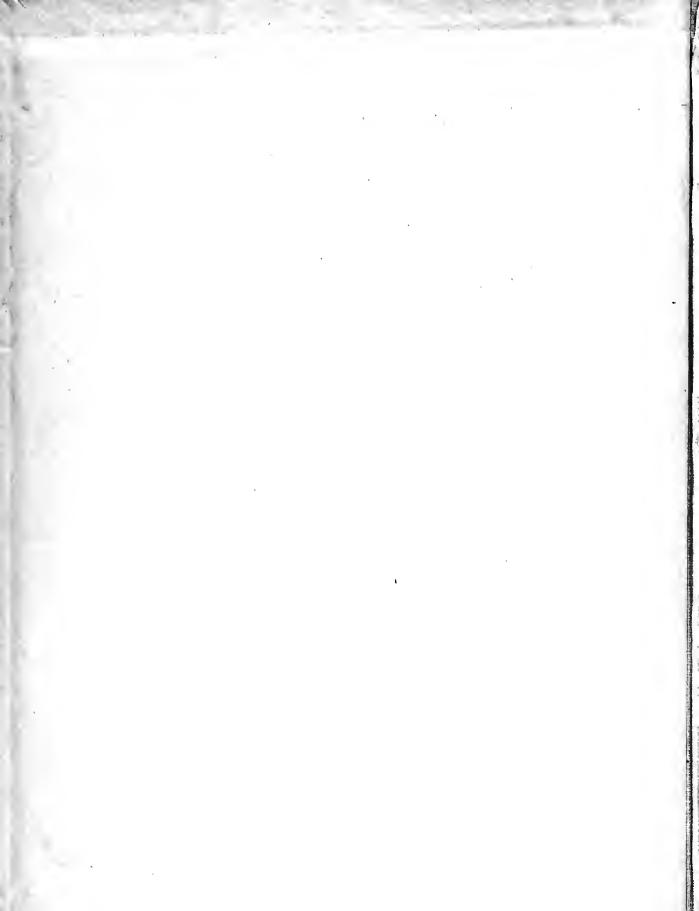
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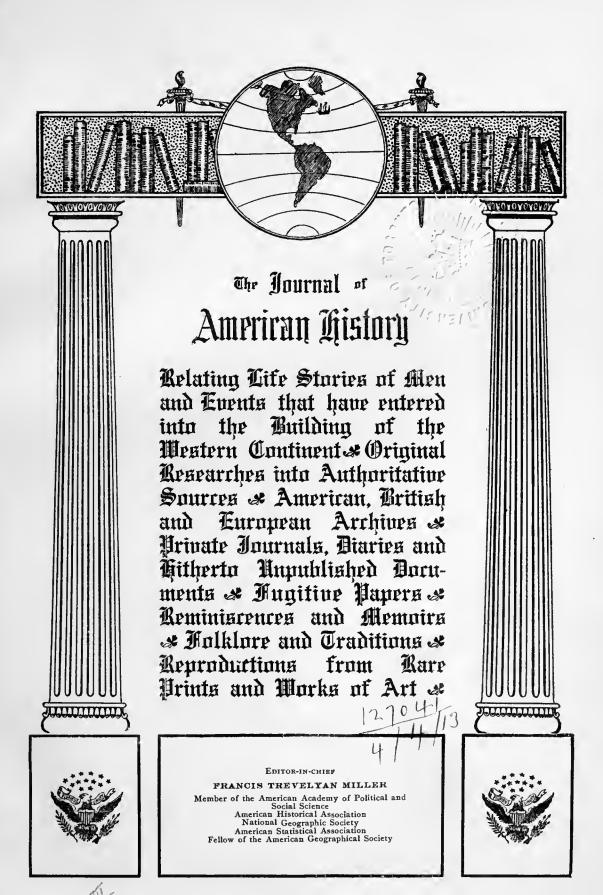
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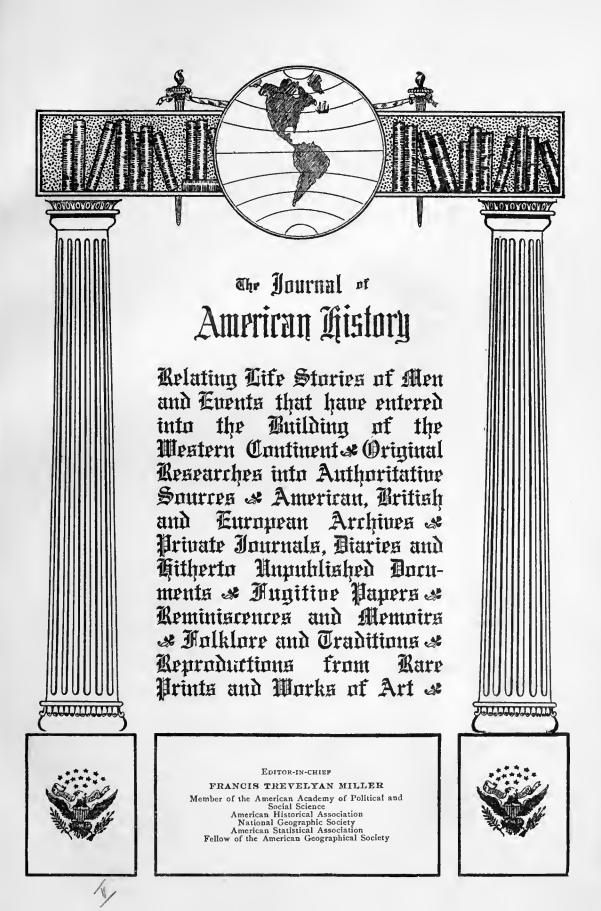
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Syllabus of the "American Brotherhood" Number

THIRD VOLUME FIRST NUMBER

This book marks the beginning of the third year of the institution of a Periodical of Patriotism in America, inculcating the principles of American Citizenship, and narrating the Deeds of Honor and Achievement that are so true to American Character—On this Centenary of Lincoln this Book is Dedicated to the United States

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FIRST QUARTER

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Chronicles of Those Who Have Done a Good Day's Work—Rich in Information upon Which May Be Based Accurate Economic and Sociologic Studies and of Eminent Value to Private and Public Libraries—Beautified by Reproductions of Ancient Subjects through the Modern Processes of American Art

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Foreword & To all True Americans

MERICANS who have co-operated in the founding of this first national

periodical of patriotism in America, are to be congratulated upon their loyalty and fidelity to this inspiring work. Instituted upon motives of civic duty and moral uplift, it has found in the first homes in America a most cordial greeting. The scope of its work, its possibilities for great public good, and its effect upon contemporary life and character, has been so far beyond its original contemplation that it has been irresistibly carried into all the tributaries of public service. Through the loyalty of these first homes into which it has been received, it has become not only a journal of national inspiration, but a powerful factor in the moulding of our national character. It enters upon its third year with broadest opportunities for distinguished usefulness. It is especially apropos on this Lincoln centenary to record that it is the first union of the interests of the North and the South in a practical movement for the development of a national spirit and the moulding of a national character. It is the first distinctly organized movement for the cultivation of historical research in North, South, East and West, and the erection of memorials to every American whose heroism has endeared him to the hearts of his own people. If it accomplishes this one service -which I believe is the greatest service that can be given to the American people-it is of noble birth. It is pledged to the Brotherhood of States and Nations; it knows no alien prejudices. It is the first American historical journal to pursue historical investigations in the archives of other nations for the purpose of discovering foreign viewpoints and recording them impartially for juxtaposition with the American evidence. It is the first American historical journal to receive the recognition of the scholars of the older civilization, and the co-operation of its researchers, or to have bestowed upon it the expressions of gratitude and commendation from the rulers of many of the ancient dynasties. The entire resources of The Journal of American History are being used to extend its possibilities for good. A journal, like a man, learns and matures with experience. While its possibilities for the most eminent public service throughout the generations lie more directly in the hope of a private endowment which would establish it as a public institution, it has laid a foundation upon which may be built one of the most noble influences in American life. The greatest work can be accomplished only through practical business channels. Modern business system is the science of permanent growth and matured achievement. For the perfection of the high ideals of this publication it must be held close to the heart of the basic principles of finance, and to bring it more closely into such relations it has established corporation offices at Three Forty-one Fifth Avenue, New York (Search Light Library, opposite Waldorf-Astoria, Thirty-fourth Street). invitation is extended to all who are in sympathy with its labors. It is intended to extend its service in the preservation of the records of the Nation by inaugurating a series of scholarly genealogical researches, and collecting in permanent editions the genealogical manuscripts that are now in possession of various families and genealogists throughout the country. Those who are considering the publication of such volumes are invited to communicate with THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS.

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America's Tribute to Cumanitarians

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Manuscript of the Autobiography of Tincoln

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Washington. DE March 28.18.
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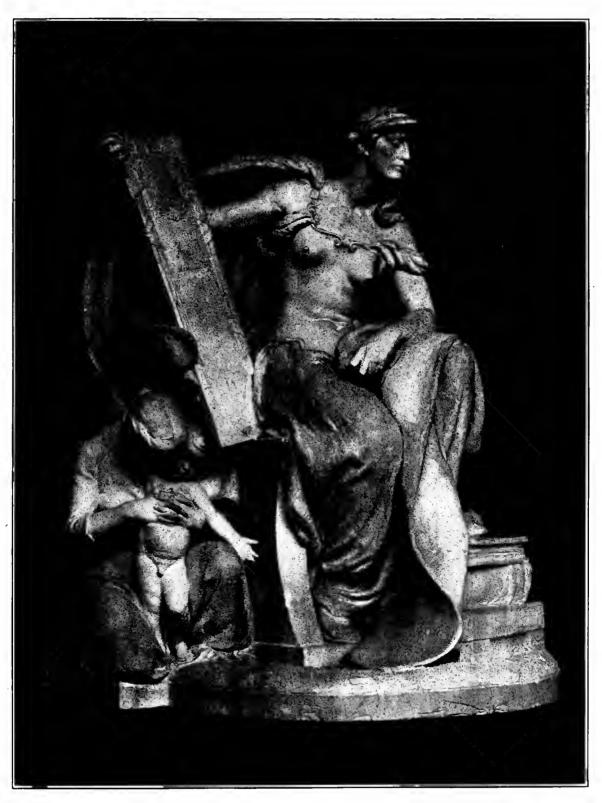
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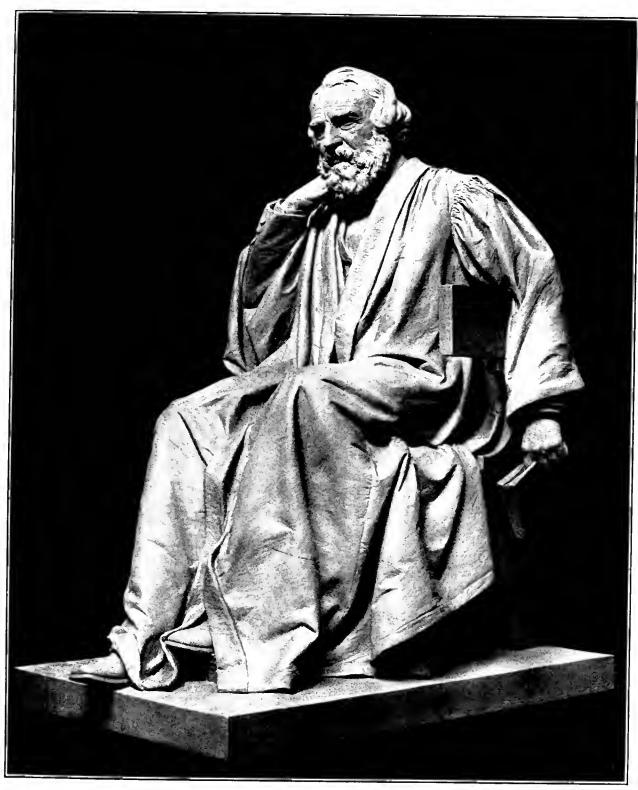
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On this Anniversary of the Birth of Washington, the new Washington Eques-



¹ Centennial Sculptural Conception of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, by William Couper, of the National Sculpture Society, for erection in the City of Washington, District of Columbia

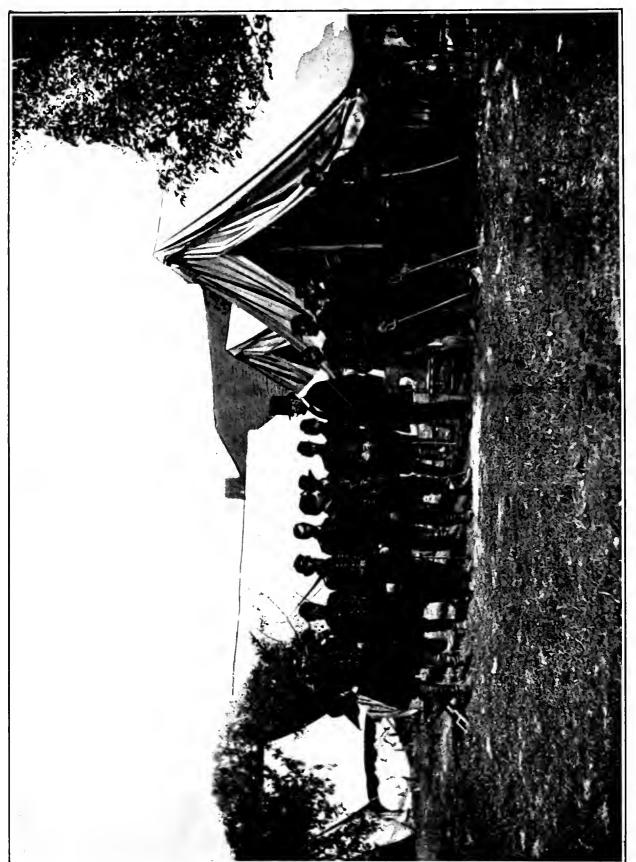


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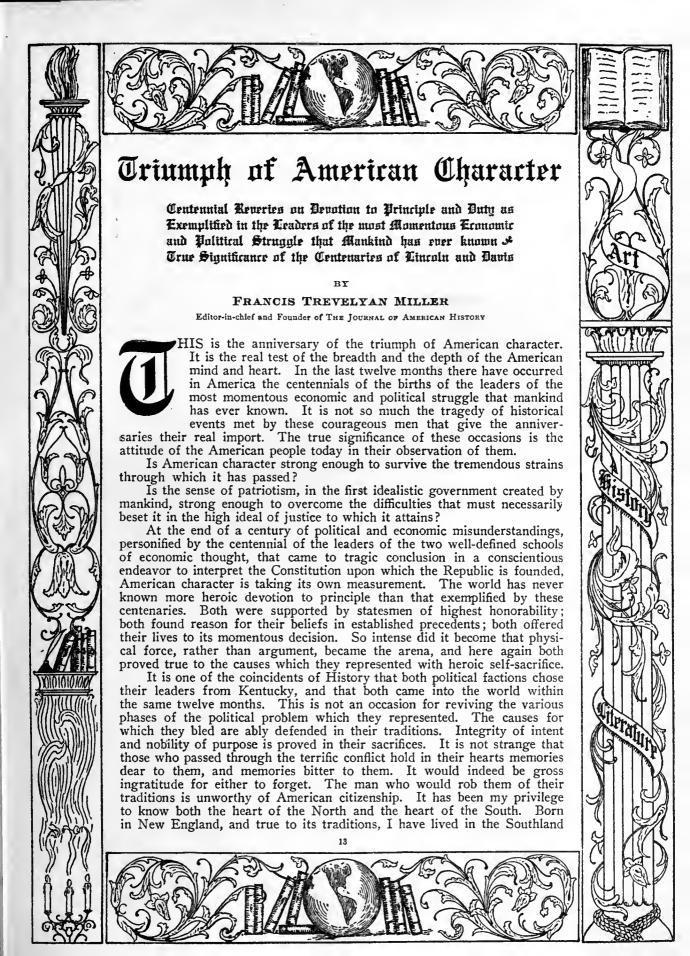


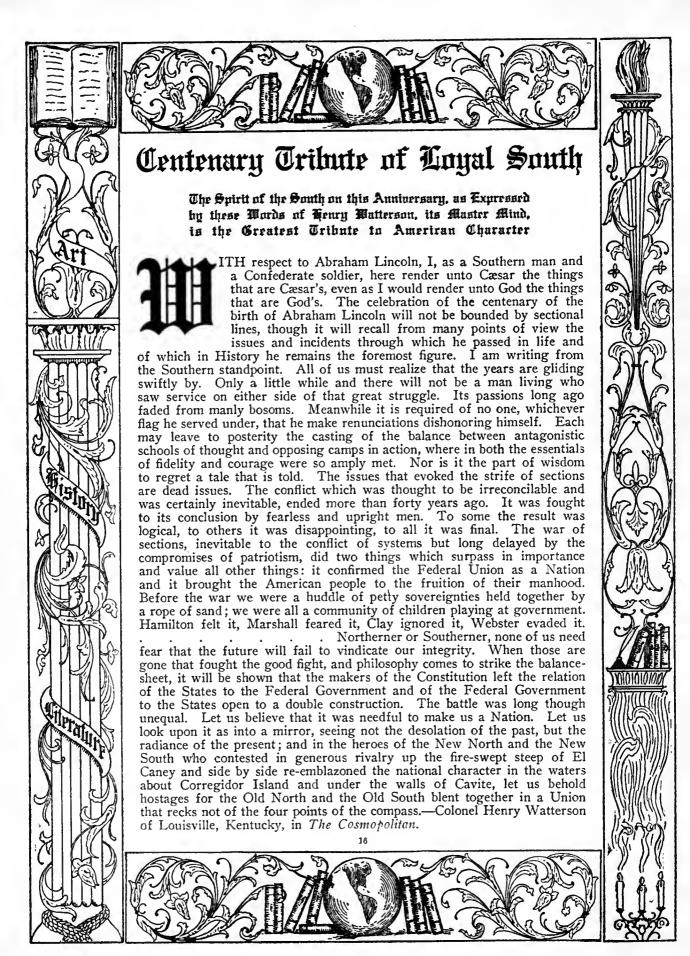
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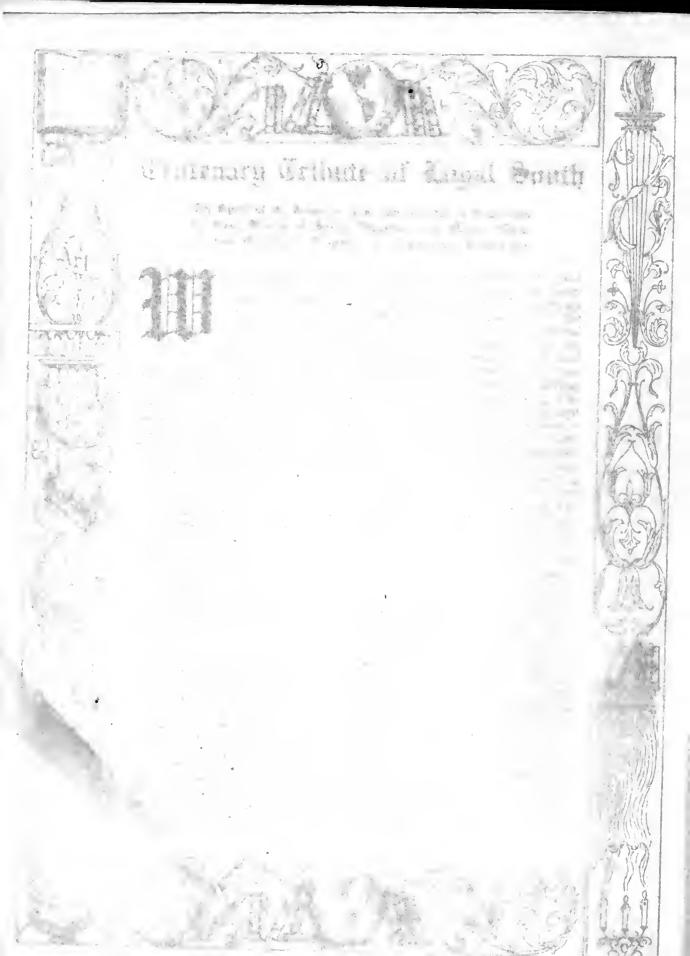


This photograph is conceded to be the most characteristic of Lincoln ever taken—It shows him on battlefield, towering above his army officers, at headquarters of Army of Potomac, as he was bidding farewell to General McClellan and a group of officers at Antietam Maryland, on October 5, 1862—Original negative in \$150,000 collection of Edward Bailey Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut



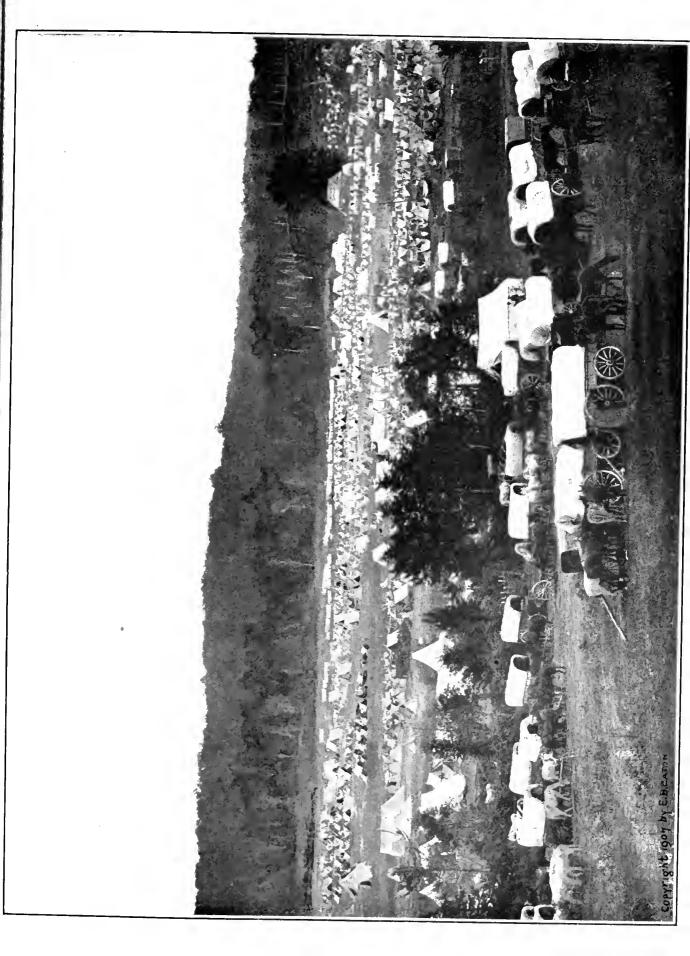


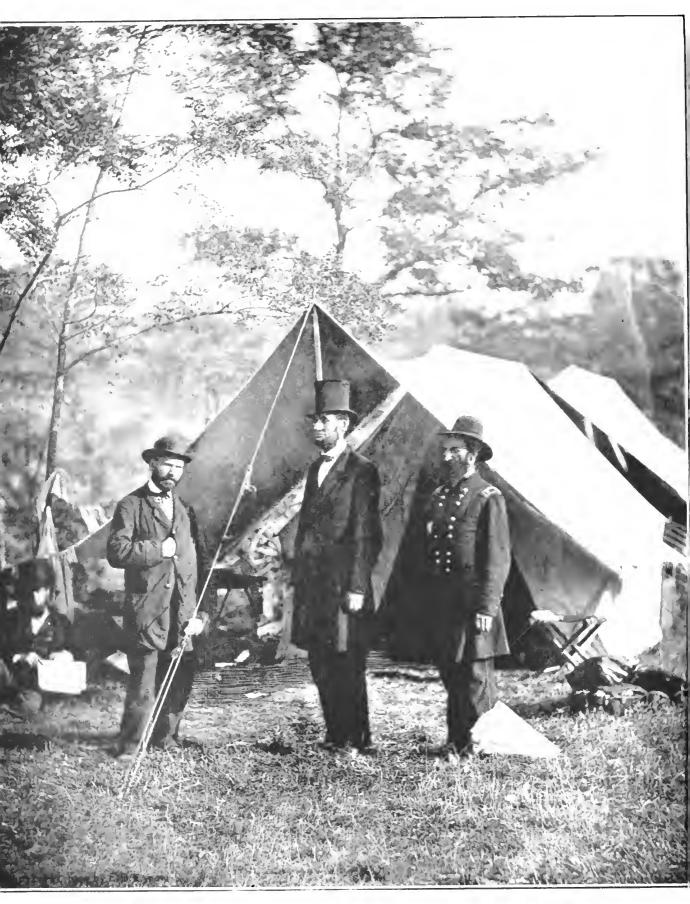
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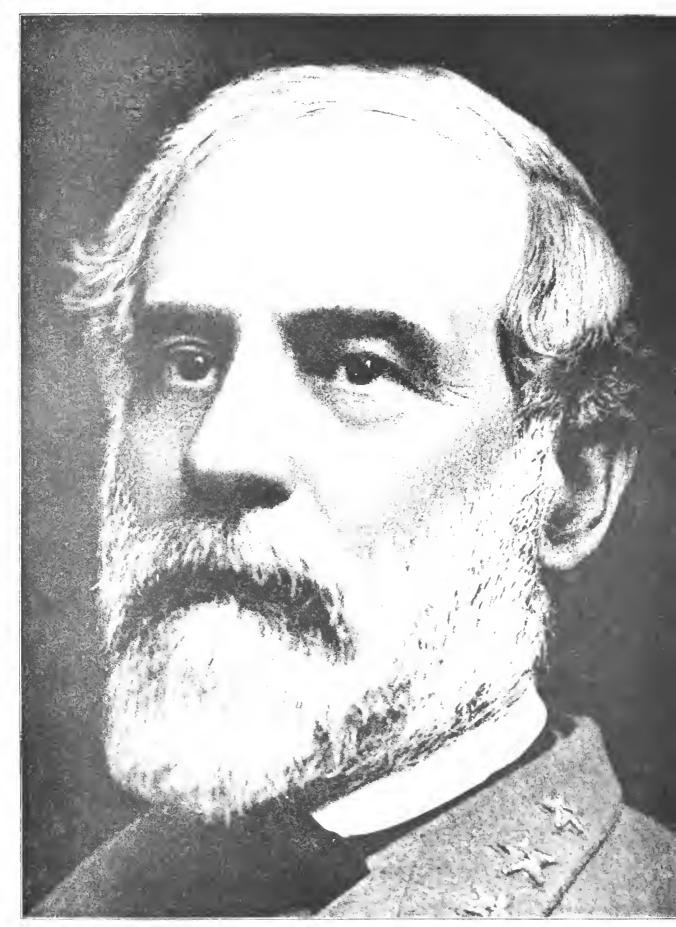
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Photograph taken while Lincoln was conferring with General McClellan on battlefield of Antietam, Maryland, October 3, 1862—Rare negative treasured in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton, at Hartford, Connecticut, and exclusively reproduced under his copyright in "The JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY"

Lincoln Centenary Portrait Gallery

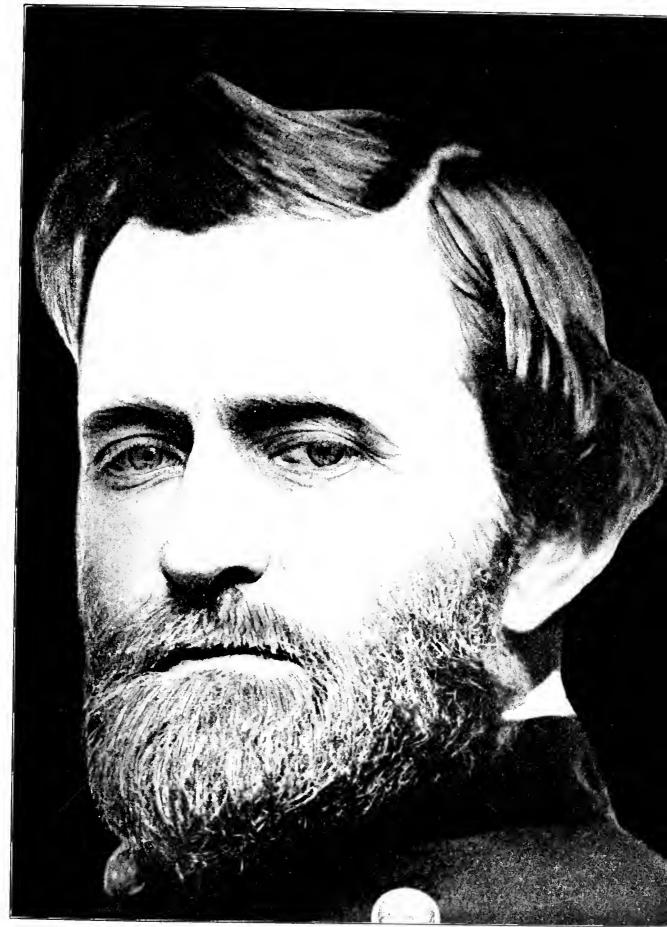
Men and Events in Life of Lincoln



HERO OF A COUNTY WHEN WORLD HER GLAV. Organized negative of General Robert Edward For, taken when may seem yours charge, in rest. Not tober on a County of the Language and a more Language exclusively for historical record in the Lorenza or American Historical Language.

Lincoln Centenary Portrait Gallery

Men and Events in Life of Lincoln



HERO OF AMERICANS WHO WORE THE BLUE—Original negative of General Ulysses Simpson Grant, taken when forty-two years of age, in 1802 in Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton—Enlargement under Faton copyright exclusively for historical record in "The Lot Nation Assertant Blues of Capit was been on Price III.

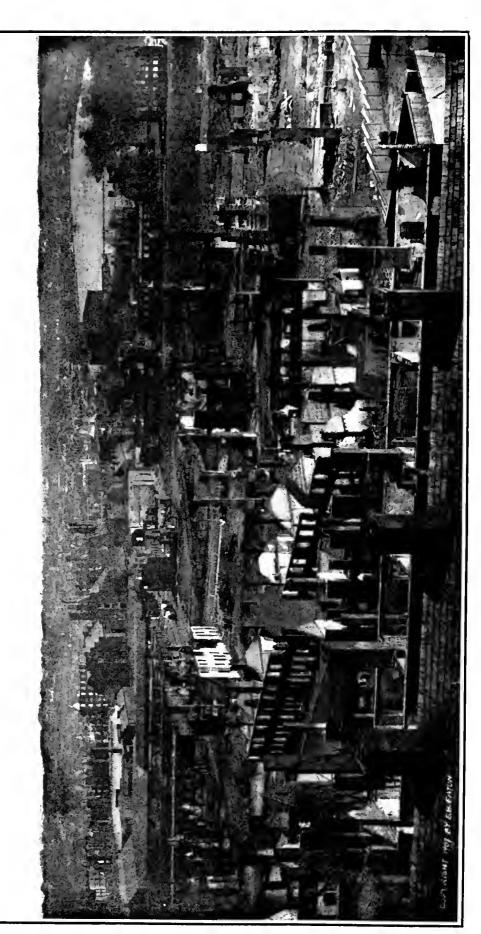




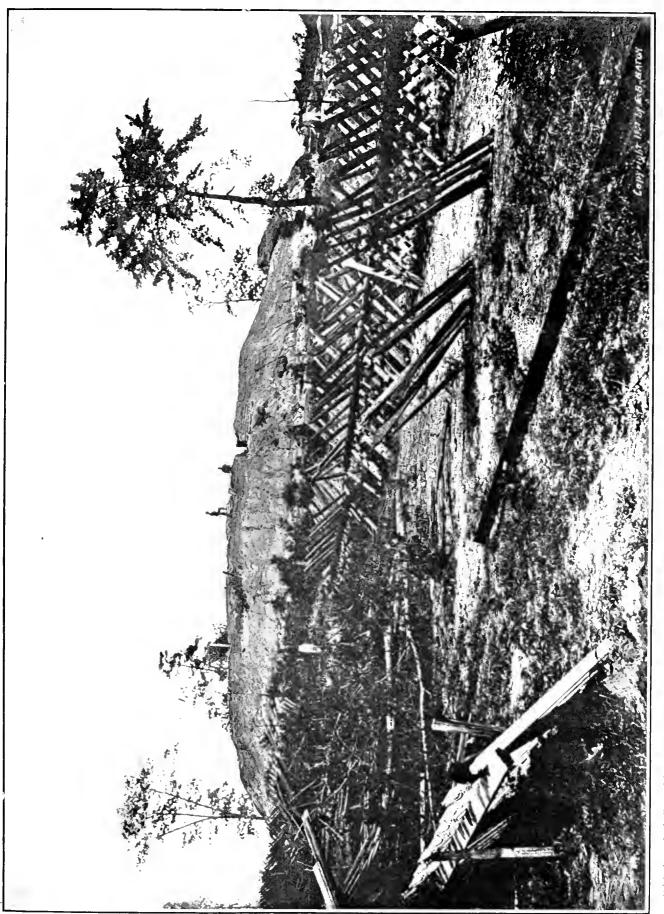
LAST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

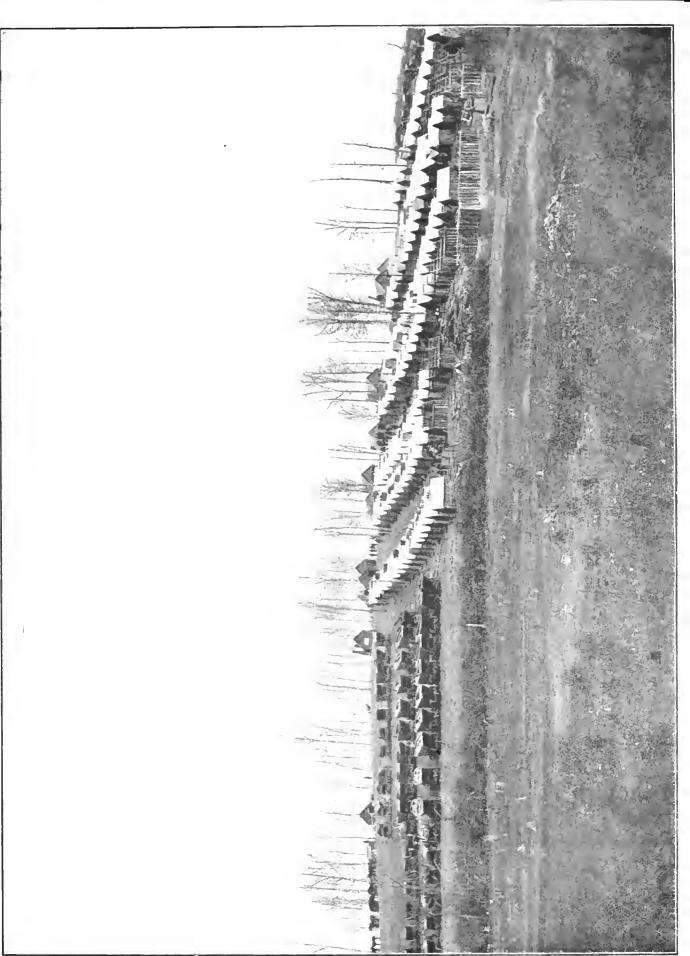
On this Centennial of Lincoln, "The Journal of American History" is exclusively authorized to historically record this enlargement of the Celebrated Photograph from the Original Negative taken by Early, the Government Photographer in 1855-The Original is now preserved in the Early Celebrated Photograph Thousand Original Negatives, made during the American orisis and valued at \$150,000-Centennial Proofs may be secured from the owner

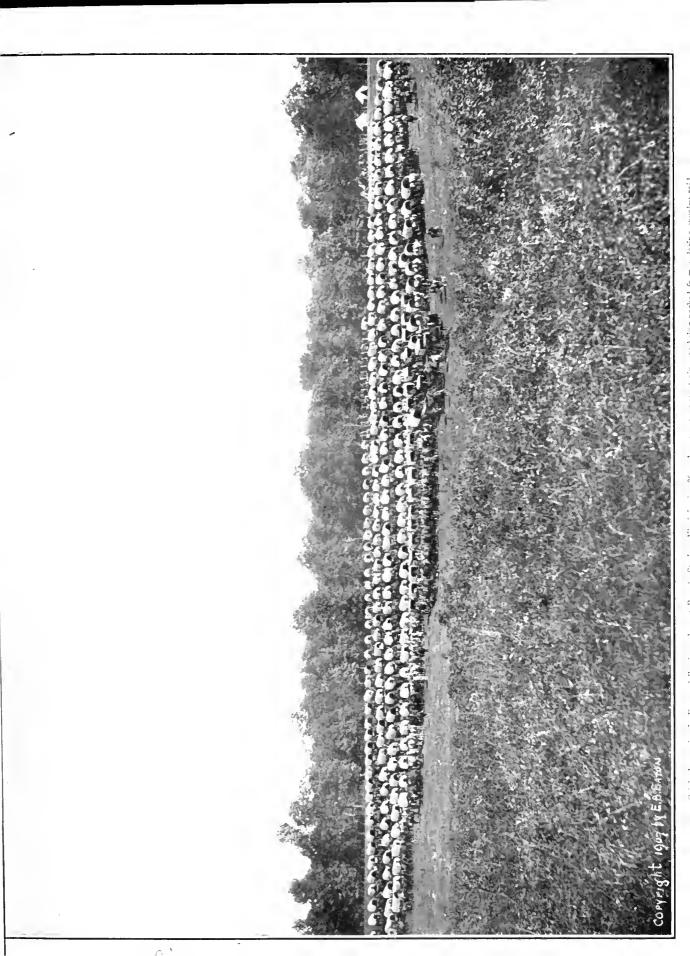
Copyrighted, 1908, by Edward Bailey Faton, Hartford, Connecticut



Original negative in Eaton Collection, taken in April, 1865, in historic old Richmond, Virginia, after one of the most heroic incidents in American History, in which the southern capital was destroyed by the loyal

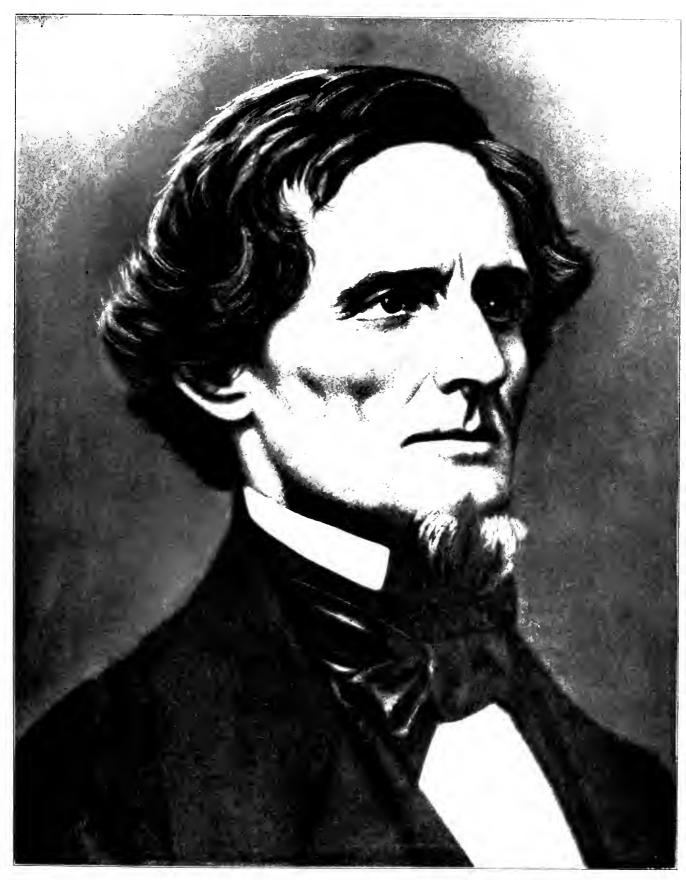






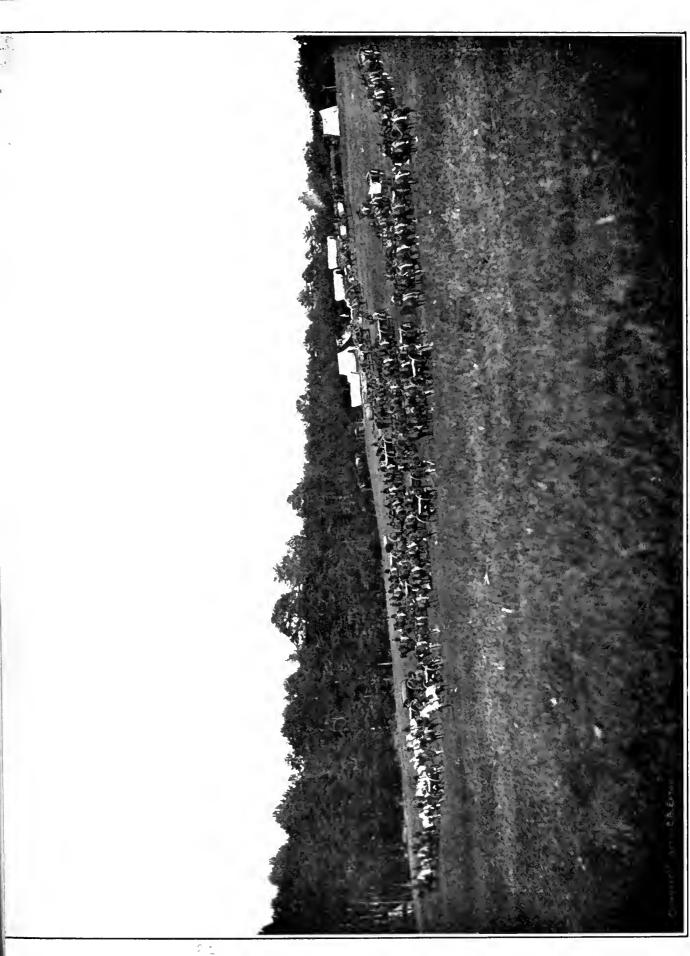
Lincoln Centenary Portrait

Men and Events in Life of Lincoln

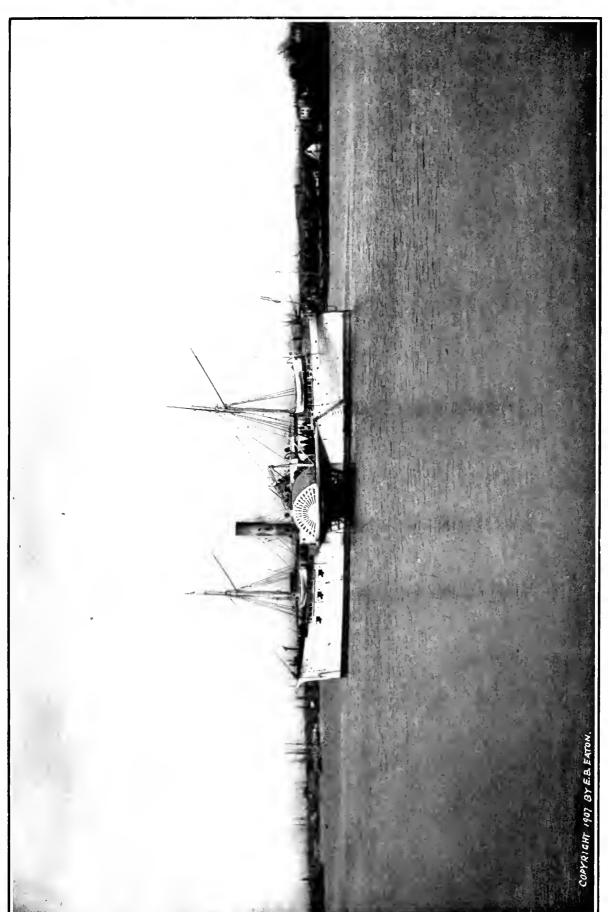


The Centenary of Jefferson Davis, the political compeer of Lincoln, occurred last year. These two great leaders of economic thought in America were born in Kentucky within eight months of each other—On this Centennial, this rare negative of Jefferson Davis is taken from the Eaton Collection, valued at \$150,000, and here presented for historical record under the Eaton copyright in "The Journal of American History"



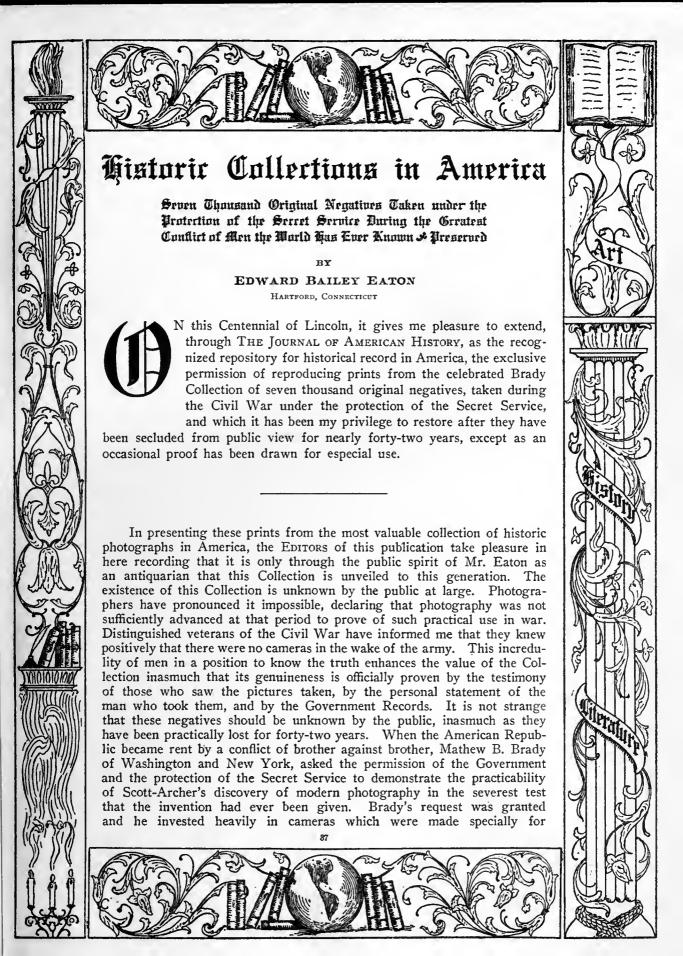






Original negative in Eaton Collection-Taken as Guuboat "Santiago de Cuba" sailed on the Fort Fisher Expedition in 1864







Historic Collections in America

The experimental operations under Brady the hard usage of warfare. proved so successful that they attracted the immediate attention of President Lincoln, General Grant and Allan Pinkerton, known as Major Allen and chief of the Secret Service. Equipments were hurried to all divisions of the great army and some of them found their way into the Confederate ranks. The secret never has been divulged. How Mr. Brady gained the confidence of such men as Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee, and was passed through the Confederate lines, may never be known. It is certain that he never betrayed the confidence reposed in him and that the negatives were not used for secret service information, and this despite the fact that Allan Pinkerton and the artist Brady were intimate. Neither of these men had any idea of the years which the conflict was to rage and Mr. Brady expended all his available funds upon paraphernalia. The Government was strained to its utmost resources in keeping its defenders in food and amunition. It was not concerned in the development of a new science nor the preservation of historical record. With the close of the war, Brady was in the direst financial straits and these seven thousand negatives were placed in storage where they remained throughout the years, occasionally coming before the public but never being fully revealed until their restoration by Mr. Eaton a few months ago. General Ulysses S. Grant was acquainted with the work of Brady on the battle-field, and in a letter written on February third, 1866, spoke of it as "a collection of photographic views of battle-fields taken on the spot, while the occurrences represented were taking place." General Grant added: "I knew when many of these representations were being taken and I can say that the scenes are not only spirited and correct, but also well-chosen. The collection will be valuable to the student and artist of the present generation, but how much more valuable it will be to future generations!" General Garfield once declared these negatives to be worth at least \$150,000. It is believed to be the first time that the camera was used on the battlefield. It is the first known collection of its size on the Western Continent and it is the only witness of the scenes enacted during the greatest crisis in the annals of the American Nation. As a contribution to History it occupies a position that the higher art of painting or scholarly research and literal description can never usurp. It records a tragedy that neither the imagination of the painter nor the skill of the historian can so dramatically relate. The drama here revealed by the lens is one of intense realism. In it one can almost hear the beat of the drum and the call of the bugle. It throbs with all the passions known to humanity. It brings one face to face with the madness of battle, the thrill of victory, the broken heart of defeat. There is in it the loyalty of comradeship, the tenderness of brotherhood, the pathos of the soldier's last hour; the willingness to sacrifice, the fidelity to principle, the love of country. Far be it from the power of these old negatives to bring back the memory of forgotten dissensions or longgone contentions! Whatever may have been the differences that threw a million of America's strongest manhood into bloody combat, each one offered his life for what he believed to be the right. The American People today are more strongly united than ever before-North, South, East and West, all are working for the moral, the intellectual, the industrial and political upbuilding of Our Beloved Land. The mission of these pages is one of Peace—that all may look upon the horrors of War and pledge their manhood to "Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men!"





America—Guardian of World Peace

Movement in the United States to Organize the Nations of the Earth Under a Constitution, Based Upon the Principles of the American Union of States & Stupendous Progress of America and its Duty to the World as a Ceader in Civilization & Aranment

VICTOR HUGO DURAS, L.L.M., D.C.L., M.DIP.

Author of "Universal Peace," Dedicated to Andrew Carnegie, Founder of the Palace of Peace at the Hague

HE home-coming of the American war fleet after encircling the globe, and entering into the annals of History as the first great battle-fleet to circumnavigate the earth on a mission of peace, is but another impressive assurance of the duty of the American Republic to become the guardian of the world's peace. It is America that gave to the world the first appeal for the cessation of war-that of Elihu Burritt in 1857. It is America that, having fallen into the most stupendous conflict of brother against brother that the world has ever known, proved its indomitable power to return to the pursuits of peace united into a stronger brotherhood than ever before. It is America that is giving to the world its greatest living force in the interests of universal peace—Andrew Carnegie. Throughout America today there are thousands of men organized for the noble purpose of the everlasting abolition of war. It is permeating the school rooms, and becoming imbedded in the minds and characters of the coming generation. It is the spirit of the Nation. Peace movements have been too academic; not until now have they been established on a practical foundation of sound political doctrine. It was the privilege of these pages in closing their second year of public service, to give historical record to the first draft for a written Constitution of the United Nations of the World. The feasibility of a suggested union of the eighty nations of the earth was based upon the union of the forty-six states of the United States under a Constitution. It is not probable that any historical document of modern times has created wider discussion throughout the nations. Through THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, this draft was sent to the parliaments of the nations, the world's rulers, their premiers, and the intellectual and the political leaders of every known form of government. The controversy resulting has been both aggressive and healthful, inasmuch as it promotes a movement toward some tangible expression of universal peace, with a possible method of solution. President Diaz of Mexico, Vice-President Fairbanks of the United States, ambassadors, ministers and statesmen from France, Germany, England, China, and many of the foreign powers, have entered into the discussion. Dr. William Osborne McDowell, the author of the draft of the proposed Constitution for the United Nations of the World, in placing it in The Journal of American



America—Guardian of the World's Peace

HISTORY, for historical record, stated that if it created healthful controversy along practical lines of legislative enactment it would have done signal service in the cause of peace. This it has done, and through it have developed many expressions from political economists who are working along similar lines. Among these is Victor Hugo Duras, whose travels through Europe and investigations of the systems of government, some time ago convinced him that the solution of universal peace must come through a constitution. Dr. Duras has recorded his views in a recently published volume, transcripts of which have been moulded into a record for these historical pages, and presented herewith.—EDITOR

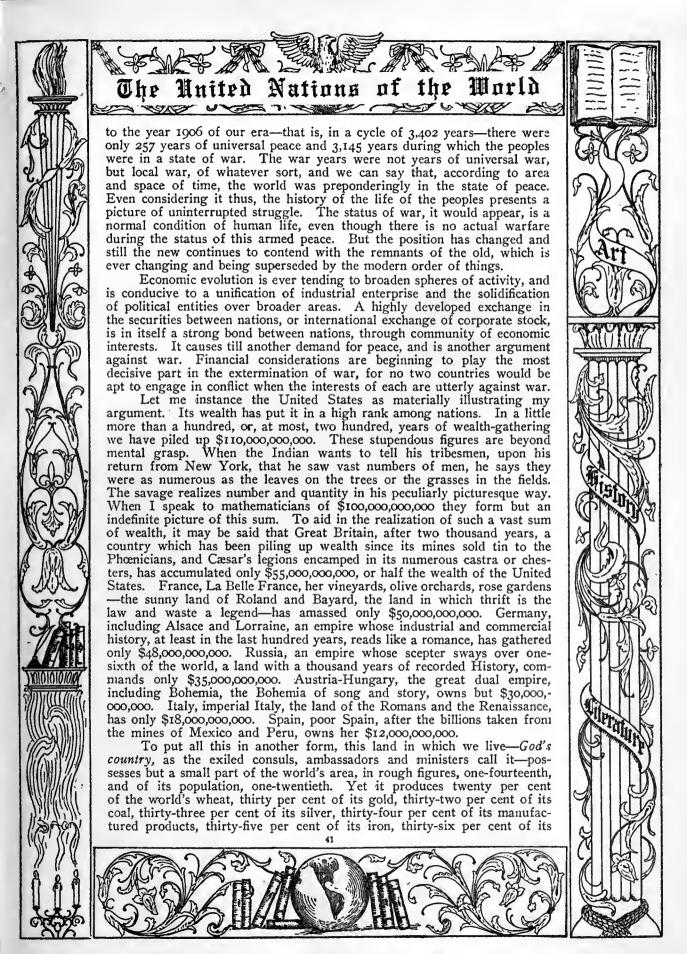
It is very easy and natural to call a man an idealist when he promulgates some new and large idea, but in a clearer light we are today seeing things which were undreamed of a decade ago, and the rapidity with which progress is making revolutionary changes right before our eyes is astonishing. Why, then, should we consider those things unreasonable which past events have demonstrated entirely feasible and practical? As more events of historic interest have been crowded into the Nineteenth Century than in all past time, we may reasonably believe that there will be more activity in international affairs in the Twentieth Century than there was up to its beginning. I deem it very significant that in my travels over Europe, where national boundaries practically bristle with bayonets and swords to protect the existing national dividing lines (which are being obliterated by economic ties), I had been able to commute from one capital to another without the least hindrance and without a passport. The "United Nations of the World," commonly called the Confederation of the World has been in the minds of men from time almost immemorial. International peace has been in the minds of great men from the beginning of organized government, ever reverberating in importance. Hugo Grotius declared that the congress of Christian nations should be held and controversies should be decided by third parties. Henry IV of France called a congress to discuss the maintenance of peace. William Penn published a scheme for the establishment of a European Diet. Abbé Saint-Pierre, Bentham, Kant and others devised schemes along different lines. Military conquerors had the idea in mind. Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, argued that only military conquest could bring about universal peace.

Originally no one race of people had the superior right to occupy any particular portion of the earth's surface, but their final attachment to the soil made communities of men separated by seas, mountains and deserts. Man has conquered the ocean, tunneled the mountains, and drawn segregated communities into one world community, so that it is easier to go around the world today than it was to cross a continent fifty years ago. The remotest peoples have come into friendly relations with one another and are being governed by a most mutual public law which is drawing them closer into a world-citizenshlp. The community of the nations of the earth has advanced so far that an injustice in one part of the world is felt throughout its extent, and the idea of cosmopolitan universal right is no fantastic and strained conception of right, but is only the completion

of the unwritten law.

International war has no future. Every change in conditions or dispositions is affirmed and fixed only after a struggle of armaments. However, after an analysis of the history of mankind since the year 1496 B. C.







America—Guardian of the World's Peace

cattle, thirty-eight per cent of its steel, fifty per cent of its petroleum, fifty-four per cent of its copper, seventy-five per cent of its cotton, eighty-four per cent of its corn.

In 1904 it produced 13,000,000,000 pound bales of cotton, 27,000, 000,000 bushels of corn and more than 775,000,000,000 bushels of wheat.

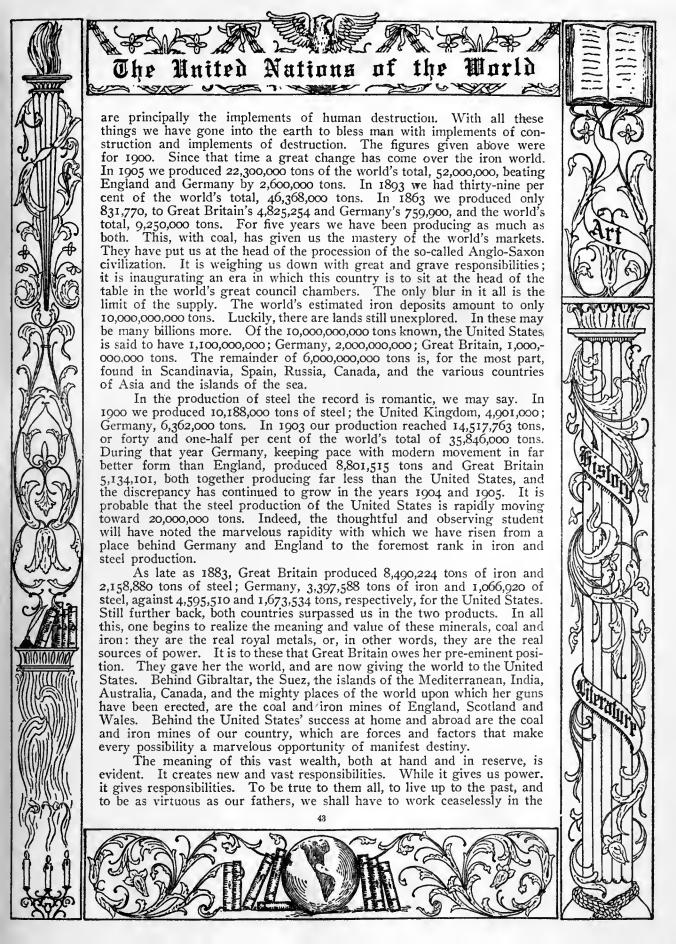
We have twenty per cent of the world's money inside our gates, twenty-five per cent of its coin and bullion, sixty-seven per cent of its banking power, or \$14,000,000,000, thirty-three and one-third per cent of its savings bank deposits, forty-two per cent of its railroads, and more than half of its thirty best harbors. The foreign trade of the world is about \$22,000,000,000 per twelve months; the internal trade of the United States is \$22,000,000,000. Is comment necessary?

Europe has 12,000 square miles of coal lands, much of it nearing exhaustion—so much so that Great Britain, in alarm, has created two commissions latterly to examine the situation. Twenty years ago, Jevons stated that the mines, at the rate of consumption then going on, would be exhausted in from 150 to 200 years. Again alarmed, England had Wallace report on the situation. He declared that if the mines were run far under the sea they would last another hundred years, or from 250 to 350 years. Three hundred years is not a long period in the history of a nation. It is only three hundred years since the age of Elizabeth, and yet to history students, at least to men familiar with the dynasties of Egyptian and Assyrian kings, it is modern, very modern.

In the bowels of our earth is coal enough, at the present rate of consumption, or 300,000,000 tons a year, to last six thousand years. The only countries that can possibly compare with us are China and Russia. According to Richupfen, the great German geographer and geologist, the Celestial Empire—and he explored only a part—has, to his knowledge, 225,000 square miles of coal.

Siberia alone contains one-ninth of the world's area. Great Britain and all of Europe, except Russia, together with the whole of the United States, could be put into Siberia, and, as its mineral deposits are inestimable, at its present rapid rate of settlement it is destined to become the future mineral and grain market of the world.

Mr. Atkinson of Boston, boasted in 1890 that 1900 would see the world producing 40,000,000 tons of iron. It did produce 40,018,000 tons. In 1900 he said that 1916, or possibly 1910, would see a 60,000,000-ton iron output. It promises realization by that time. The history of our iron and steel industry reads like a romance; it is romance, for the story of Peter White is the story of the iron industry. The work in the Gobegic, Vermillion and Mesaba ranges in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota rivals the romances of Dumas and Scott. Iron ore is found in these mines in an oxidized form, is scooped up by great automatic shovels, poured into thirty or forty ton steel wagons, and carried often by gravitation to Duluth, Two Harbors, or Marquette, on Lake Superior, when it is then dumped into hugh 10,000 or 12,000 ton steamers, filling one of these leviathans in as many hours, now, as it formerly took days to fill boats, the largest of which was 2,000 tons. By these boats the iron ore is carried across the lakes to Buffalo, Toledo, Cleveland and Chicago on Lake Erie and Lake Michigan, and is dumped into huge furnaces. Most of the work, if not quite all, is done by automatic machinery. There it is converted into steel billets, rails, or the ten thousand things for which it serves, among which





America—Guardian of the World's Peace

cause of Peace, so that our resources may be used for the upbuilding of the Nation and not the destruction of its glorious opportunity.

The great American Republic has already achieved the highest position among the nations of the earth; it is destined to play the star part on the stage of diplomacy in future time. In but a century the United States have come to the front by leaps and bounds, from an agricultural to an industrial and now to a commercial nation. The period of agriculture covered the time between the Revolution and the Civil War. The industrial period reaches from the Civil War to the Spanish-American War, and the commercial period from that war to the present time. All the necessary fundamentals for the building up of a strong nation have been gone through in but a century and a quarter, and with the remarkable strides that this Nation has made in the past century, with its practically untouched and boundless resources, who can predict the future?

Already I have stated that the United Nations of Europe must necessarily stand against the wonderful development and power of the United States of America. In one hundred years the American states have developed an empire twice the size of the combined states of Europe. And the most significant fact of all, is, the rapid transition of the great American commonwealth from a democracy to a republic and then to an empire in

but the course of a little over a century.

There is bound forever to be a difference between the civilizations of the East and the West, and let me say here that when we compare the Orientals and the Occidentals, civilization is indeed an ambiguous term, for if we are to determine the standard of civilization according to the sphere and length of time a people is in the state of peace, then eastern civilization has attained the highest development. If we are to determine the standard of civilization according to the sphere and length of time a people is in the state of war, then western civilization has attained the highest development; for the peoples of the East have been living in the state of peace in the past centuries, while the peoples of the West have been living in the state of war.

As certain as it is a fact that man was born in the East, so certain is it that civilization began with its development there; and as the waters receded from the land and left it stand out above their surface, so man descended into the valleys left by the subsiding waters; and if man was born on Mount Arrarat ten thousand years ago, he has spread to the four winds; and, ever following the same direction, comes nearer and nearer to the shrine of his birth. In the history of man we may say: He left home alone, but comes back with a family of 15,000,000,000, increasing at the rate of ten millions a year. He has a polychrome family, each contending for superiority over the other. Many differences have hence arisen among them as the stronger color dominated the weaker.

However different may be the civilization of the Orient from that of the Occident, we cannot fail to find great likeness, even where we find the greatest difference, and cannot help but foresee the realization of Universal Peace by a system of International Government, in which all the races and peoples of this earth shall finally merge. As we survey the world today there is everywhere an apparent tendency toward a common solidarity; for, in fact, peace and truth are sought with both sides of the shield; all races teach love, all religions preach self-sacrifice, and all languages are full

of expressions of truth, peace and brotherhood.

"Ex Oriente Lux."





The great West today is a

monument to her courage.

Facsimile of Front Page of the Astronomical Diary Edited by Roger Sherman in 1753 Original in the Connecticut Historical Society







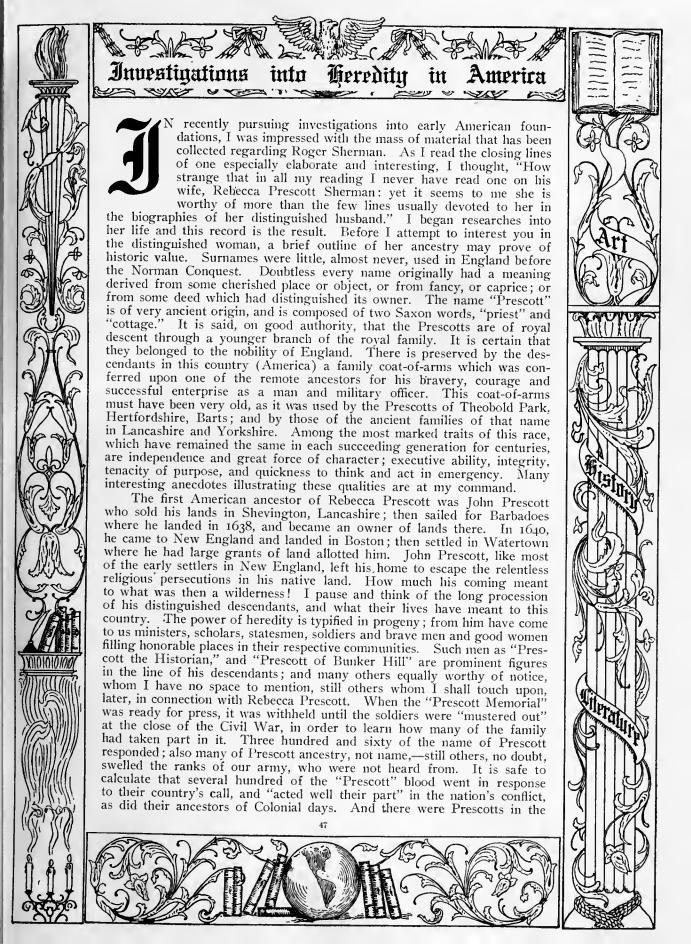
Rebecca Prescott Sherman & Mother of Men



STATUE TO ROGER SHERMAN-C. B. Ives, Sculptor

He was the only man privileged to take part in the Four Great Documents of our National History—The Declaration of Rights (1774)—The Declaration of Independence (1776)—The Articles of Confederation (1777) and the Constitution of the United States (1789)

Statue in the Façade of the State Capitol at Hartford, Connecticut

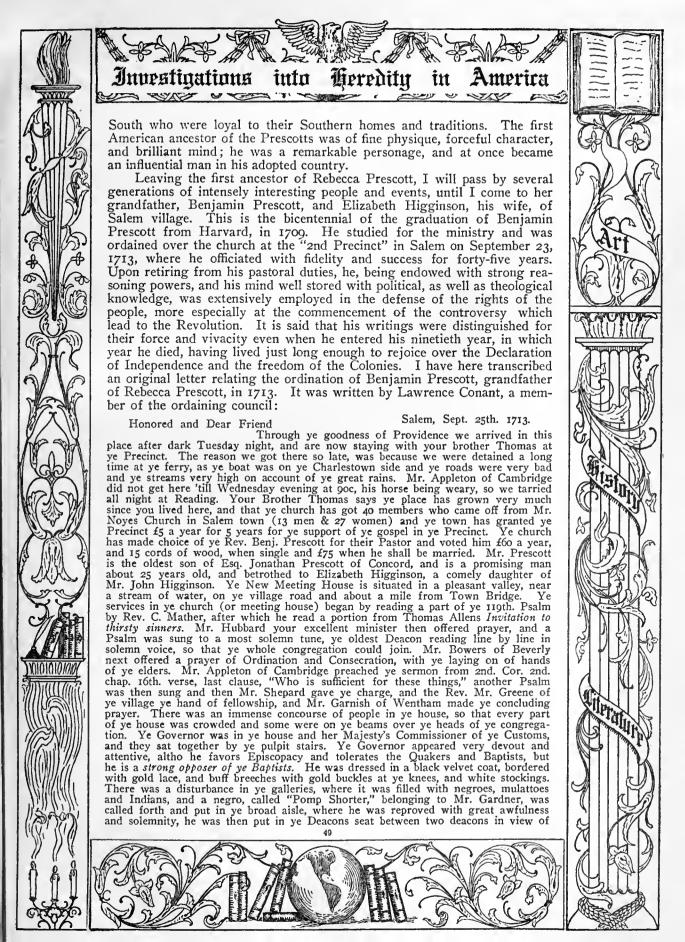




SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Painting by the Distinguished Painter of the American Revolution, John Trumbull (1756-1843), whose historical canvasses include the notable American masterpieces, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Death of Montgomery," portraits of Washington, Jefferson, and many of the builders of the American Nation—This Painting here reproduced includes the portraits of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence

Congress of the United States to session now assembled (1909) has passed a Bill incorporating an organization to be composed of the Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence to collect material regarding the life and works of all the signers of this most historic document in the world's annals, and it is to be signed by Theodore Roosevelt as the President of the United States, in commemoration of Washington's Birthday, on February 22, 1909





Rehecca Prescott Sherman & Mother of Men

ye whole congregation, but the Sexton was ordered by Mr. Prescott to take him out because of his levity and strange contortions of countenance, giving great scandal to ye grave deacons, and put him in the lobby under ye stairs. Some children and a mulatto woman were reprimanded for laughing at Pomp Shorter. When ye services at ye house were ended, ye council and other dignitaries were entertained at ye house of Mr. Epes on the hill near by, and we had a bountiful table with bears meat and venison, the last of which was from a fine buck, shot in the woods near by—ye bear was killed in Lynn Woods near Reading. After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garnish of Wentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth, like Annanias of old, we thereupon refused to eat of ye venison, but it was afterwards agreed, that Pequot should receive 40 stripes save one for lying and profaning the Lord's day—restore Mr. Epes the cost of ye deer—and counciling that a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful Heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it, but Mr. Shepard whose conscience was tender on ye point of venison.

Ye people all much rejoiced to have ye Gospel Ordainances as established among them, and ye house is well built, 3 stories high, 28 by 42 feet with oak timber and covered with one and one half inch plank, and with clapboard upon that and it is intended to have ye outside finished with plastering, when ye Precinct are able. Ye pulpit and ye Deacons seat are made of good oak; and a green cushion on ye pulpit given by Mr. Higginson. I had ye above particulars from Mr. Drake ye builder of ye house, who is a man of considerable requirements. He also told me, that he prepared a box to put under ye foundation containing ye year of our Lord that ye building was begun and various particulars about ye framing of ye church. He also put in copper coins of ye Reign of our blessed Sovereign Queen Ann and an epistle to ye Sovereign, who shall reign over these Provinces, when ye box shall be found and another to the household of faith in ye Salem Middle Precinct exhorting them to maintain ye doctrine of ye founders, to ye utter confusion and shame of all Baptists, Mass mongers and other heretical unbelievers. Mr. Trask, who is himself a Godly man and a member of ye church, would not agree to put ye box under ye house, as he thought it savored of presumption and vainglorying: and some of them would not agree to ye sentiments of ye letter to ye Householder of faith, but he privately put ye box under ye Pulpit, when the house was near built enclosed in brick and good clay mortar without the knowledge of ye church. Mr. Trask thinks that ye frame of ye house will stand two or three hundred years, if it is well covered from ye weather. There have been great rejoicing with us in Boston on account of ye glorious news of peace and may ye Lord long continue ye blessing and avert ye judgements we deserve.

LAWRENCE CONANT.

The son of this Benjamin Prescott was also a Harvard graduate, taking his degree in that college in 1736, and married Rebecca Minot in 1741. Their first child was born in 1742, the Rebecca Prescott of my sketch, who came into this world blessed with the heritage of a long line of honorable ancestors back of her, a race powerful in mind and body. Honorable lineage is indeed a goodly heritage. Fancy her in old Salem town as she grew from babyhood to childhood, from childhood to girlhood; fancy the simple duties and simple pleasures, which made up the life of this Puritan maiden. "Fancy" all this, I say, for we know little of her from the time of her birth, until she was seventeen years old. There is a family tradition, true beyond question. It comes from the best authority as Rebecca Prescott herself told it to her own niece through whom it came to me. This niece lived to a great age, her faculties unimpaired to the last, her mind clear on all points, especially those connected with her early days. I wish I could make you see this niece, as my memory pictures her. She is in a large and lofty room in a stately old home of the long ago. It is a fit setting for her, and no more stately than her erect figure, as she sits in her straight-backed chair (she would have scorned a lounging one) beside the great four-poster. Her eyes were black and shining with animation, her iron-gray hair curled closely, three short curls each side in front, in graduated lengths.

Hereditu curls had a fascinating way of bobbing about, as she would shake her head, when relating anything of especial interest to herself. I used to watch them when a child, with the greatest enjoyment, and though she has been dead some years, her vivid personality made all that she was and did and said, remain as clear in my mind as what I saw and heard vesterday. One day I found her in her usual place, looking over some beautiful old-fashioned silks for a quilt. I was interested in them at once, and asked questions and admired them with such enthusiasm that she was greatly pleased. "You may draw up that ottoman and sit down, my dear, if you would like to hear about some of these," she said. So with much satisfaction I settled myself to listen to one of her reminiscent talks, in which I so delighted. "Most of these are the dresses of members of our family," she began. "This piece is not, but belonged to a friend of mine who wore it to a ball given in honor of Lafayette, and she was chosen as a partner by him many times that evening. This lovely brocade was Aunt Mercy's; and this," picking up a beautiful piece of green moire antique, "was Aunt Rebecca Prescott Sherman's dress, about which there is a little story you may like." "Oh!" I exclaimed, "Won't you please begin and tell me all about her?" She smiled at my insatiable longing for reminiscences, of which this was not her first experience, and after "putting on her thinking cap" for a minute, as she used to call it, said: "Very well, my dear, I will tell you about Aunt Rebecca, who was always a very interesting person to me. She was born in Salem, and nothing in particular happened to her until she was about seventeen, when something very particular indeed happened." This certainly sounded exciting, and, full of interest, I waited for what should come next. "You know," she continued, "that her aunt had married Rev. Josiah Sherman of Woburn, Massachusetts," (I did not know it, but held my peace) "and one bright morning Aunt Rebecca started on horseback to visit her, little dreaming toward what she was riding so serenely. Roger Sherman, meanwhile, had just finished a visit with his brother, Josiah, who decided to ride a short distance toward New Haven with him. They were about to say good-bye when Aunt Rebecca's horse, with its fair rider, came galloping down the road. Aunt Rebecca was a great beauty and a fine horse-woman, and she must have ridden straight into Roger Sherman's heart, for, concluding to prolong his visit, he turned his horse and rode back with her. His courtship prospered, as we know, and they were married May 12, 1763, when she was twenty and he was forty-twotwenty-two years her senior. She was his second wife, and entered the life of this wonderfully gifted but plain man, just at the time when her beauty, grace and wit were of the greatest help in his career. We always have been a patriotic race," she continued, "and this marriage brought Aunt Rebecca into still more active touch with all matters pertaining to the interests of the Colonies at this stirring period; and when at last the Declaration of Independence was declared, can you fancy the excitement and enthusiasm of the wife of Roger Sherman; the man who had so much to do with the momentous document? When a little later George Washington designed and ordered the new flag to be made by Betsy Ross, nothing would satisfy Aunt Rebecca but to go and see it in the works, and there she had the privilege of sewing some of the stars on the very first flag of the young Nation. Perhaps because of this experience, she was chosen and requested to make the first flag ever made in the State of Connecticut,-which she did, assisted by Mrs. Wooster. This fact is officially recorded."



Reherca Prescott Sherman & Mother of Men

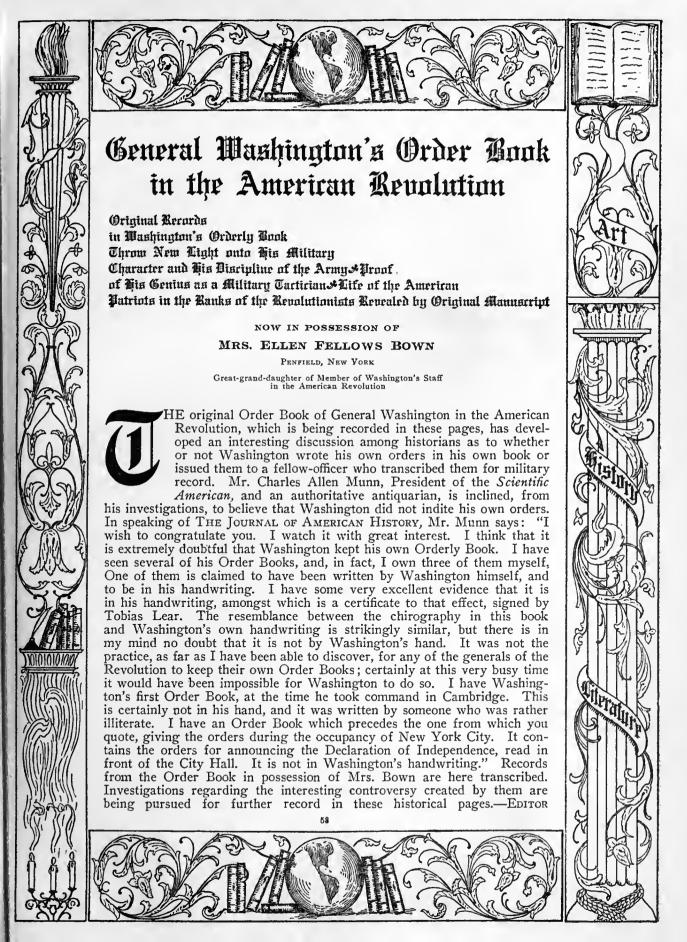
She paused, smiled and said: "Have you not heard enough about Aunt Rebecca?"

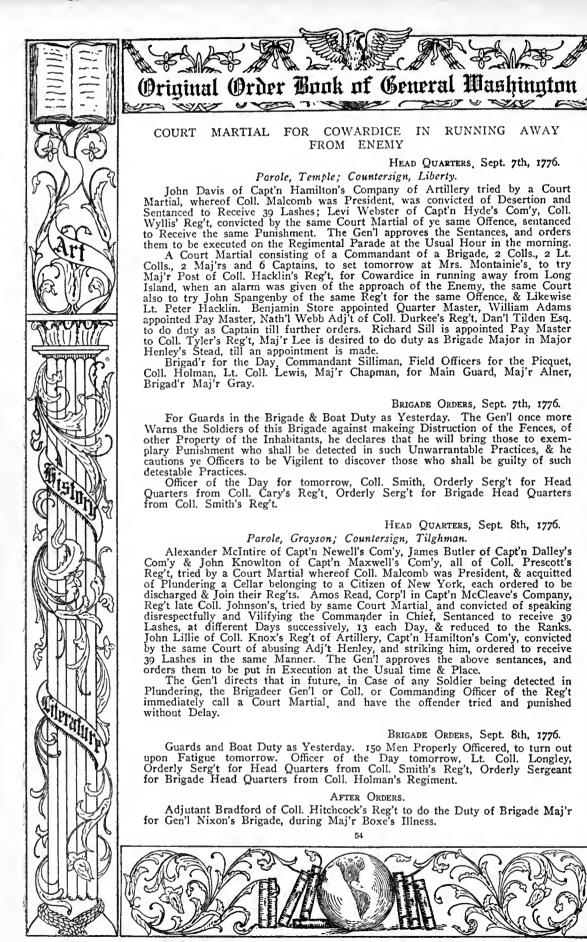
"You said there was a story about the dress like this piece," I hinted.

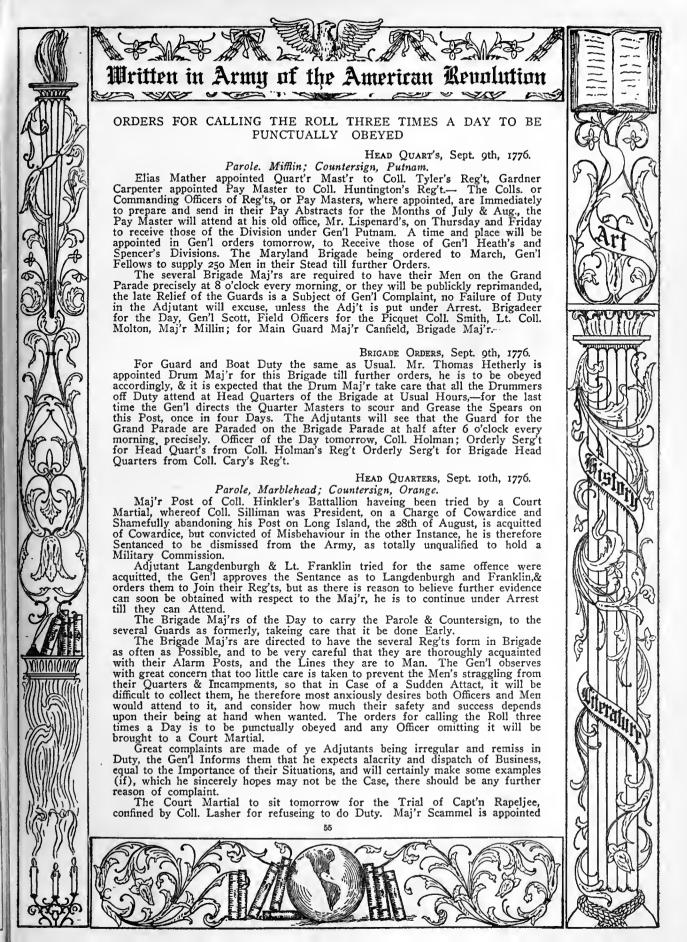
"Yes, it is just a short little story which came to Uncle Roger's ears, which it amused him to tell, to Aunt Rebecca's consternation. independence was declared, she was only thirty-four years old, and the lovely girl had developed into what George Washington considered the most beautiful of what we now call the Cabinet ladies. She wore this dress to a dinner given by George Washington to the political leaders and their wives, and he took her out to dinner, thus making her the guest of honor. Madam Hancock was much piqued, and afterward said to some one, that she was entitled to that distinction. A rumor of her displeasure came to the ears of George Washington, and to have his actions criticized was not at all to his liking. He drew himself up to his full height and sternly said: 'Whatever may be Mrs. Hancock's sentiments in the matter, I had the honor of escorting to dinner the handsomest lady in the room.' If Mrs Hancock heard of this, I do not think it would have tended to restore her tranquility. I remember Aunt Rebecca coming into the room, just as Uncle Roger was finishing this story, and exclaiming, half laughing, half vexed: 'Oh! Roger, why will you tell the child such nonsense?' Then turning to me, she said: 'Always remember, that handsome is what handsome does.' 'Well!' Uncle Roger retorted gallantly, 'You looked handsome and acted handsome too, Rebecca, so I am making an example of you. Surely you cannot find fault with that?' How these trifling incidents will stay by one," she said thoughtfully. "Now I have told you the little story of the green moire antique dress, and you may have a piece of it if you like, child." Thanking her for my pleasant time, and for the piece of the precious dress. I left her to think quietly of other days, so very real to her.

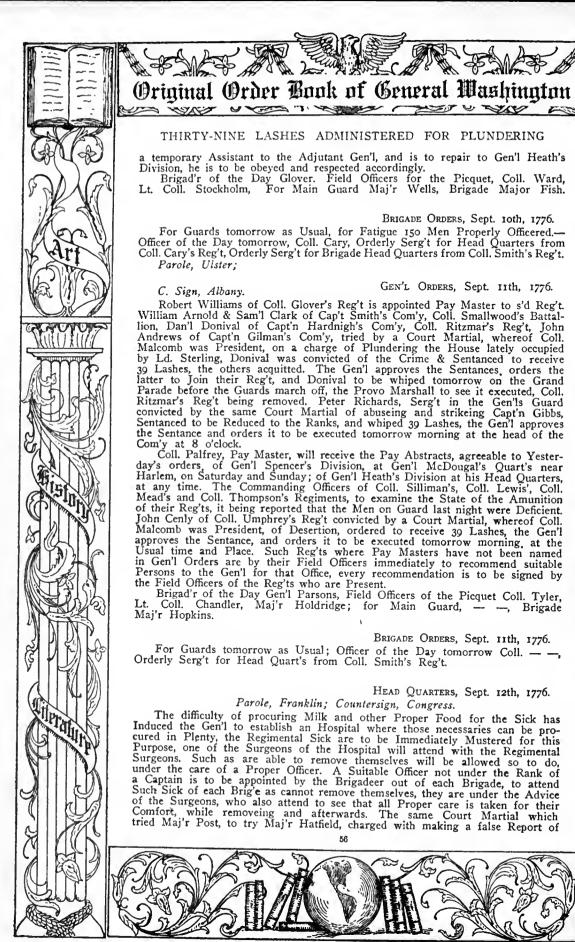
Of the several children of Rebecca Prescott Sherman, one daughter became the mother of United States Senator Hoar; another the mother of Roger Sherman Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut, and United States Senator: still another the mother of Honorable William M. Evarts. These are but casual citations of the many distinguished names among the descendants of this illustrious woman. A little over a year ago, in a large and beautiful city—sometimes called the "New England city of the West"—a young ladies' chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was being organized. The important question of a name for this new chapter was much discussed; none met with approval until the name of the woman of this sketch was mentioned—together with some facts relating to her. This found favor at once, except that the full name seemed rather long. At first they thought to call it Rebecca Prescott—then Rebecca Sherman; but as both names, Prescott and Sherman, were so closely associated in all minds with the Colonial days, they could not drop either, so the entire name was given to the chapter. Its present regent is of Prescott ancestry, and one of her choicest possessions is a beautiful quilt, in the center of which is the piece of green moire antique silk of which I told you in the little anecdote of Washington's dinner party. Perhaps this little band of patriotic modern American girls will do more than could be done in any other way to perpetuate the name of the Puritan maiden, Rebecca Prescott, who attained the highest honor that woman can reach in this world—the mother of men.

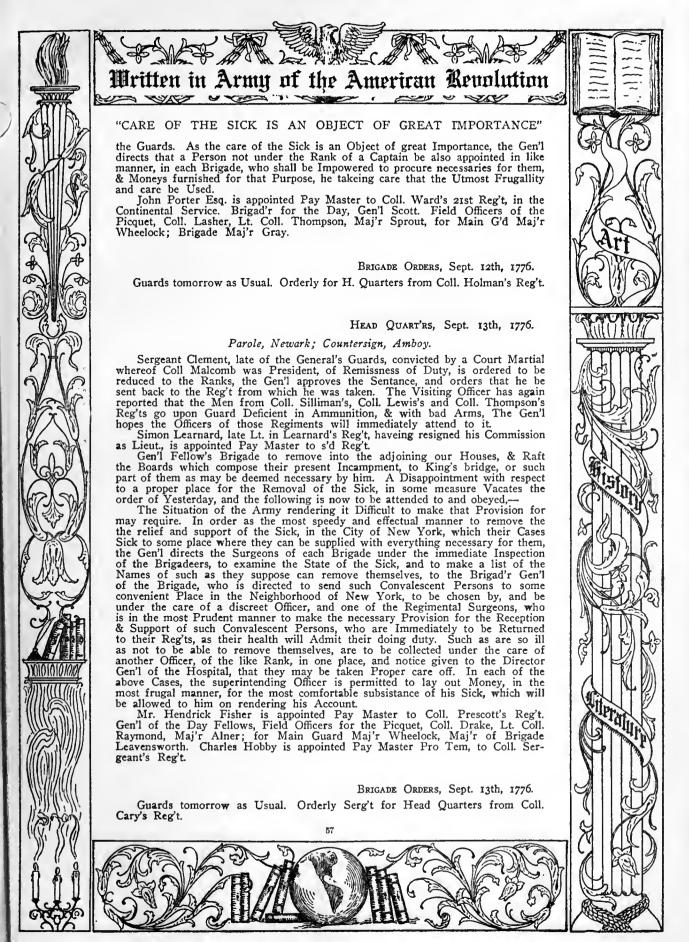


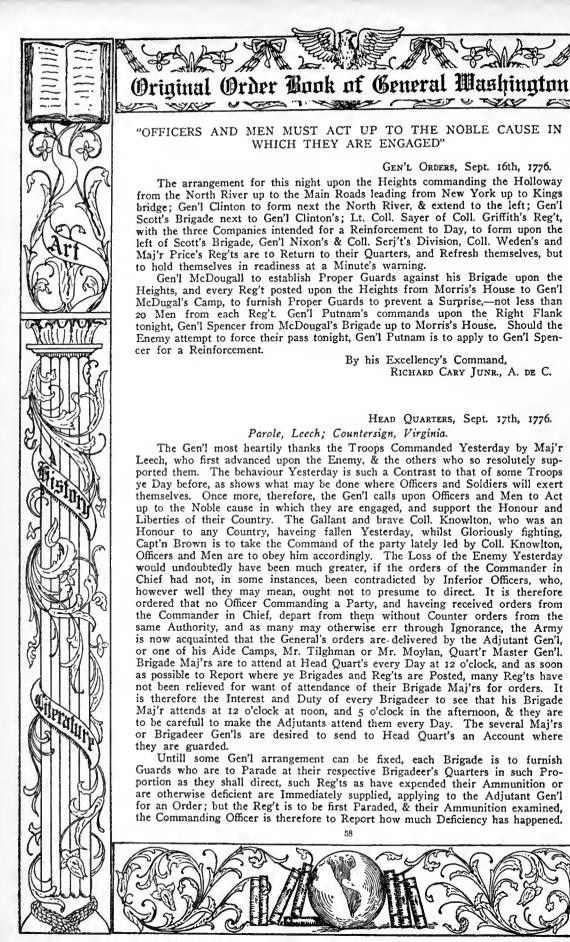


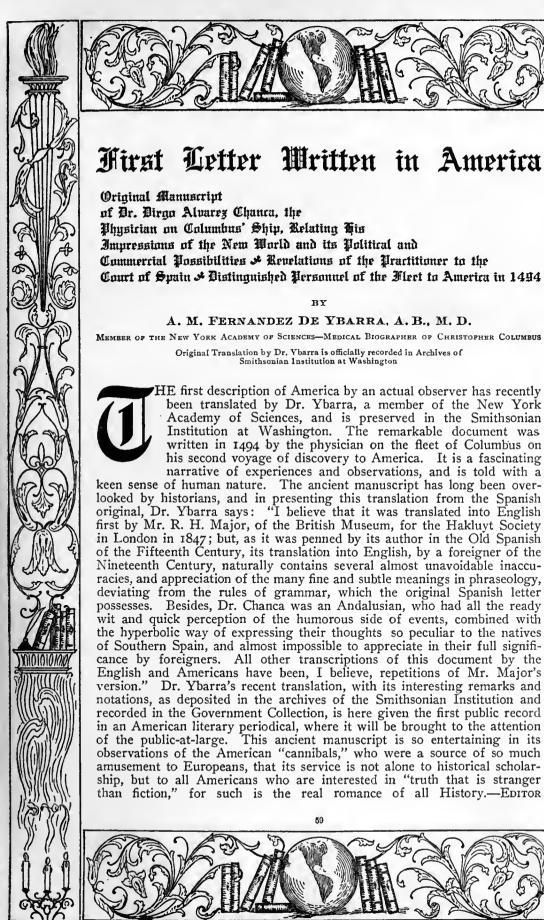






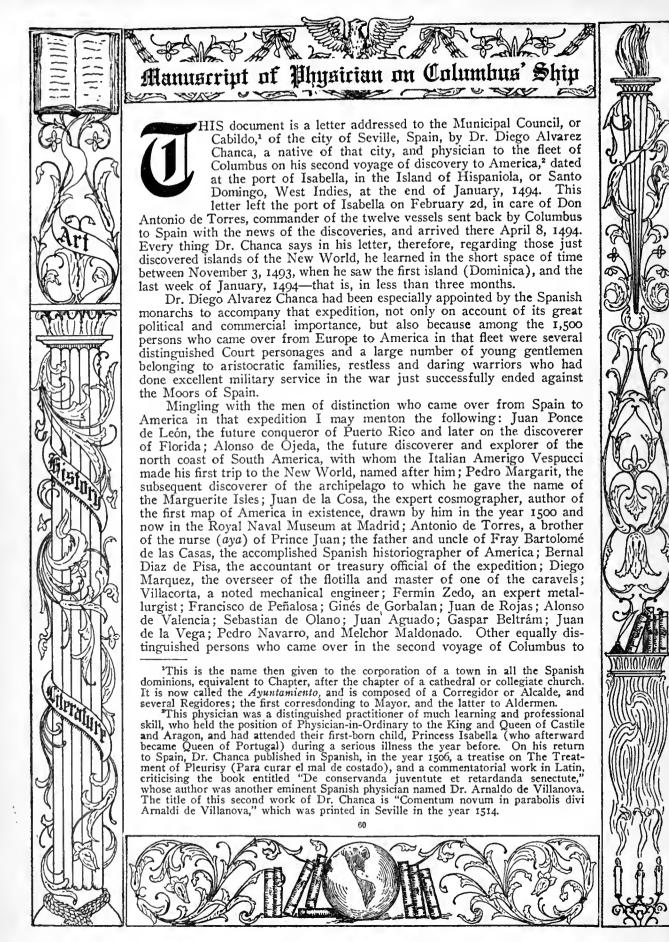


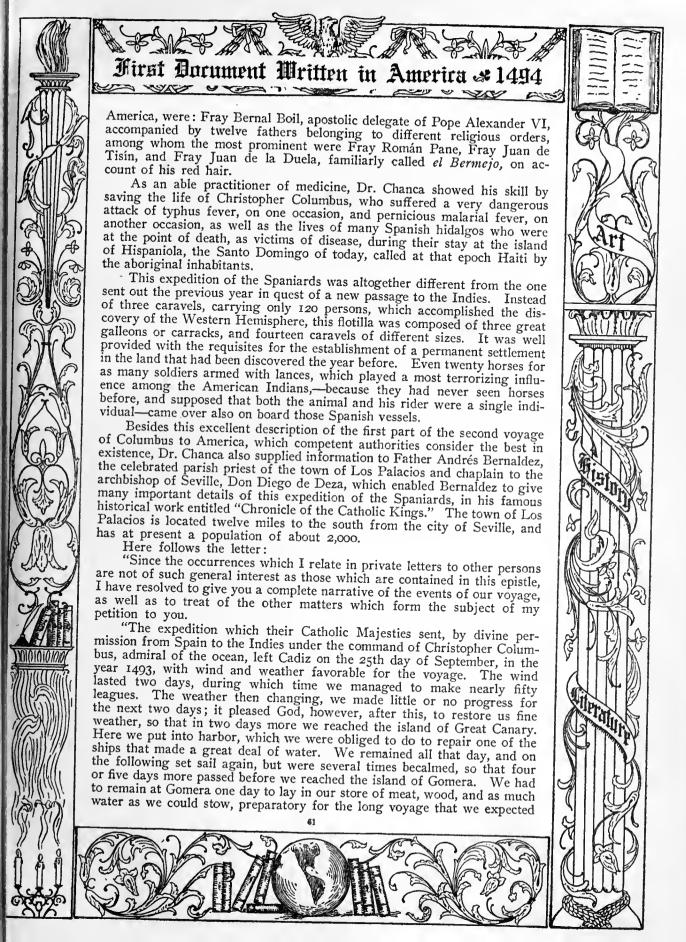




MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK ACADEMY OF SCIENCES-MEDICAL BIOGRAPHER OF CHRISTOFHER COLUMBUS

HE first description of America by an actual observer has recently been translated by Dr. Ybarra, a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, and is preserved in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The remarkable document was written in 1494 by the physician on the fleet of Columbus on his second voyage of discovery to America. It is a fascinating narrative of experiences and observations, and is told with a keen sense of human nature. The ancient manuscript has long been overlooked by historians, and in presenting this translation from the Spanish original, Dr. Ybarra says: "I believe that it was translated into English first by Mr. R. H. Major, of the British Museum, for the Hakluyt Society in London in 1847; but, as it was penned by its author in the Old Spanish of the Fifteenth Century, its translation into English, by a foreigner of the Nineteenth Century, naturally contains several almost unavoidable inaccuracies, and appreciation of the many fine and subtle meanings in phraseology, deviating from the rules of grammar, which the original Spanish letter possesses. Besides, Dr. Chanca was an Andalusian, who had all the ready wit and quick perception of the humorous side of events, combined with the hyperbolic way of expressing their thoughts so peculiar to the natives of Southern Spain, and almost impossible to appreciate in their full significance by foreigners. All other transcriptions of this document by the English and Americans have been, I believe, repetitions of Mr. Major's version." Dr. Ybarra's recent translation, with its interesting remarks and notations, as deposited in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution and recorded in the Government Collection, is here given the first public record in an American literary periodical, where it will be brought to the attention of the public-at-large. This ancient manuscript is so entertaining in its observations of the American "cannibals," who were a source of so much amusement to Europeans, that its service is not alone to historical scholarship, but to all Americans who are interested in "truth that is stranger than fiction," for such is the real romance of all History.—EDITOR







to make without seeing land.³ Thus it happened that through the delay at these two ports, and being calmed the day after leaving Gomera, we spent nineteen or twenty days before we arrived at the island of Ferro.⁴ After this we had, by the goodness of God, a return to fine weather, more continuous than any fleet ever enjoyed during so long a voyage; so that leaving Ferro on the thirteenth day of October, within twenty days we came in sight of land, but we should have seen it in fourteen or fifteen days if the ship Capitana⁵ had been as good a sailer as the other vessels,⁶ for many times the others had to shorten sail because they were leaving us much behind. During all this time we had great fortune, for throughout the voyage we encountered no storm, with the exception of one on St. Simon's eve, which for four hours put us in considerable danger.⁷

"On the first Sunday after All Saints' day, namely, the 3rd of November, about dawn, a pilot of the ship Capitana cried out: 'The reward, I

"The joy of the people was so great, that it was wonderful to hear their cries and exclamations of pleasure; and they had good reason to be delighted, for they had become so wearied of bad living, and of working the water out of the leaky ships, that all sighed most anxiously for land. The pilots of the fleet reckoned on that day that between the time of leaving the island of Ferro and the first reaching land we had made eight hundred leagues; others said seven hundred and eighty, so that the difference was not great, and three hundred more between Ferro and Cadiz, made in all eleven hundred leagues. I do not, therefore, feel now as one who had not seen enough water.

"On the morning of the aforesaid Sunday we saw lying before us an island, and soon on the right hand another appeared; the first¹¹ was high

*From the island of Gomera Columbus embarked eight pigs, bulls, cows and calves, sheep and goats, fowls and pigeons, seeds of oranges, lemons, bergamots, citrons, pomegranates, dates, grapes, olives, melons, and other European fruits, as well as all kinds of orchard and garden vegetables. All these things were the origin of their species in the New World. The expedition likewise carried twenty horses belonging to twenty soldiers armed with lances, shipped before leaving Cadiz, besides stores of all kinds, including medical and surgical supplies, and implements of husbandry, from Spain.

'The southwesternmost of the group of the Canary Islands, and named Hierro in Spanish. Formerly this group was called the Fortunate Islands.

"A galleon (known in Spain as a nao, like the Santa Maria of the first voyage) of four hundred tons burden, that carried the admiral's flag, and in which the writer of this historical document made the trip. Columbus's younger brother Diego, and three old comrades of his first voyage to America, were also on board this vessel.

They believed themselves in much peril that evening, October 27, as they certainly were in such a sudden and fierce storm, accompanied by heavy rain, rapid lightning and loud peals of thunder, so frequent in the tropics—until they beheld several of those lambent flames called by sailors "St. Elmo's tapers," playing about the tops of the masts, and gliding along the rigging, which are occasionally seen about tempest-tossed vessels during a highly electrical state of the atmosphere. The sailors consider that phenomenon as of good omen.

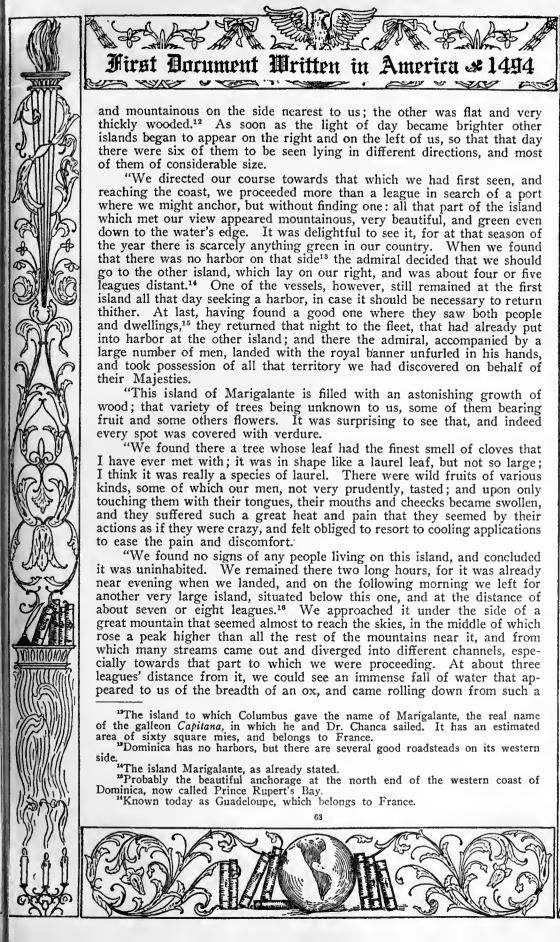
sider that phenomenon as of good omen.

*The Spanish government had offered a reward in money to the first person who should see land on this voyage, the same as had been done on the first voyage of discovery to America.

*That is, 2,400 Spanish miles, or about 2,057 English miles.

103.300 Spanish miles, or about 2,829 English miles.

This was Dominica, so called by Columbus from having been discovered on a Sunday (Dies Dominica). It is twenty-nine miles long and thirteen miles in its greatest breadth, has an area of 291 square miles, and belongs to England.





height that it looked as though it were falling from the sky. It could be seen from that great distance, and it occasioned many wagers to be laid on board the ships, some people saying that it was nothing else but a series of white rocks, while others maintained that it was a great volume of falling water. When we came nearer, it showed itself distinctly; it was the most beautiful thing in the world to see how from so great a height, and from so

small a space, such a large fall of water was being discharged.¹⁷

"As soon as we approached the island, the admiral ordered a light caravel18 to run along the coast in search for a harbor. The captain of this small vessel put into land in a boat, and seeing some houses, leapt on shore and went up to them, the inhabitants fleeing at sight of our men. He then entered the houses and found therein various household articles that had been left unremoved,10 from among which he took two 'parrots,' very large and quite different from the parrots we had before seen.20 He found also a great quantity of cotton, both spun and already prepared for spinning, and provisions of food, of all of which he brought along with him a portion. Besides those articles of food he likewise brought away with him four or five bones of human arms and legs. When we saw those bones we immediately suspected that we were then among the Caribbee islands, whose inhabitants eat human flesh, because the admiral, guided by the information respecting their situation he had received from the Indians of the islands he had discovered during his former voyage, had directed the course of our ships with a view to find them, both on account of these Caribbee islands being nearest to Spain and also in the direct track to the island of Hispaniola, where he had left some of his men when he returned to Spain. Thither, by the goodness of God and the wise management of

"Unquestionably, it was water that this culminating peak was throwing out. Neither Dr. Chanca, Columbus, nor any of their companions on this voyage speak of having seen a volcano on the island of Guadeloupe, and for this reason I am inclined to the opinion that the volcano La Souffrière of this island (for there is another with the same name on the island of St. Vincent) did not exist at the time of the discovery, but that some seismic convulsion occurred afterward that transformed that "great mountain that seemed almost to reach the skies" into a regular volcano. The fact that there are now three extinct volcanoes on that island seems to lend force to my way of thinking in regard to the subject. In Central America there is a volcano that pours forth water instead of lava or ashes.

The fleet of Columbus, on this his second voyage of discovery, consisted of three galleons or carracks and fourteen caravels of different sizes, carrying a total of 1,500 persons, among whom were several distinguished personages and a large number of aristocratic young fellows anxious for adventure after their exploits in the war against the Moors had ended. On the first voyage only 120 persons accompanied Columbus, thirty-eight of whom remained at the port of La Navidad in the island of Hispaniola or Santo Domingo when Columbus returned to Spain, arriving at the same little port of Palos from where he had started 225 days before. A wonder-

ful achievement!

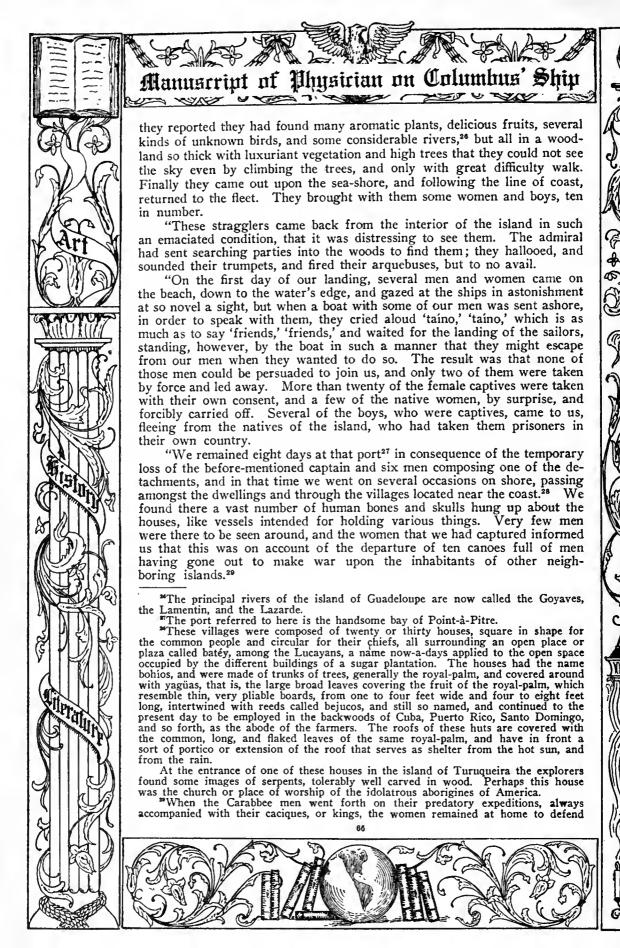
"Among these household articles were netted hammocks, utensils of earthen pottery, what seemed to be an iron pot, and the stern-post of a European ship. Several receptacles of different sizes and shapes, for various uses, called by the Indians jicaras, were also found. They were made from a melon-like fruit called Güira, in Spanish, and in English, Calabash-tree, of which there are two species, the Crescentia cujete and the Crescentia cucurbitina; cups, hollow dishes, bottles, and so forth, were then, and are still, made of this fruit, which is never eaten, but with the soft pulp of its inner part there is prepared a pectoral syrup which is a common household remedy in all the Spanish Antilles.

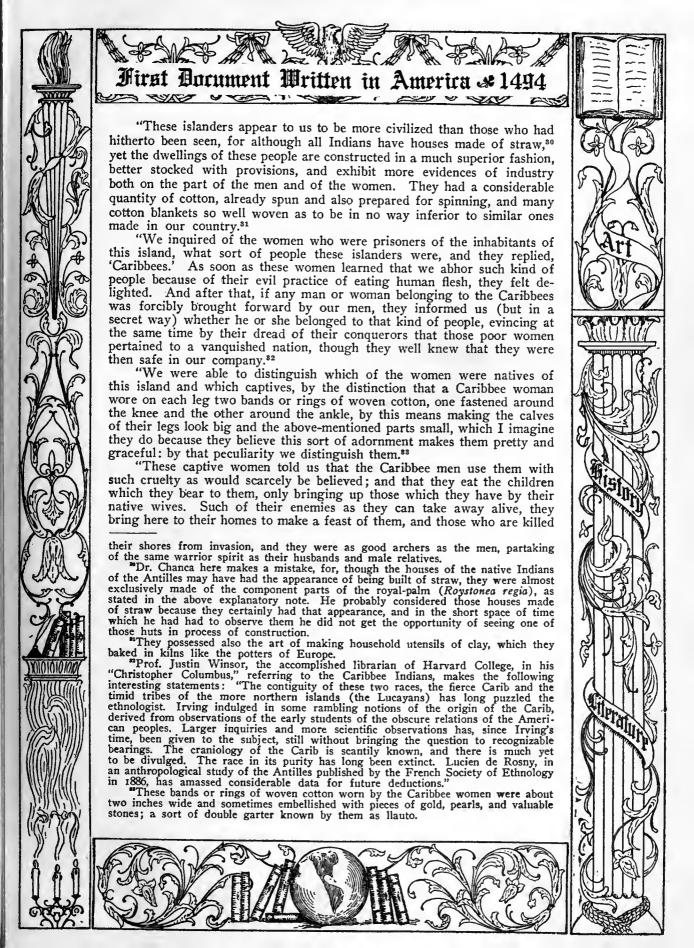
These were not real parrots, but as the author himself says in his letter,

papagayos, that is, macaws with a short tail, or popinjays.











in battle they eat up after the fighting is over. They claim that the flesh of man is so good to eat that nothing like it can be compared to it in the world; and this is pretty evident, for of the human bones we found in their houses everything that could be gnawed, had already been gnawed, so that nothing else remained of them but what was too hard to be eaten. In one of the houses we found the neck of a man undergoing the process of cooking in a pot, preparatory for eating it.84

"The habits of these Caribbees are beastly.

"There are three islands: this one on which we are, is called by the natives, Turuqueira; 85 the other, which was the first we saw, is named Cayre, 88 and the third Ayay. 87 There is a general resemblance among the natives of these three islands, as if they were of the same lineage. They do no harm to one another, but each and all of them wage war against the inhabitants of the other neighboring islands, and for this purpose sometimes they go as far as a hundred and fifty league in their canoes.88 which are a narrow kind of boat, each made out of a single trunk of a tree.80 Their

"Alexander Von Humboldt, in his "Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial regions of America," speaking about the Caribbees, makes the following instructive observations, worthy of serious reflection, upon the baneful influence of fads and fancies: "Reproaches addressed to the natives on the abominable practice which we here discuss, produce no effect; it is as if a Brahmin, travelling in Europe, were to reproach us with the habit of feeding on the flesh of animals. In the eyes of the Indian of Guaisia, the Chernvichaena was a being entirely different from himself, and one whom he thought it was no more unjust to kill, than the jaguars of the forest. It was merely from a sense of propriety that, whilst he remained in the mission, he would only eat the same food as the Fathers. The natives, if they return to their tribe (irse al monte), or find themselves pressed by hunger, soon resume their old habits of anthropophagy. And why should we be so much astonished at this inconstancy in the tribes of the Orinoco, when we are reminded, by terrible and well-ascertained examples, of what has passed among civilized nations in times of great scarcity? In Egypt, in the thirteenth century, the habit of eating human flesh pervaded all classes of society; extraordinary snares were spread for physicians in particular. They were called to attend persons who pretended to be sick, but were only hungry; and it was not in order to be consulted, but devoured. An historian of great veracity, Abd-allatif, has related how a practice, which at first inspired dread and horror, soon occasioned not the slightest surprise."

*The island of Guadeloupe, named by Columbus Nuestra Señora de la Guadelupe,

as already explained.

The island of Dominica.

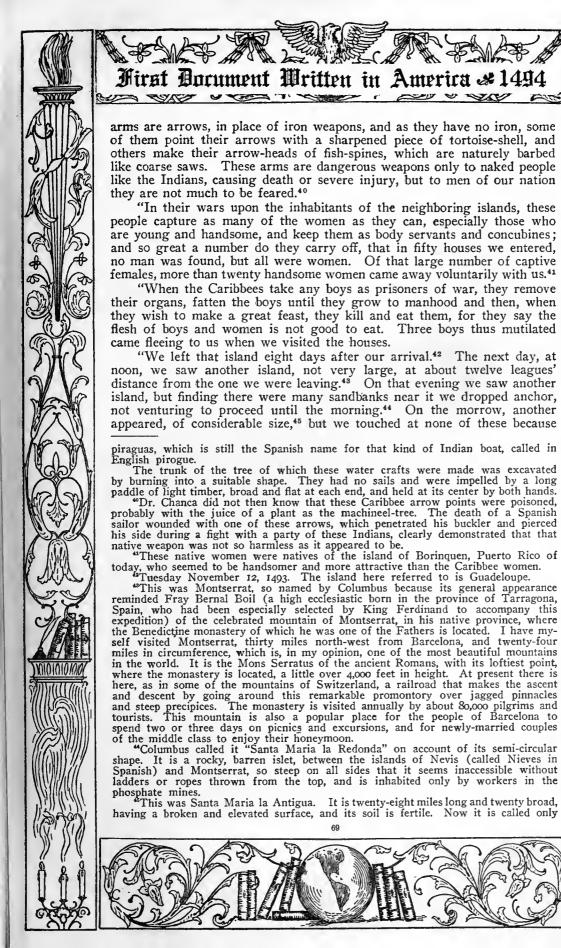
This must have been the island now known as Martinique, though Dr. Chanca fails to mention having been there. It is situated thirty miles south by west from Dominica and twenty miles north of St. Lucia. It is almost entirely of volcanic formation, with several well-marked volcanic mountains, among which, the loftiest peak is that of Mount Pelée in the northwestern part of the island. Before the terrific and appalling eruption of May 8, and August 30, 1902, which destroyed the city of Saint-Pièrre and killed over 30,000 inhabitants, it had an altitude of about 4,500 feet. This volcano had been previously twice in eruption, in 1762 and in 1851.

At the time of the discovery no one speaks of having seen a volcano there; and it is my humble opinion that, like the volcano La Souffrière, on Guadeloupe, it is of subsequent origin. On Martinique there are today, as on Guadeloupe, several extinct volcanoes which in ages gone by were probably as active as Mount Pelèe and La Souffrière some years ago. Mount Pelèe remains at present entirely inactive in spite of the great number of slight earthquakes in all the neighborhood, and the tremendous upheavals in South America, California and Jamaica. Perhaps these

**That is to say, 450 Spanish miles or about 376 English miles, which means as far as Puerto Rico, Santo Domingo, and Cuba to the north, and Trinidad, Curaçoa, and the north coast of South America to the south.

'In the language of the Caribbees these boats were called canaóas, and among the Lucayans acalli, the largest ones, holding forty or fifty persons, being known as









we were anxious to convey comfort and consolation to our people, who had been left on the first voyage in the island of Hispaniola. It did not please God, however, to grant us our desire, as will hereafter appear in this narrative.

"The next day at the dinner hour we arrived at an island which seemed to be worth finding, for judging by the extent of cultivation in it, it appeared

very populous.46 We went thither and put into harbor.47

"The difference between these Caribbees and the other Indians, with respect to dress, consists in wearing their hair very long, while the others have it clipt irregularly; also because they engrave on their heads innumerable cross-like marks and different devices, each according to his fancy; and they make these lasting marks with sharpened bamboo sticks. All of them, both the Caribbee and the other Indians, are beardless, so that it is an unusual thing to find one of these men with a beard. The Caribbees whom we have taken prisoners, have their eyes and eyebrows stained circularly around, which I think they do for ostentation and also because it gives them a ferocious appearance.⁴⁸

"One of the Caribbees we held as captive told us that in one of the islands belonging to them, and called Cayre⁴⁰ (which was the first we saw, though we did not land on it), there is a great quantity of gold, and that if we were to give its inhabitants nails and tools with which to make their

canoes, we might bring away as much gold as we like.

"On the same day we arrived we left that island, 50 having being there

Antigua, and is the most important of the Leeward group of the British West Indies; its population, including that of the island of Barbuda, is at present 36,819 inhabitants.

"Called by Columbus St. Martin. It is of triangular shape, each side being from nine to eleven miles long. The climate is healthy, but there is little natural water to drink, the inhabitants depending almost entirely on rain water. Since 1648 it has been divided between France and Holland. The French portion, a dependency of Guadeloupe, has an area of twenty square miles and a population of 3,500. The Dutch portion is a dependency of Curação, has an area of eighteen square miles, and a population of 3,984 inhabitants.

"Grand Bay must have been this harbor.

"The dyeing material they used for that purpose was obtained from the red or yellowish-red seeds of a small tree, called by the Indians catabi, now known in the French West India Islands by the name of roucouyer, in Spanish, bija (Bixa orellana), and in English, arnotta and annotte, whose leaves are heart-shaped. It is now employed for coloring cheese and butter, and, in Germany, for coloring white wines. In Jamaica it is used as medicine in the treatment of dysentery, and is considered to possess astringent and stomachic qualities.

Those marks and stains about the face and head of the Caribbees remind me of the similar custom of the ancient Romans, who after their victorious return, entered Rome riding in their chariots with the face and neck painted red, in imitation of fire, as stated by Christopher Landino in his commentaries to Dante's "Divine Comedy;" and as was also done by the ancient Britons, as recorded by Julius Caesar in his

famous Commentaries.

"As already stated, this was the island of Dominica.

The island to which Columbus gave the name of Santa Cruz, and now known as Saint Croix, where the explorers anchored on Thursday, November 14, 1493. It lies sixty-five miles east southeast of Puerto Rico, and is eighty-three square miles in extent. Together with the islands of St. Thomas and St. John, it forms today

a Danish colony.

Here in this island, the most northerly one inhabited by the fierce Caribbees, the Spaniards had their first fight with the Indians in trying to capture a canoe with two women, one man and a boy. Two of the Spaniards were wounded with arrows, and one of them, a Biscayan sailor, died later. The women fought as bravely as the men, and one of them wounded the sailor. He was duly buried on the shore of the island of Haiti, as the Lucayans called Hispaniola or Santo Domingo.





First Document Written in America & 1494

no more than six or seven hours, and steering for a point of land that appeared to lie in our intended course of travel, we reached it by night. On the morning of the following day we coasted along, but found that although it was very long in extent, it was not a continuous territory, for it was divided up into more than forty islets.⁵¹ The land was very high and most of it barren, an appearance which we had never observed in any of the islands visited by us before or since; the ground seemed to me to suggest the probability of its containing minerals.

"We proceeded along the coast the greater part of that day, and on the evening of the next, we discovered another island called by the Indians, Borinquen,⁵² which we judged to be on that side about thirty leagues in length, for we were coasting along it the whole of one day.⁵³ This island is very beautiful, and apparently very fertile. Here the Caribbees come to make war upon its inhabitants, and often carry away many prisoners.

"These islanders have no large canoes, nor any knowledge of navigation, as our prisoners inform us, but they use bows like those of the Caribbees; and if by chance, when they are attacked, they succeed in taking prisoners some of the invaders, they eat them up in like manner as the Caribbees themselves do.

"We remained two days in a port of that island,⁵⁴ where a great number of our men went on shore, but we were not able to talk with the natives, because at our approach they all fled, from fear, I suppose, that we were the Caribbees.

"All the above-mentioned islands were discovered on this voyage, the admiral not having seen any of them on his former trip. They are all very beautiful and possess a most luxuriant soil, but this island of Borinquen appears to exceed the others in beauty.⁵⁵

"Here almost terminates the group of islands which on the side toward Spain had not been seen before by the admiral, 56 although we regard as a matter of certainty, that there is land more than forty leagues beyond the

"The Eleven Thousand Virgins" (Las once mil virgenes), which are now called the Virgin Islands. Santa Ursula is known today as Tôrtola, which means turtledove. It is eleven miles long and four miles in its greatest breadth. The principal bay is on the southeast, and on that side there is a double curve of islets and reefs enclosing a vast roadstead with calm water, called Virgin's Causeway. The group of islets has an area of fifty-eight square miles, and a population of 4,639 inhabitants. Cotton and sugar are cultivated for exportation. The chief town is called Roadtown.

"This was the island of Puerto Rico, which Columbus named "San Juan Bautista"

(St. John the Baptist). The date of its discovery was Saturday, November 16, 1493. An astonishingly-exact calculation of Dr. Chanca, for Puerto Rico is ninety miles long from east to west (very nearly the equivalent of thirty Spanish leagues) and thirty-six miles broad, with an area of 3,600 square miles and a population of 953,243 inhabitants. The capital is San Juan, but the city of Ponce is the acknowledged metropolis, the first with a population of 32,048 inhabitants, and the second numbering 27,952 souls.

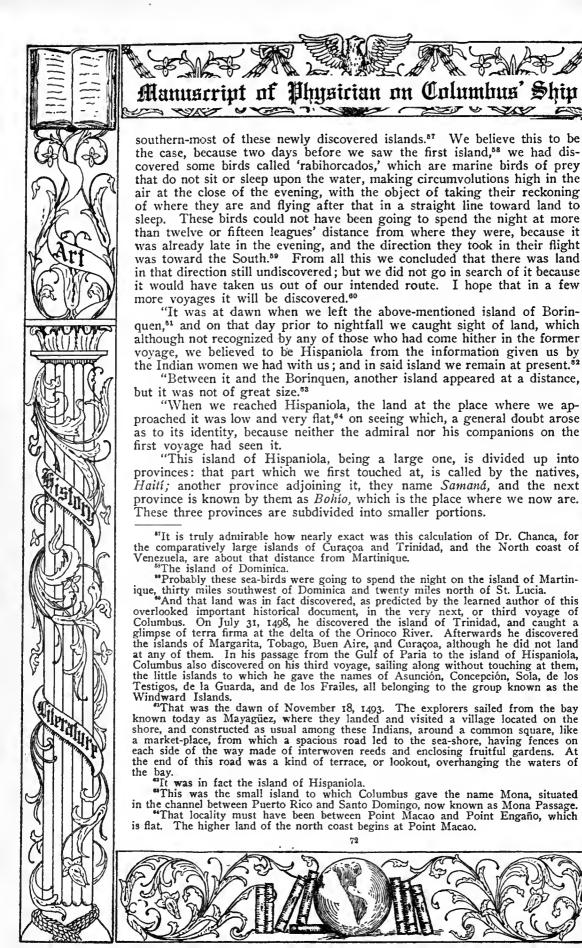
"The port here referred to is now known as the Bay of Mayagüez.

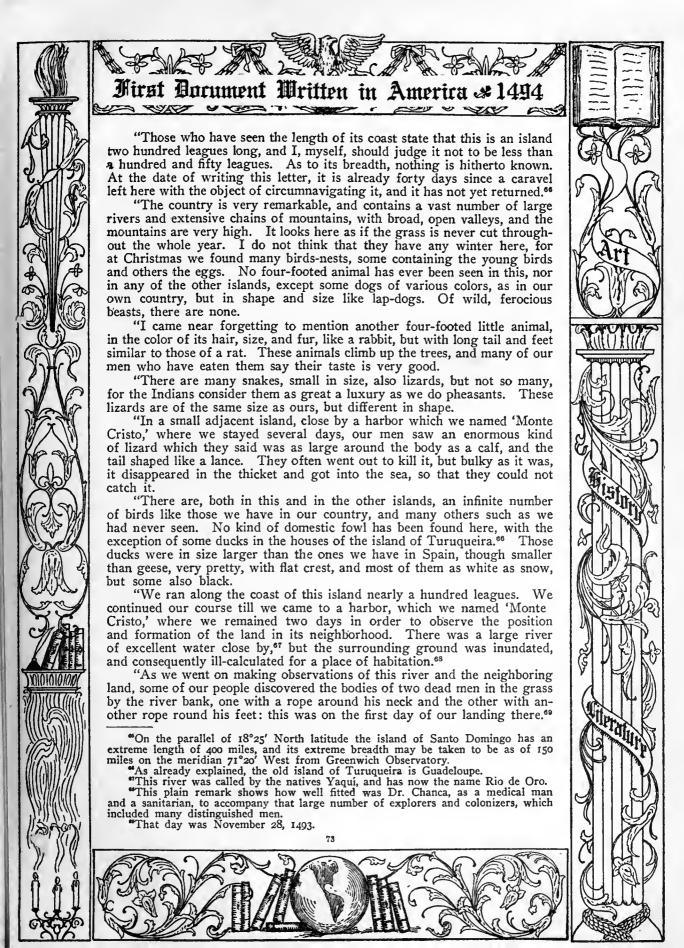
"The islands of St. Kitts and Nevis are not mentioned by Dr. Chanca in this account of the voyage, but they must have been seen by the explorers, for another writer of those times speaks of them as "San Cristobal" and "Nuestra Señora de las Nieves," respectively.

"Here ended the Caribbee Islands, the account of whose fierce and savage inhabit-

"Here ended the Caribbee Islands, the account of whose fierce and savage inhabitants was received with eager curiosity by the learned of Europe. Traces of that same race of cannibals have more recently been discovered—and in a masterful and philosophical way described by Alexander von Humboldt—far in the interior of the country through which flows the great Orinoco river of Venezuela.









On the following day they found two other corpses farther on along the river, and it was noticed that one of them had a great quantity of beard. This was regarded as a very suspicious circumstance by many of us, because, as I have already said, all these Indians are beardless.

"This harbor is twelve leagues from the place where the Christians had been left by the admiral on his return to Spain from the first voyage, of and under the protection of Guacamari, a king of these Indians, who, I suppose, is one of the principal sovereigns of this island. After we anchored at said spot, the admiral ordered two lombards to be fired in order to see if there was any response from the Christians, who would fire in return, as a salute, for they also had lombards with them; but we received no reply, nor did we see on the sea-shore any body, or any sign of houses whatever. Our people then became very much chagrined, and began to realize what the circumstances naturally suggested.

"While all of us were in this depressed state of mind, the same canoe with several Indians on board, which we had seen that afternoon, came up to where we were anchored, and the Indians, with a loud voice inquired for the admiral. They were conducted to the admiral's vessel, and remained there on board for three hours, talking with the admiral in the presence of us all. They said that some of the Christians left on the island had died of disease, others had been killed in quarrels amongst themselves, and that those who remained were all well. They also said that the province had been invaded by two kings named Caonabó and Mayrení, who burned all the houses, and that king Guacamarí was at another place, some distance away, lying ill of a wound in his leg, which was the reason why he

"Next morning some of our men landed by order of the admiral, and went to the spot where the Christians had been housed. They found the building, which had been fortified to a certain degree by a palisade surrounding it, all burned up and leveled with the ground.⁷²

had not come himself in person.

"They found also some rags and stuffs which the Indians had brought to set the fort and the houses in the environs on fire. They observed, too,

⁷⁰A distance of thirty-six Spanish miles, equivalent to about thirty-one English miles

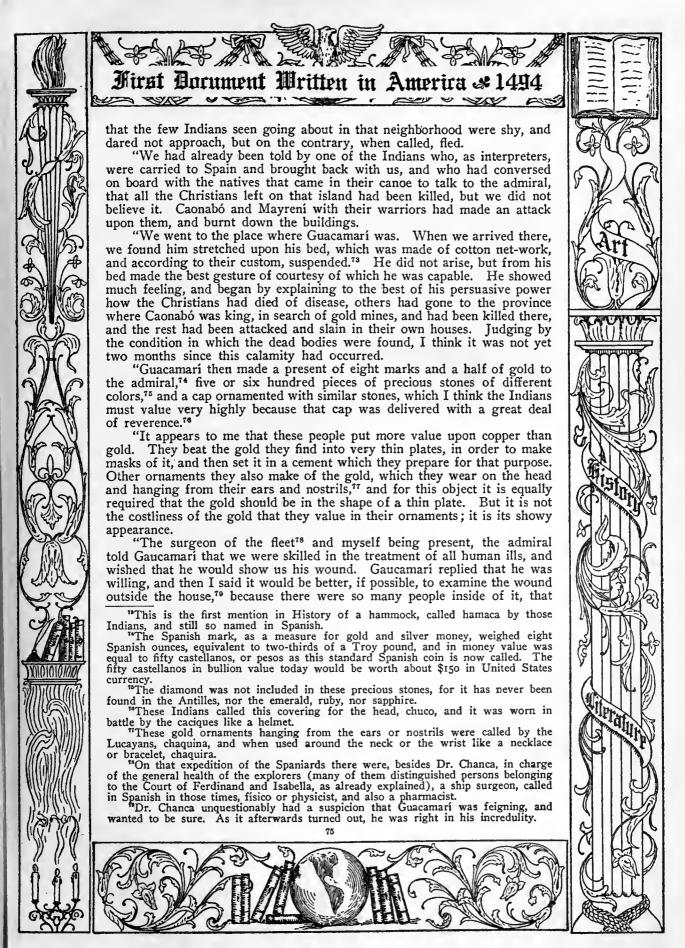
miles.

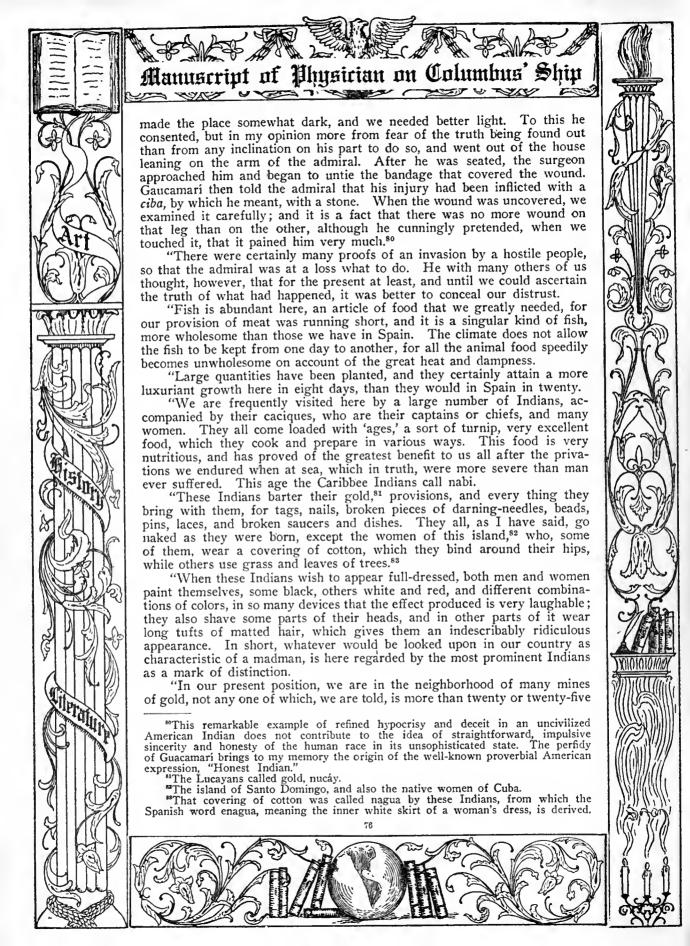
The spot here referred to is the harbor named by Columbus on his first voyage, La Navidad (the Nativity), reached by this large fleet of the second voyage on the night-fall of November 27, 1493.

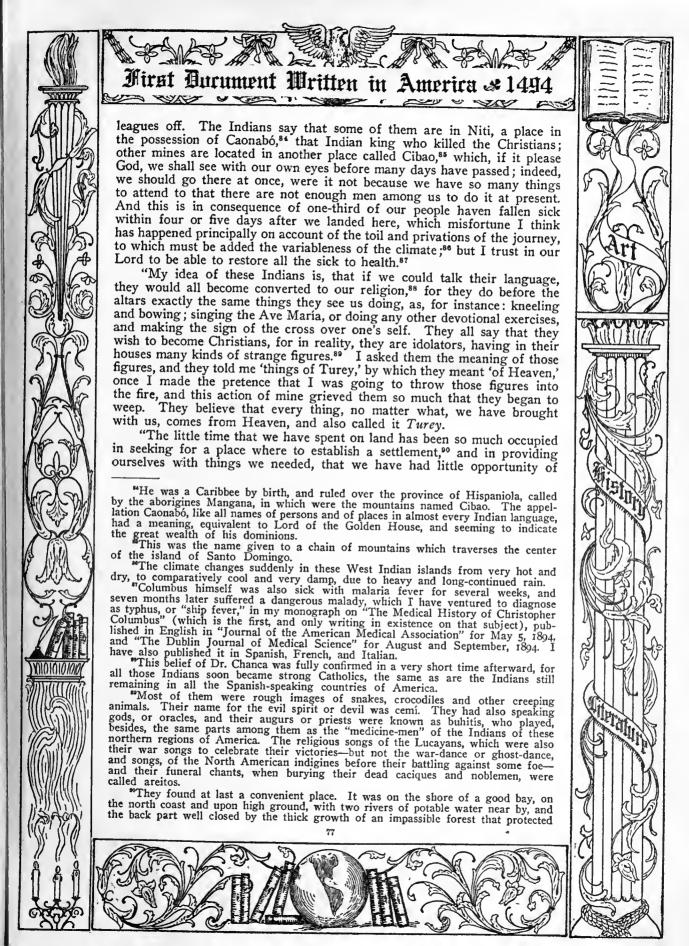
The little wooden fortress in which Columbus had left thirty-eight men the year before, was built with the remains of the caravel Santa Maria,—the largest of the three small vessels that discovered the Western Hemisphere of our planet—which had been wrecked on the reefs of that harbor. That small band of fool-hardy Spanish people was left well provided with arms and ammunition, medical and surgical supplies; but they all perished for lack of discipline and disregard of the orders and admonitions of Columbus before he returned to Spain.

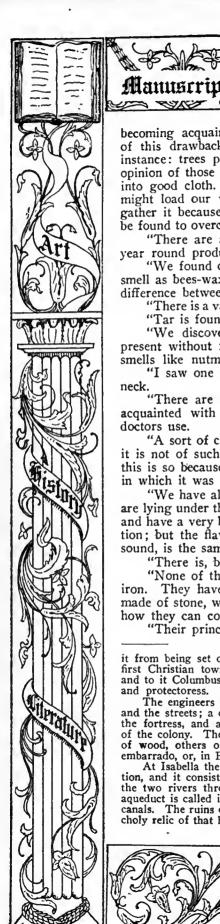
Their commander was the hidalgo Diego de Arana Enriquez, who was a brother of Donna Beatriz, the second wife of Columbus (by whom he had his second son, Don Fernando, born at the city of Cordova on August 15, 1488), and he had as his lieutenants Pedro Gutierrez and Rodrigo de Escovedo.

Among those thirty-eight men killed by the Indians was one of the two physicians or fisicos (as they were then called) who had accompanied Columbus on his first voyage, and was left to care for the health of those boldly-venturous Spaniards. His name was Maese Juan. The name of the other ship surgeon, who returned with Columbus to Spain, was Maese Alonso. In my monograph on "The Medical History of Christopher Columbus, and the Part Taken by the Medical Profession in the Discovery of America," I mention these two worthy members of the medical profession, who were the first physicians to tread American soil.









becoming acquainted with the natural productions of the soil. In spite of this drawback, we have already seen many marvellous things. For instance: trees producing a soft silky fiber fine enough(according to the opinion of those who are acquainted with that industrial art) to be woven into good cloth. And of this kind of trees there are so many, that we might load our vessels with the fiber, though it is somewhat difficult to gather it because these trees are very thorny, but some means can easily be found to overcome that difficulty.

"There are also cotton plants as large as peach trees, which all the

year round produce cotton, and in abundance.

"We found other trees which produce wax, as good both in color and smell as bees-wax, and equally useful for burning; indeed, with very little difference between the one and the other.

"There is a vast number of trees which yield surprisingly fine turpentine.

"Tar is found in abundance, of a very good quality too.

"We discovered trees which, in my opinion, bear nutmegs, but at present without fruit on them, and I say so because the bark tastes and smells like nutmegs.

"I saw one root of ginger which an Indian was carrying around his

neck.

"There are aloes too, though not of the same kind as those we are acquainted with in Spain, but nevertheless a species of aloes that we doctors use.

"A sort of cinnamon has likewise been found, but, to speak truthfully, it is not of such a fine quality as the one we have in Spain; or perhaps this is so because it is not now the proper season to gather it, or the soil in which it was found growing in this vicinity is not well adapted.

"We have also seen here some yellow mirabolans. At this season they are lying under the trees, and as the ground is very damp they are all rotten, and have a very bitter taste, due, in my opinion, to their state of decomposition; but the flavor of those parts which in spite of that, have remained sound, is the same as that of the genuine mirabolan.

"There is, besides, a very good kind of mastic.

"None of the natives of all these islands we have visited possess any iron. They have, however, many implements, also hatchets and axes, all made of stone, which are so handsome and well finished that it is a wonder how they can contrive to make them without employing iron.

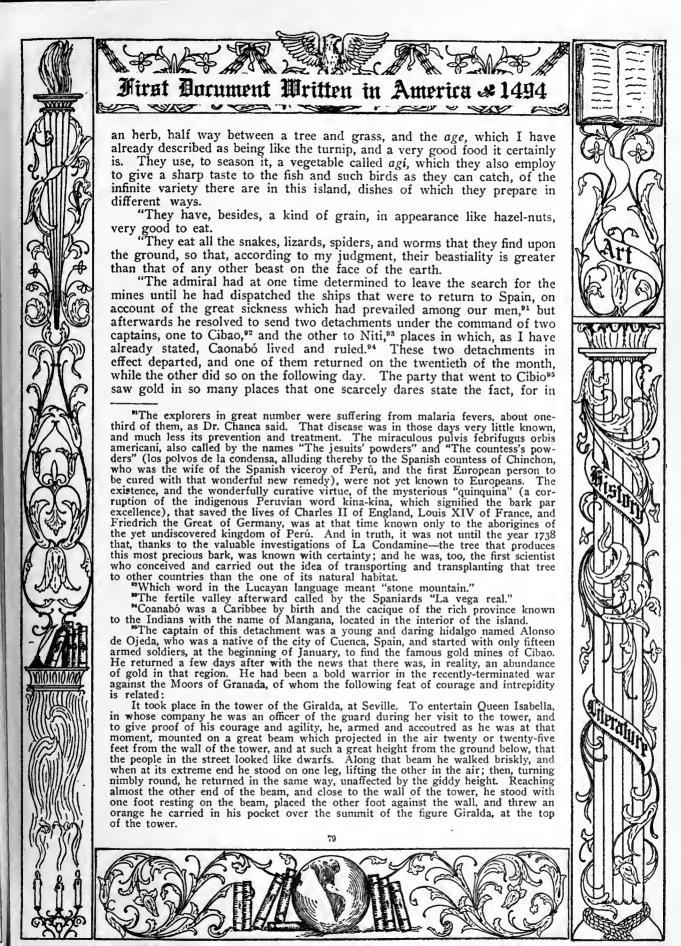
"Their principal food consists of a sort of bread made of the root of

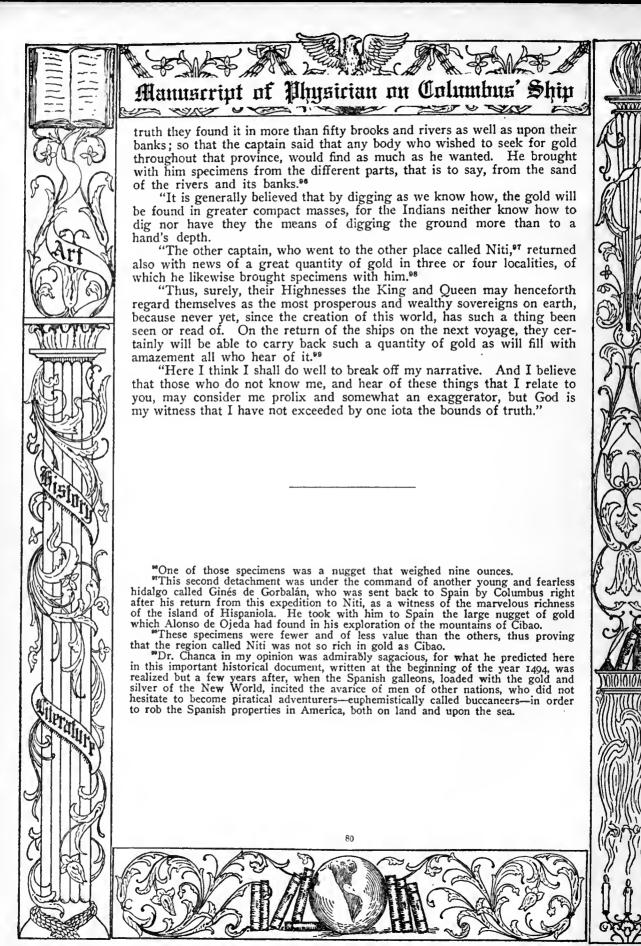
it from being set on fire by the Indians on a night attack. The building up of the first Christian town of the New World was commenced there, in that very spot, and to it Columbus gave the very appropriate name of Isabella, his faithful defender and protectoress.

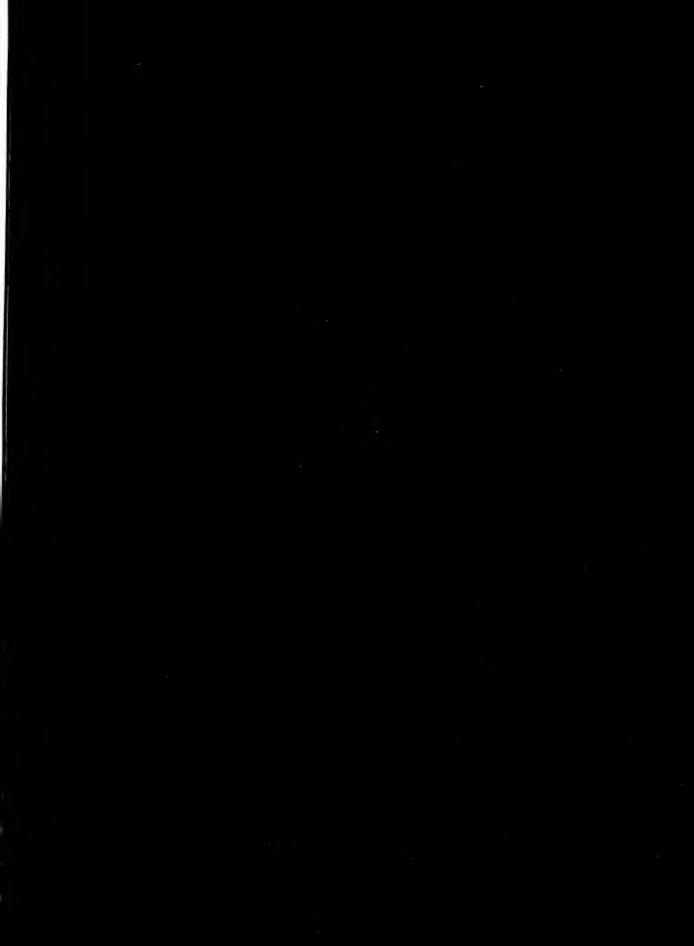
The engineers who came in that expedition at once laid out the square or plaza, and the streets; a convenient site for the church was selected, as well as another for the fortress, and a residential quarter for Columbus and the subsequent governors of the colony. These three buildings were to be made of stone, the principal houses of wood, others of intertwined reeds covered with mortar and called in Spanish, embarrado, or, in English, adobe, and the rest after the Indian fashion, or bohios.

At Isabella the first aqueduct ever built on American soil was carried to completion, and it consisted of a trench or open ditch that conducted the water of one of the two rivers through the middle of the principal streets. This sort of irrigatory aqueduct is called in Spain, acequía, where there are several of these kinds of narrow canals. The ruins of the stone buildings in a solitary waste constitute today the melancholy relic of that historical locality.

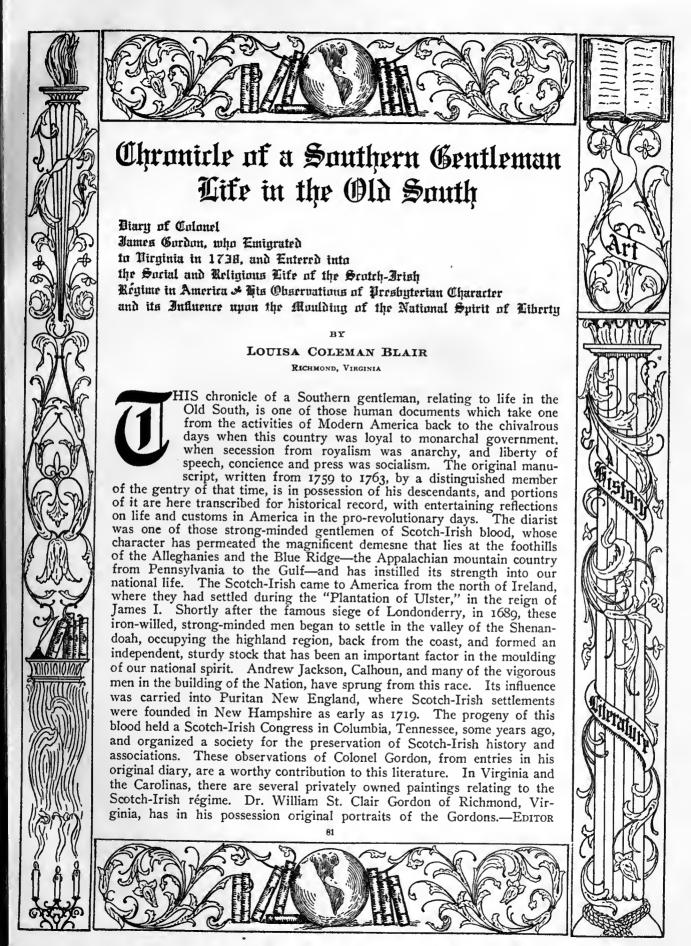
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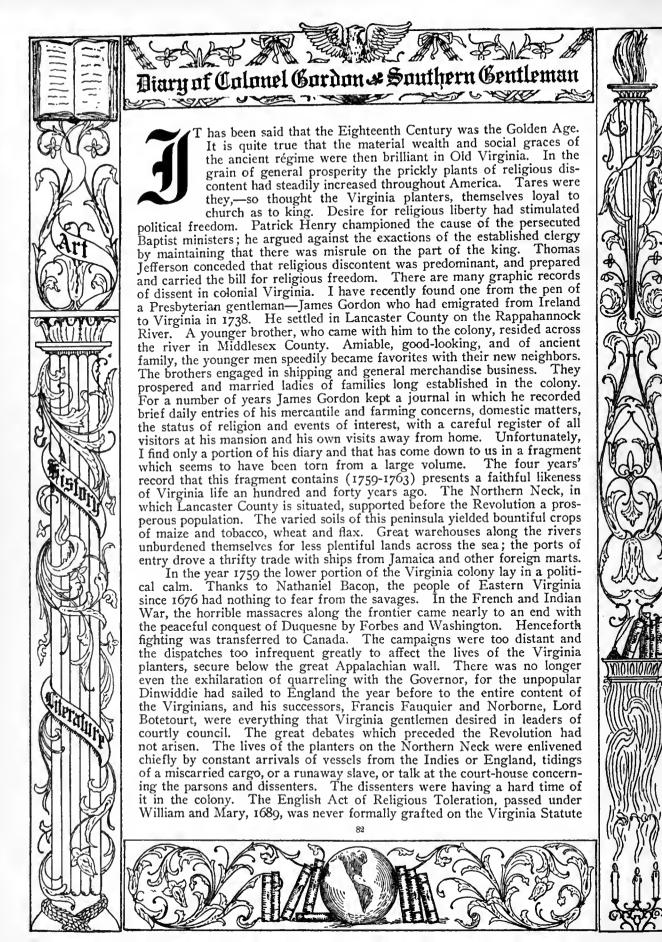












Social and Religious Life in Early America Books. True, it was recognized by various governors and advocates, but fashionable opinion had continued strong against any who were not satisfied with the form of religion "good enough for the king." In comparison with other dissenting sects the Presbyterian enjoyed some degree of comfort. Three of the Virginia governors, during the Eighteenth Century—Spotswood, Gooch, and Dinwiddie, were Scotchmen, as was Commissary Blair. President of William and Mary College. They were therefore familiar with the Presbyterian as the established form of worship in Scotland. They had favored granting to the grave young divines from northern colleges who applied to them at Williamsburg, licenses to preach and establish meetinghouses in Virginia. Nevertheless, in this liberality the Governor's Council did not often concur. The contrast between the freedom Presbyterians had enjoyed for fifty years in Scotland and the intolerance they met in Virginia is heightened furthermore by the spiritual coldness of the established church of the province at this time. The mother church in England, asleep in the scepticism of the Eighteenth Century had been roused by the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield. But her awakening had scarcely stirred her far-away daughter in the new land; and that the dissenters in the colony were eagerly partaking of the revival, only served to discredit it further among the Virginia clergy. The diary of James Gordon gives us a clear notion of this religious rift in the colony. As may be expected, we shall look in vain to find in the note-book of a business man and sober Presbyterian, the polite fancies, the gayeties, and the graces which we are accustomed to connect with writings of the Eighteenth Century. The light extravagance, the zest and play which sparkle from every page of that "prince of good fellows," Colonel William Byrd, are all absent here. On the other hand, we do not find the tendency to morbid meditation uppermost in the journals of some of the religious enthusiasts of the time. Although the writer sometimes rises into fervor, in general he is placid. His observations are quiet rather than comic, wise rather than witty; not gay, but cheerful. And it is unlikely that the view the writer gives us of Virginia society could have chanced otherwise from a man who himself took a position half way between the petty obscurities and the luxuriant follies of his day. Moreover, the journal was kept for private convenience. Its jottings are straight to the page, as the events happened; neither furbished nor undervalued, evidently a moderate representation of the era—an account both accurate and sincere. The life of the diarist was by no means bare. In the year 1759, James Gordon was in the prime of his years and activity; a large-landed proprietor; father of many children; colonel of militia, and magistrate in the county. His portrait, painted, it is said, by Hesselius, presents a man of florid, but sweet countenance; the dignity of a portly form, handsomely clothed with the adornment of ruffles and white perruque. The entries of the diary bring us at once into contact with an agreeable company of people living amid the entertainment and hospitality which these Virginians never ceased to exchange: Jan. 1, 1759.—Dr. Robertson and his young wife came here according to the Dr.'s custom. Very agreeable company and good dinner. Our boat went for Mrs. Wormley. Miss Flood went in our chair to Mr. Camm's. Dr. Robertson went to Mr. Charles Carter's. Mr. Dale Carter and Mr. Payne here. John Mitchell and his wife came at night in the rain. Several of the neighbors came in the evening. Although the diary brims with notices of daily guests, only three times in four years does the busy householder find the presence of visitors inconvenient:



Diary of Colonel Gordon & Southern Gentleman

A throng day of company. Our poor little Sally (his daughter) has been very unwell for several days, but before I returned she was taken with fits. We do not expect her recovery. A great company here which is rather disagreeable as the child is so unwell. But these trifles we sh'd bear with more patience than we do.

It is evident, nevertheless, that the genial Scotch-Irishman greatly enjoyed his guests, for the company is usually "very agreeable," and one entry runs:

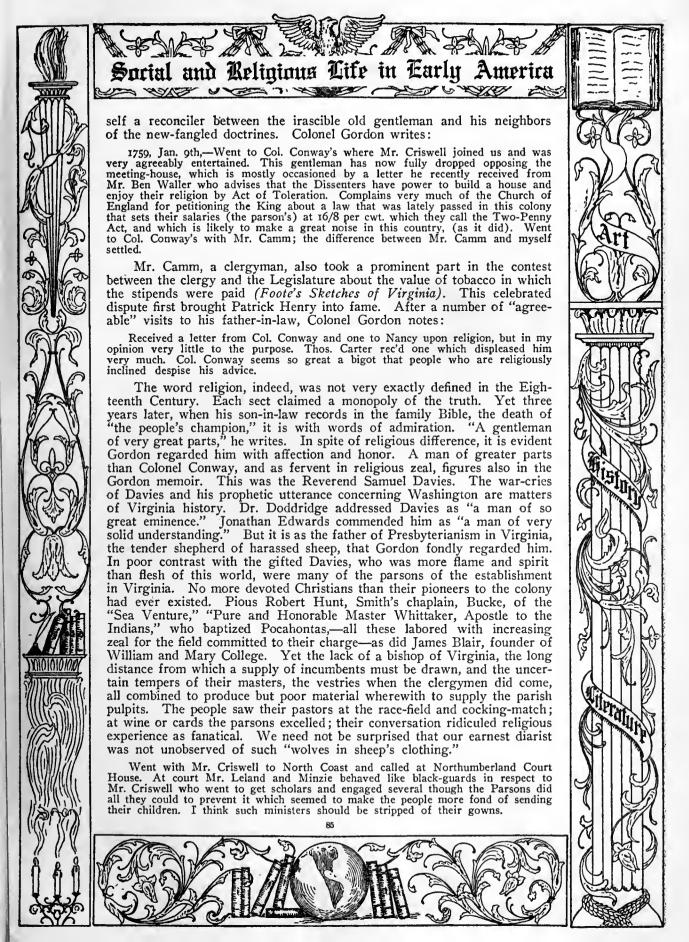
We had no company, which is surprising.

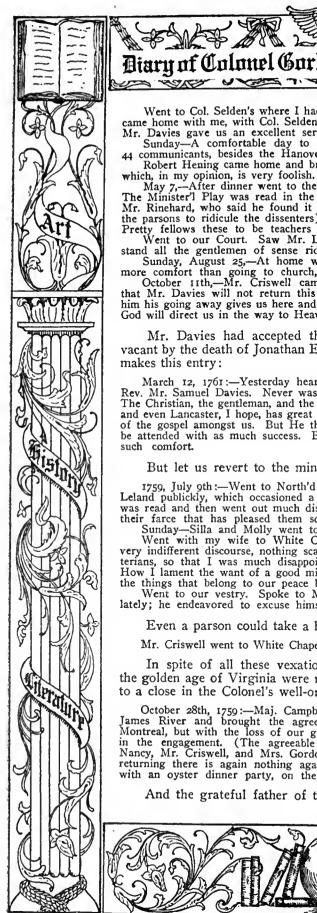
This neglect was remedied a day afterwards:

Mr. Wm. Churchill, his wife and five children came, and Mrs. Carter and her son and Miss Judith Bassett.

Nor was the host less of a visitor himself. Indeed, the whole neighborhood must have been a large "merry-go-round," the more noticeable when one considers that the intercourse between the people of the bay counties in Virginia, then, as now, was carried on greatly by water. Among the visitors Gordon records in his diary, we find not a few honorable names: Dr. Andrew Robertson was an eminent Scotch surgeon who had fought in the Flemish wars, was with Braddock in 1755, and had escaped from that rout with the remains of his regiment, twenty men in number. He resigned his commission on returning to Great Britain and emigrated to Virginia with his wife and son. He decided upon a residence in Lancaster County, and soon took the lead in medical practice in the Northern Neck. Being a Scotchman, and a staunch Presbyterian, he became a frequent visitor at Colonel Gordon's, and joined with him in promoting Presbyterianism in the neighborhood. The most picturesque figure in Gordon's narrative is the father of his first wife. The Conways had been settled in Northumberland and Lancaster a hundred years when James Gordon, newly arrived in the colony, asked for the hand of Milicent, youngest daughter of Colonel Edwin Conway, heir, by the Virginia law of primogeniture, to large tracts, estates handed down from original grant. The hand was acceded, but the tapering fingers of the thirteen-year-old bride would not retain the wedding-ring,—sad omen, for Milicent, "a most loving and excellent wife," died at the age of nineteen, leaving two little daughters. Anne, the elder, had been named, doubtless, for her grandmother, Anne Ball Conway, halfsister of Mary Washington, but Colonel Gordon dubs her affectionately "Nancy," and she seems to have been his favorite child. Colonel Gordon went often to visit Colonel Conway. He had been a leader of men, and a champion for the rights of the people throughout his whole country-side. In the Conway papers we have a spirited account of a contest of the planters of the Rappahannock district with a "spightful tobacco inspector." Fire and fists were resorted to. Colonel Conway pacified the bitter people by appealing to Governor Gooch on their behalf. This gentleman had actively engaged also in the dispute which arose between Governor Spotswood and the House of Burgesses concerning the levy for the defense; a tax which the House refused to impose, whereupon that ruler of force wrathfully dissolved the assembly, and it was for several years prorogued.

Colonel Conway was indeed one who "feared God and none besides." He was of a ripe age when we are introduced to him in Gordon's account, but his zeal for what he conceived to be the good of those around him had not abated, as we see him in his efforts, loyal churchman that he was, to contend with the dissenters. His more liberal son-in-law perpetually placed him-





Diary of Colonel Gordon & Southern Gentleman

Went to Col. Selden's where I had the pleasure of meeting dear Mr. Davies. He came home with me, with Col. Selden and Mr. Shackelford. Went to meeting where

Mr. Davies gave us an excellent sermon. A full house.

Sunday—A comfortable day to me. The Lord's Supper was administered to
44 communicants, besides the Hanover gentlemen. About 800 or 900 present.

Robert Hening came home and brought a letter from Mr. Minzie to Mr. Davies,

May 7,—After dinner went to the Court House. The Court sat but a short time. The Minister'l Play was read in the ordinary by Mr. Packer who received it from Mr. Rinehard, who said he found it in the Court Yard. (The play was written by the parsons to ridicule the dissenters). Minzie and Leland at the head of the mob. Pretty fellows these to be teachers of the people.

Went to our Court. Saw Mr. Leland, but had no words with him. I under-

stand all the gentlemen of sense ridicule the farce.

Sunday, August 25,—At home with my wife and family, where I have much nore comfort than going to church, hearing the ministers ridicule the dissenters.

October 11th,—Mr. Criswell came before dinner, but with disagreeable news that Mr. Davies will not return this way. (A previous entry notes): I wrote to him his going away gives us here and in Hanover the greatest uneasiness, but I trust God will direct us in the way to Heaven.

Mr. Davies had accepted the Presidency of Princeton College, left vacant by the death of Jonathan Edwards. Some time later Colonel Gordon

March 12, 1761:—Yesterday heard the disagreeable news of the death of the Rev. Mr. Samuel Davies. Never was a man in America, I imagine, more lamented. The Christian, the gentleman, and the scholar appeared conspicuous in him. Virginia, and even Lancaster, I hope, has great reason to bless God for sending such a minister of the gospel amongst us. But He that sent him could send another, and his labor be attended with as much success. But I am afraid our country is too wicked for

But let us revert to the ministerial situation. Colonel Gordon notes:

1759, July 9th:-Went to North'd Court. The paper was read about Minzie and Leland publickly, which occasioned a large company some mirth. Minzie sat till it was read and then went out much displeased. It appears these ministers will repeat their farce that has pleased them so much.

Sunday—Silla and Molly went to church. I read a sermon to the negroes. Went with my wife to White Chapel Church where we heard Mr. Camm—a very indifferent discourse, nothing scarce but external modes; much against Presbyterians, so that I was much disappointed, for it was misspending the Lord's Day. How I lament the want of a good minister for our own church that we may all see

Went to our vestry. Spoke to Mr. Camm about the sermons he has preached lately; he endeavored to excuse himself, but could not do it in my opinion.

Even a parson could take a hint, though, for three weeks later:

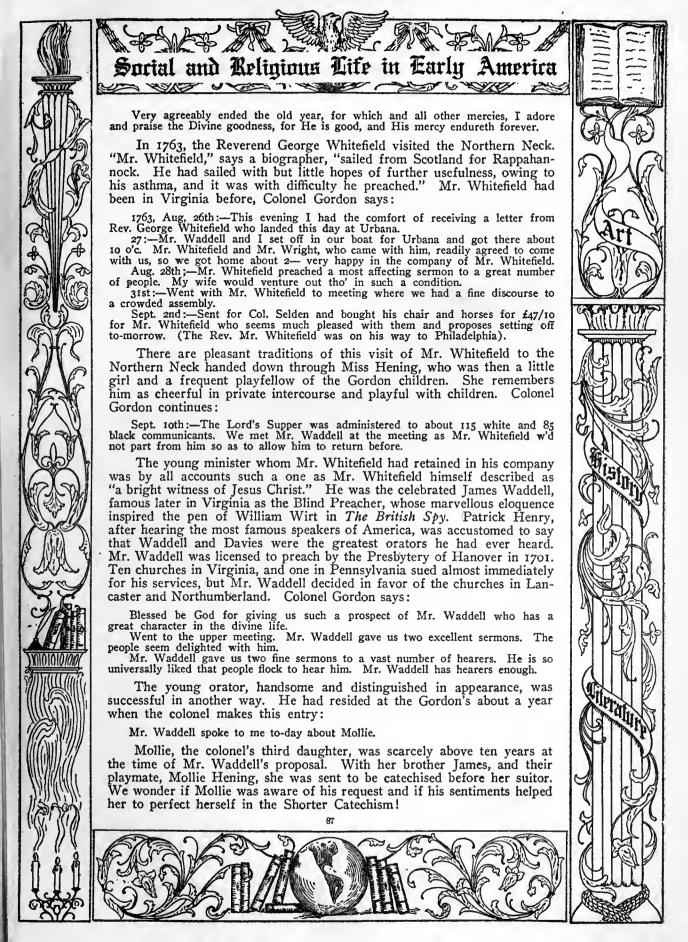
Mr. Criswell went to White Chapel Church. Nothing against the dissenters.

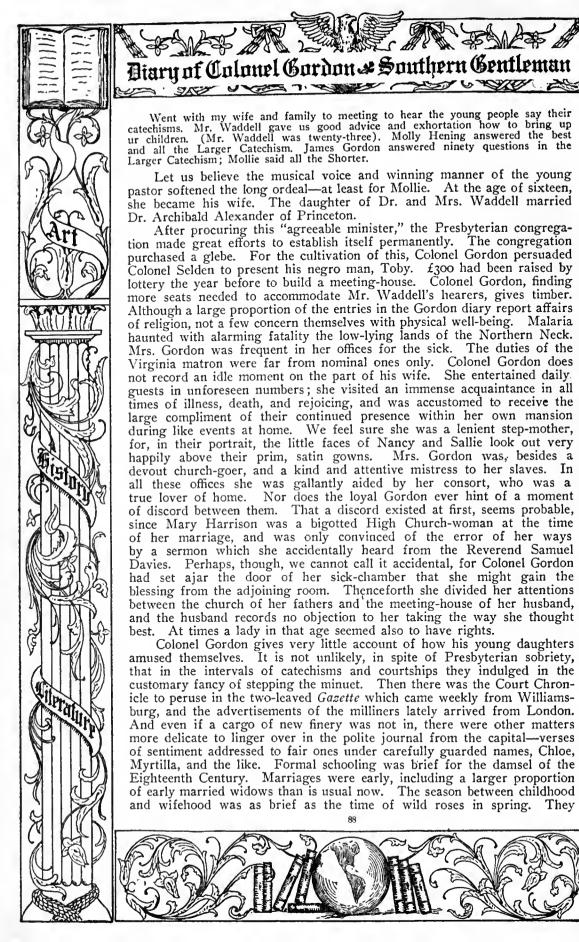
In spite of all these vexations (and from vexations the dwellers in the golden age of Virginia were not free) the year 1759 drew comfortably to a close in the Colonel's well-ordered household.

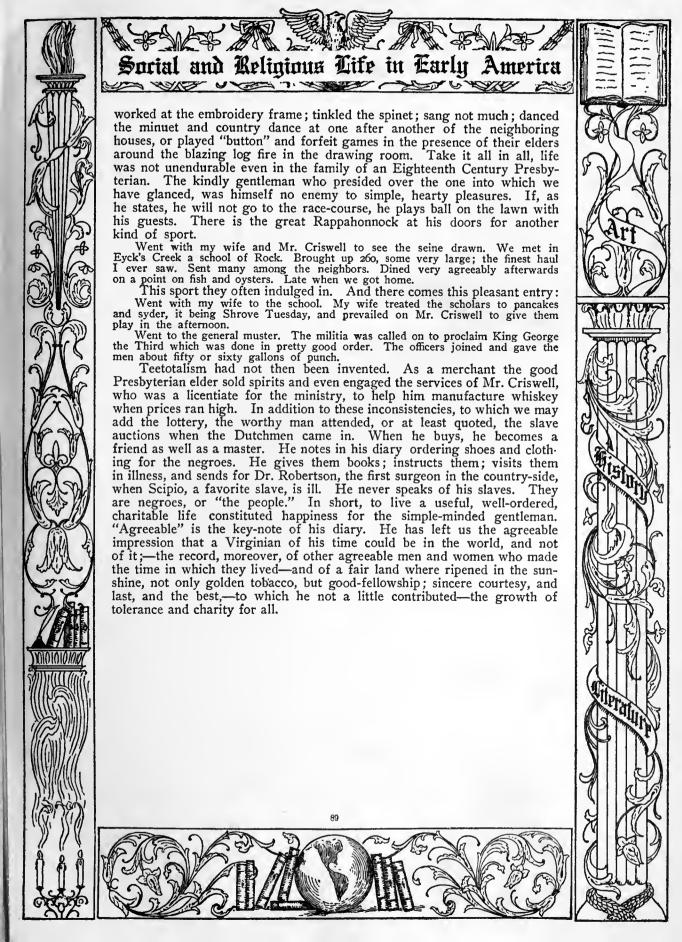
October 28th, 1759:—Maj. Campbell called here this morning on his way from James River and brought the agreeable news of the surrender of Quebec and Montreal, but with the loss of our great and brave General Wolfe who was killed in the engagement. (The agreeable news had been forty-six days in coming). Nancy, Mr. Criswell, and Mrs. Gordon go to White Chapel Church and report on returning there is again nothing against the dissenters. The year ends pleasantly with an oyster dinner party, on the last day, at the mouth of Jonah's Cove.

And the grateful father of the family comments:









Centenary of a Hymnist to Liberty

General Albert Pike, who Helped Blaze the Path for Civilization through the West in 1831 & Cavalry Leader in Mexican War & Commanded the Cherokee Indians under Flag of the Confederacy in Civil War

On this Centennial of this unique personality in American History, these manuscripts in possession of his daughter, Lilian Pike Roome of Washington, District of Columbia, are given historical record—General Pike was born in Boston Massachusetts, December 29, 1809; studied at Harvard; taught school at Newburyport, and set out for the Far West in 1831, traveling mostly by foot—At St. Louis he joined a caravan for the Mexican territories, entering Santa Fe roving with trappers, becoming editor of the Arkansas Gasette at Little Rock, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in the West—He served as a cavalry leader in the Mexican War, espoused the cause of State supremacy, and commanded the Cherokee Indians under the Flag of the Confederacy at the battle of Pea Ridge—General Pike was a vigorous factor in the Middle West; he edited the Memphis Appeal in Tennessee, represented the literature of that section during his time, became distinguished by the Order of Free Masons, and died in Washington, April 2, 1891

Ode to Liberty

When shall the nations all be free,
And Force no longer reign;
None bend to brutal Power the knee,
None hug the gilded chain?
No longer rule the ancient Wrong,
The Weak be trampled by the Strong?—
How long, dear God in Heaven! how long?
The people wail in vain!

Do not th' Archangels on their thrones Turn piteous looks to Thee, When 'round them thickly swarm the

groans
Of those that would be free?
Of those that know they have the right
To Freedom, though crushed down by
Might,

As all the world hath to the light And air which Thou mad'st free?

The ancient Empires staggering drift Along Time's mighty tide, Whose waters, running broad and swift, Eternity divide: How many years shall pass, before Over their bones the sea shall roar, The salt sands drift, the fresh rains pour, The stars mock fallen Pride?

What then the Great Republic's fate? To founder far from land,
And sink with all her glorious freight,
Smitten by God's right hand?
Or shall she still her helm obey
In calm or storm, by night or day,
No sail rent, no spar cut away,
Exultant, proud and grand?

The issues are with God. To do,
Of right belongs to us:
May we be ever just and true,
For nations flourish thus!
JUSTICE is mightier than ships;
RIGHT, than the cannon's brazen lips;
And TRUTH, averting dark eclipse,
Makes fortunes prosperous.

ALBERT PIKE, July 4, 1853.

Apostrophe to Liberty

Oh, Liberty! thou child of many hopes, Nursed in the cradle of the human heart; While Europe in her glimmering darkness gropes.

gropes,
Do not from us, thy chosen ones, depart!
Still be to us, as thou hast been, and art!
The spirit that we breathe! Oh, teach us still
Thine arrowy truths, unquailingly, to dart,
Until all tyrants and oppressors reel,
And despotisms tremble at thy thunder-

peal!

Methinks thy daylight now is lighting up The far horizon of yon hemisphere With golden lightning. Over the hoary top Of the blue mountains, see I not appear Thy lovely dawn, while Shame, and crouching Fear,

And Slavery perish under tottering thrones? How long, oh Liberty! until we hear Instead of an insulted people's moans, The crushed and writhing tyrants uttering deep groans?

Is not thy spirit living still in France?
Will it not waken soon in storm and fire?
Will earthquakes not 'mid thrones and cities dance,

cities dance,
And Freedom's altar be the funeral pyre
Of Tyranny, and all his offspring dire?
In Hungary, Germany, Italia, Spain,
And Austria, thy spirit doth inspire
The multitude; and though, too long, in vain,
They struggle in deep gloom, yet Slavery's
night shall wane.

And shall we sleep, while all the earth awakes?

Shall we turn slaves, while on the Alpine cones

And vine-clad hills of Europe brightly breaks

The morning-light of Liberty? What thrones

Can equal those which on our father's bones The demagogue would build? What chains so gall,

As those the self-made Helot scarcely owns,

Till they eat deeply; till the live pains crawl Into his soul, who madly caused himself to fall?

Men's freedom may be wrested from their hands,

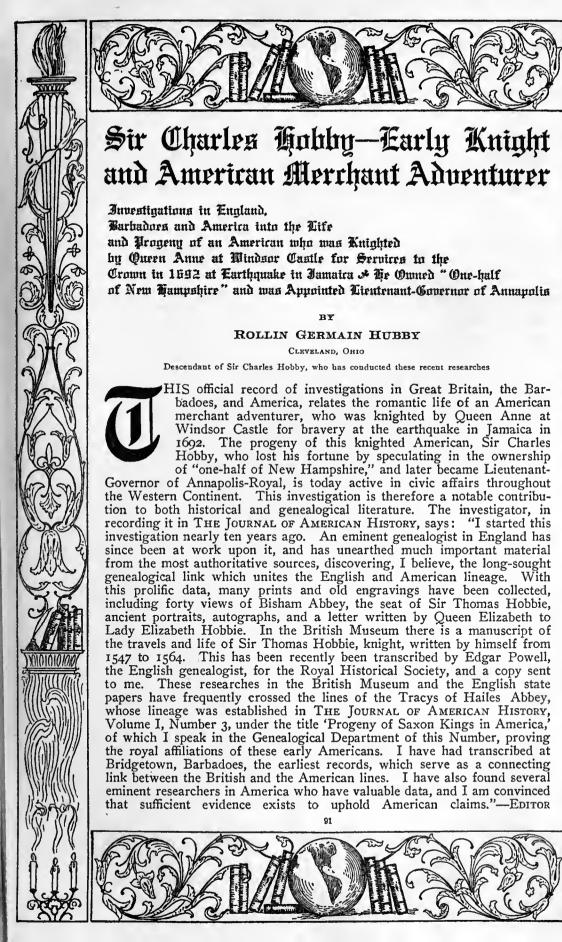
And they may mourn; but not like those who throw

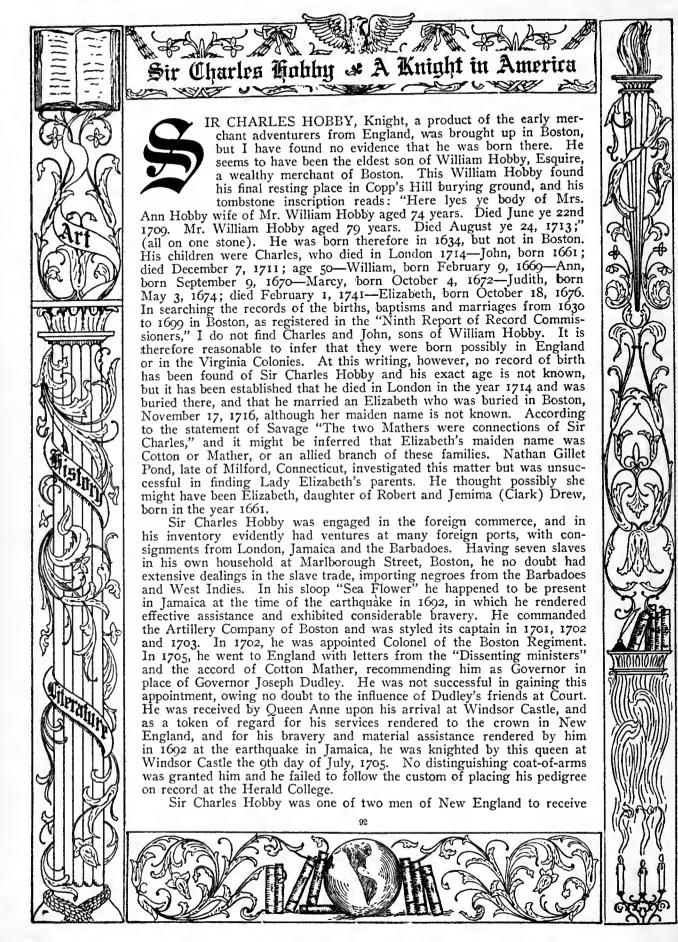
Their heritage away; who clasp the bands On their own limbs, and creeping, blindly go

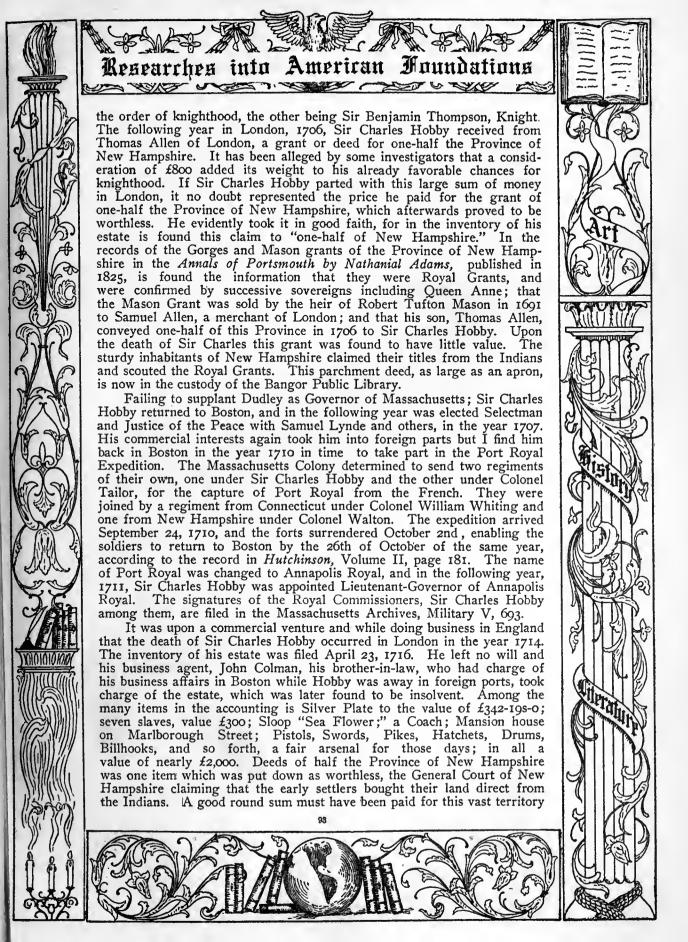
Like timorous fawns, to their own overthrow,

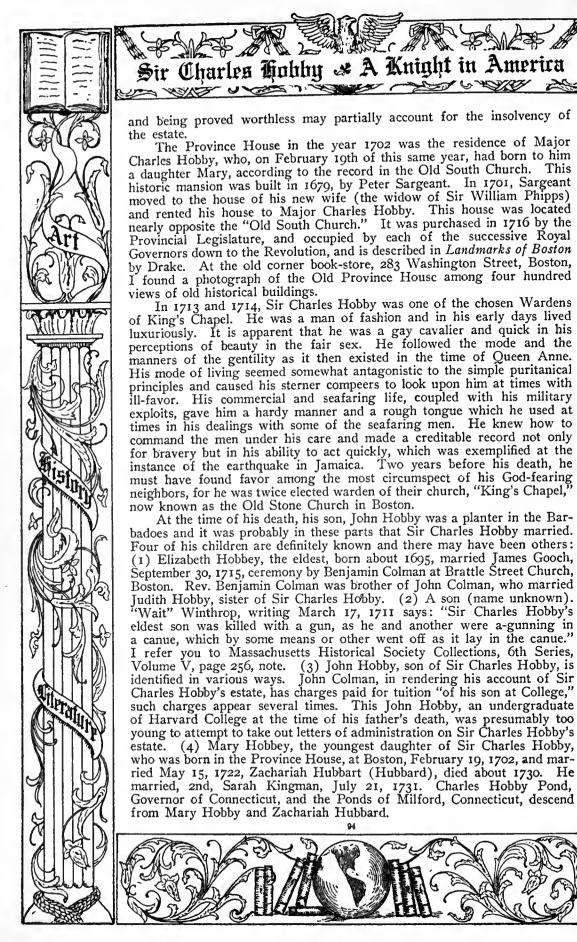
Shall we thus fall? Is it so difficult, To think that we are free, yet be not so? To shatter down in one brief hour of guilt, The holy fane of Freedom that our fathers built?

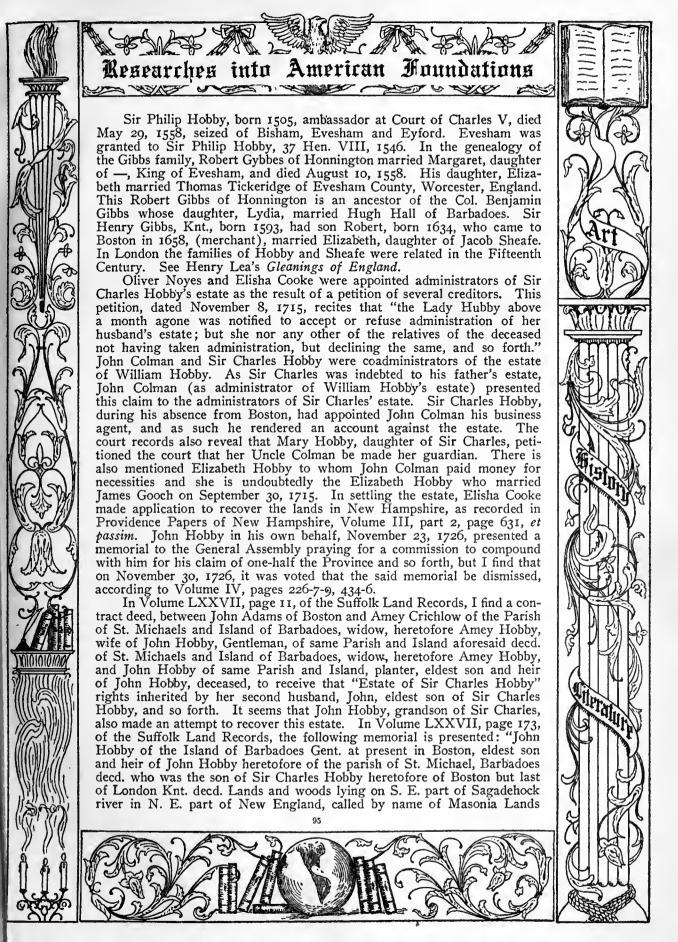
ALBERT PIKE, 1834.

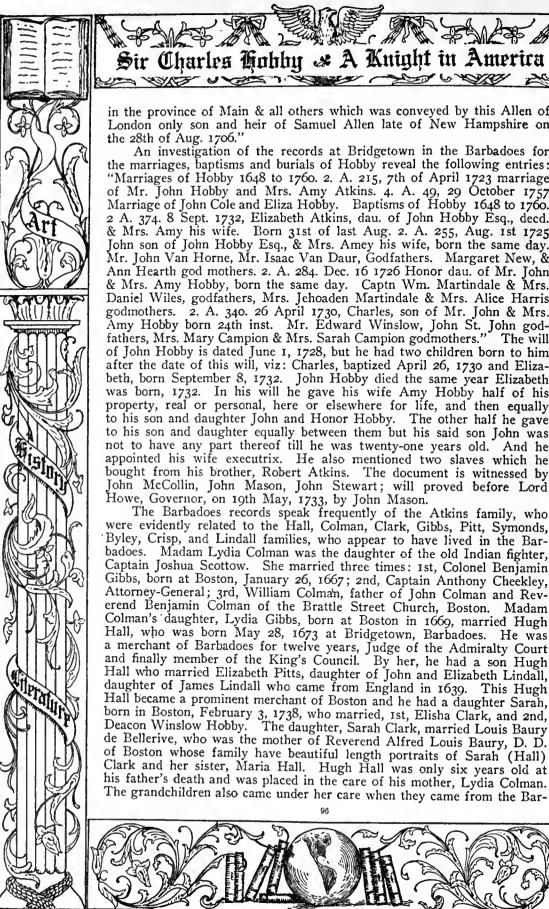












in the province of Main & all others which was conveyed by this Allen of

London only son and heir of Samuel Allen late of New Hampshire on

An investigation of the records at Bridgetown in the Barbadoes for

the marriages, baptisms and burials of Hobby reveal the following entries: "Marriages of Hobby 1648 to 1760. 2. A. 215, 7th of April 1723 marriage of Mr. John Hobby and Mrs. Amy Atkins. 4. A. 49, 29 October 1757 Marriage of John Cole and Eliza Hobby. Baptisms of Hobby 1648 to 1760. 2 A. 374. 8 Sept. 1732, Elizabeth Atkins, dau. of John Hobby Esq., decd. & Mrs. Amy his wife. Born 31st of last Aug. 2. A. 255, Aug. 1st 1725 John son of John Hobby Esq., & Mrs. Amey his wife, born the same day. Mr. John Van Horne, Mr. Isaac Van Daur, Godfathers. Margaret New, & Ann Hearth god mothers. 2. A. 284. Dec. 16 1726 Honor dau, of Mr. John & Mrs. Amy Hobby, born the same day. Captn Wm. Martindale & Mrs. Daniel Wiles, godfathers, Mrs. Jehoaden Martindale & Mrs. Alice Harris godmothers. 2. A. 340. 26 April 1730, Charles, son of Mr. John & Mrs. Amy Hobby born 24th inst. Mr. Edward Winslow, John St. John godfathers, Mrs. Mary Campion & Mrs. Sarah Campion godmothers." The will of John Hobby is dated June 1, 1728, but he had two children born to him after the date of this will, viz: Charles, baptized April 26, 1730 and Elizabeth, born September 8, 1732. John Hobby died the same year Elizabeth was born, 1732. In his will he gave his wife Amy Hobby half of his property, real or personal, here or elsewhere for life, and then equally to his son and daughter John and Honor Hobby. The other half he gave to his son and daughter equally between them but his said son John was not to have any part thereof till he was twenty-one years old. And he appointed his wife executrix. He also mentioned two slaves which he bought from his brother, Robert Atkins. The document is witnessed by John McCollin, John Mason, John Stewart; will proved before Lord

The Barbadoes records speak frequently of the Atkins family, who were evidently related to the Hall, Colman, Clark, Gibbs, Pitt, Symonds, Byley, Crisp, and Lindall families, who appear to have lived in the Barbadoes. Madam Lydia Colman was the daughter of the old Indian fighter, Captain Joshua Scottow. She married three times: 1st, Colonel Benjamin Gibbs, born at Boston, January 26, 1667; 2nd, Captain Anthony Cheekley, Attorney-General; 3rd, William Colman, father of John Colman and Reverend Benjamin Colman of the Brattle Street Church, Boston. Madam Colman's daughter, Lydia Gibbs, born at Boston in 1669, married Hugh Hall, who was born May 28, 1673 at Bridgetown, Barbadoes. He was a merchant of Barbadoes for twelve years, Judge of the Admiralty Court and finally member of the King's Council. By her, he had a son Hugh Hall who married Elizabeth Pitts, daughter of John and Elizabeth Lindall, daughter of James Lindall who came from England in 1639. This Hugh Hall became a prominent merchant of Boston and he had a daughter Sarah, born in Boston, February 3, 1738, who married, 1st, Elisha Clark, and 2nd, Deacon Winslow Hobby. The daughter, Sarah Clark, married Louis Baury de Bellerive, who was the mother of Reverend Alfred Louis Baury, D. D. of Boston whose family have beautiful length portraits of Sarah (Hall) Clark and her sister, Maria Hall. Hugh Hall was only six years old at his father's death and was placed in the care of his mother, Lydia Colman.



- Karles Folly=

An American knighted by Queen Anne at Windsor Castle for Bravery in the Earthquake at Jamaica in 1692

Original Painting by Sir Peter Lely in Boston Museum of Fine Arts



CHARLES BULFINCH, American Architect of the National Capitol at Washington and the State House in Boston—Descendant of Judith Hobby, sister of Sir Charles Hobby Portrait by pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds

Researches into American Foundations

badoes to Boston for schooling. When Sarah, the sister of Hugh Hall, arrived from the Barbadocs she was eight years old and she brought with her a maid. All the very young gentlemen and young ladies of Boston blood paid her visits, and she gave a feast at a child's dancing party with the sweetmeats left over from the sea-store. She left unbidden with her maid, and went to a Mr. Brimming's to board, sending home word to the Barbadoes that her grandmother made her drink water with her meals. Madam Rebekah Symonds was another grandmother of Sarah Hall, living in what must have seemed painful seclusion to any Londoner, in the struggling little New England hamlet of Ipswick, Massachusetts. She had married four times: Henry Byley in 1636; John Hall in 1641; William Worcester in 1650; and Deputy-Governor Symonds in 1663. Governor Symonds was a gentle and noble old Puritan gentleman, a New Englander of the best type. In the archives of the American Antiquarian Society is a collection of letters of the years 1663 to 1684, written from London by the merchant John Hall to his mother, Madam Rebekah Symonds.

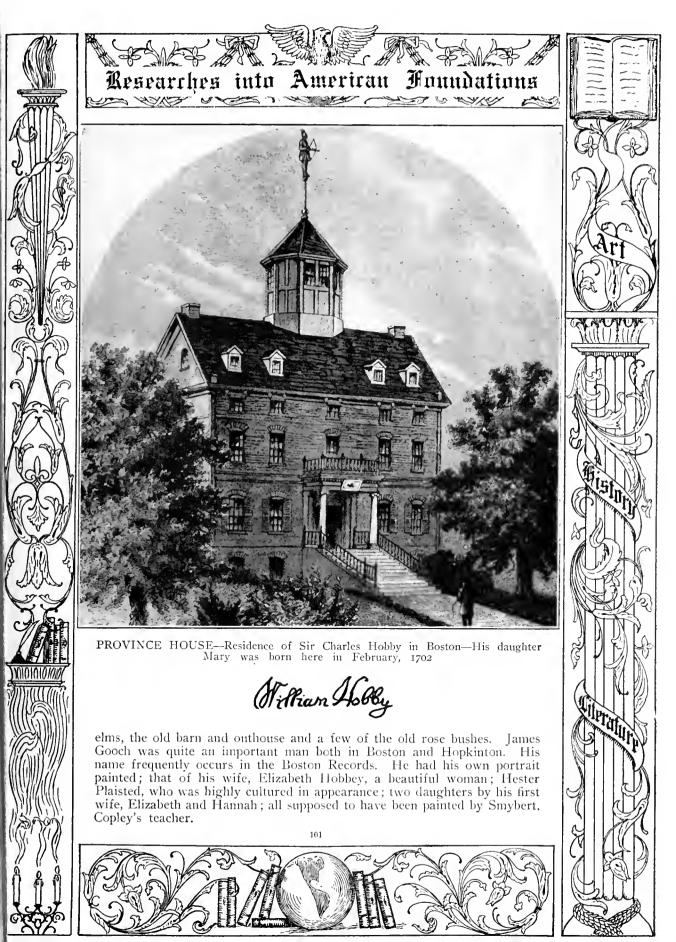
The will of Hugh Hall is filed in the archives at Bridgetown, Barbadoes, dated September 1, 1698. It is somewhat mutilated and difficult to decipher. He was of the Parish of St. Michael and a merchant in Barbadoes. He gives to his son Hugh Hall a place called "Greenfield which he had bought of John Edmondstone of Maryland. — creeke in the province of Pennselvania containing 1,200 acres, to sons Joseph John & Benjamin, a parcel of land called Wappin situate in Duck creek Penselvania containing 1,000 acres." He has several slaves and estate in Barbadoes and appoints Thomas Clark, Thomas Pelquin, Henry Feeke, Joseph Harbin, as guardians of his children and executors of his estate. He also mentions John Grove of London. There is also a will of Thomas Hall which throws some light upon the relation between the Barbadoes planters and their relatives in the southern provinces. The will of Thomas Hall is dated March 23, 1704. and gives to his wife Mary his dwelling, mentions Elizabeth Gibbs, Godchildren, Thomas Adams and Robert Williams; bequeaths to his son, Thomas, estate here and elsewhere; and gives his estate to his two cousins then living in Cathorlina (Carolina) by name Diana Atkins and Sarah Atkins, daughters of John Atkins and Diana his wife, if his son Thomas Hall should die under age, and so forth. It is evident from the information obtained from these wills that John Hobby, son of Sir Charles, had connections living in Carolina and Pennsylvania and probably other of the southern provinces. In the book of Virginia County Records, Volume 1, Spotsylvania gives a Deed dated August 2, 1737, of George Proctor to John Proctor and Elias Sharpe of Virginia; it was witnessed by David Bronaugh, John Steward, James Strother and John Hobby. Will Book E, 1772-1798 gives the will of John Hazelgrove, Fredericksburg, Virginia; he leaves among other bequests 500 pounds to Linamah Hobby.

Researches into the Gooch lines develop the proof that Elizabeth Hobby, the eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hobby and Elizabeth, who was born about 1695, married James Gooch, September 30, 1715, and that the ceremony was performed by Dr. Benjamin Colman, Brattle Street Church, Boston. James Gooch was born October 12, 1693, and died January 9, 1786. His father, James Gooch, (son of John or James), commanded the sloop "Mary" to relief of Storer's garrison at Wells, 1692, and came to Boston in 1695, a widower with one son, James, who became a merchant prominent in town affairs, purchasing Tomb No. 3, in the Granery burying ground which





Sir Charles Hahly & A Knight in America is still in possession of his descendants; his transactions in real estate were numerous as per Boston Records. The first wife of the elder James Gooch was Hannah -, who died March 15, 1694. He married, 2nd, Elizabeth Peck, August 15, 1695 (Boston Records) and she died in 1702. He married, 3rd, Sarah Tuttle, November 12, 1702. He died in 1735 and was interred in his Tomb No. 3. He is the one spoken of by Cotton Mather as "the valient Googe." The children of the elder James Gooch were: (1) James Gooch, son of 1st wife, Hannah, born October 12, 1693, and married Elizabeth Hobbey. (2) Elizabeth Gooch, daughter of the 2nd wife, Elizabeth Peck, born March 17, 1698; married 1st, John Hubbard, November 25, 1714; married 2nd, John Franklin, brother of Benjamin Franklin. (3) John Gooch, born October 23, 1609; married Mary Deering, October 19, 1736, Executor of his father's will, left no children and died July 1772 at Marshfield, Massachusetts. His wife died 1779. (4) Joseph Gooch, born November 18, 1700; graduated from Harvard, 1720; married Elizabeth Valentine, July 2, 1724. She was the eldest daughter of John Valentine and Mary, only daughter of Samuel Lynde of Boston. She died about 1764. Joseph Gooch was Colonel of his Majesty's American Foot, appointed by Governor Shirley. He lived in Boston on Summer Street, corner Hawley, next to Trinity Church, and removed to Milton, where he died December 9, 1770. His children were Elizabeth, Joseph, Jr., Mary, Sarah, John and Katherine. James Gooch, Jr., son of James and Hannah, born October 12. 1603. who married, 1st, Elizabeth Hobbey, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Hobby and his wife Elizabeth, on September 30, 1715, had three children by this marriage with Elizabeth Hobbey: (1) Elizabeth Gooch, born March 8, 1712 in Boston, Thomas Valentine. (2) James Gooch, born June 17, 1719, married Mary Sherburne. He died April 7, 1780. (3) Hannah Gooch, born November 14, 1724, married August 4, 1740, Dr. Simpson Jones. She died 1754, after the death of Elizabeth Hobby. James Gooch, Jr., married, 2nd, Mrs. Hester Plaisted, widow of Francis Plaisted, as early as 1729. His children by this second marriage were: (4) Sarah Gooch, born April 26, 1730, married 1775, Benjamin Ellery. (5) John Gooch, born May 23, 1731. (6) Martha Gooch, born February 27, 1733, married September 20, 1753, William Carew of the Barbadoes. (7) Joseph Gooch, born October 26, 1735. (8) William Gooch, born September 5, 1737, married May 31, 1770, Deborah Hubbard, and he died December 12, 1823. (9) Mary Gooch, born in Hopkinton, May 29, 1743. After the death of Hester Plaisted, James Gooch, Jr., married a third wife, Elizabeth Craister, March 8, 1761. James Gooch, Jr., born October 12, 1693, lived in Boston, where Gooch Street was named after him. He then took up a portion of the William Crown land in Hopkinton, Massachusetts, where he built a house and established a large estate. Unfortunately, the house was burned September 2, 1743, and two negro children lost their lives in the flames. His second wife, Hester, would not return to Hopkinton to live, and he soon after sold the place to Sir Charles Harry Frankland who built his famous "Manor House" on the back of the site of the Gooch house. This house was burned January 23, 1858. Another house on this site was built by the Nasons, and a few years ago this one also shared the fate of the others. Nothing now remains of this once famous place but a few old





Immigrant Train Carrying Civilization into the Great American West



Blazing Way for Civilization Through the West-Coming of the White Man

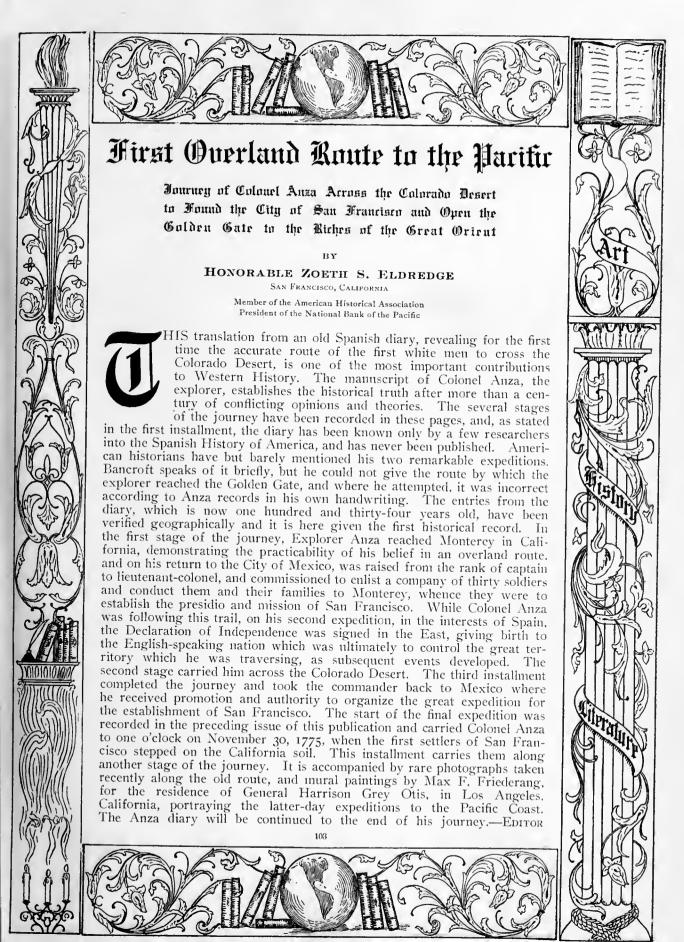


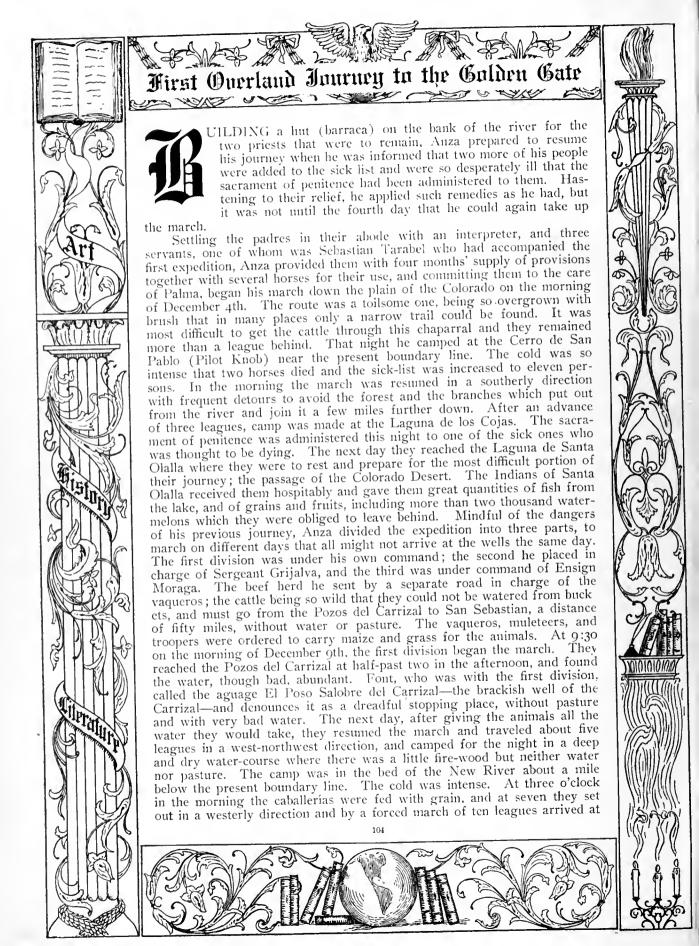
Prairie Schooner on Route to the Pacific Coast



Arrival at Ancient Spanish Mission of San Gabriel in California

Historic Mural Paintings by Max F. Friederang of New York in residence
of General Harrison Grey Otis in Los Angeles, California





Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



ROUTE OF THE FIRST EXPEDITION TO FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO—Colorado Desert from San Jacinta Mountain over which Colonel Anza passed in 1775—Photograph copyrighted by C. C. Pierce and Company, Los Angeles, California

nightfall at Los Pozos de Santa Rosa de las Lajas. Anza had sent men in advance with tools to open the wells, but he found them much behind hand. He set himself personally to the work, but so slowly did the water distill that it was ten o'clock before he was able to give water to a few of the animals. The night was cruelly cold, they had no fuel, and in the darkness none could be found. It was two in the morning before all of the animals could have a little water, but by ten o'clock all were satisfied. At 12:30 they resumed the march, laying their course in a northerly direction with a slight inclination to the west. A fierce cold wind from the north distressed them and impeded their progress. They made four leagues and camped at a place where there was a small quantity of fire-wood. At daylight they saw the high mountains on their left covered with snow. The cold wind continued, causing much distress to the women, and to increase their discomfort it began to snow. At nine o'clock they resumed their march in the same general direction for five and a half leagues, then due north one and a half leagues more, and arrived at 3:30 in the afternoon at the Cienega de San Sebastian. The weather had calmed somewhat and in the clearer atmosphere they saw the Sierra Madre, through which they must pass, so filled with snow that they marveled that so much could be gathered together. Anza caused the people to gather all the fire-wood possible, which was but little, and at five o'clock the cold wind began again with great force and continued throughout the night. At daylight it began to snow, and Anza determined to wait in camp the arrival of the two divisions that were to follow. At 12 o'clock the cattle arrived, four days from Los Pozos del Carrizal without water, and with a loss of ten oxen. Though taken to the edge of the pool, most of them refused to drink the

so severe that it left him, for the time being, totally deaf.2 of their animals. the Rio Colorado have caused the desert to bloom as the rose; grains and grasses, fruits and flowers cover the once glistening sands, and the mesquite and cactus have

First Overland Iourney to the Golden Gate brackish water and began eating the alkali whitened grass. All day Anza waited the arrival of the second division, which did not come. All day the cold wind continued and the snow fell until plain and mountain alike were covered. At 11 P. M. the snow ceased, and a pitiless frost followed from which the people suffered greatly and six oxen and one mule died. The morning of the fifteenth dawned clear and cold, with the snow that had fallen the preceding and night well hardened by the frost that followed. At 12:15 the second division under Sergeant Grijalva¹ arrived, badly crippled by the storm which had caught them between Santa Rosa and San Sebastian. Several of the people were badly frost-bitten, one barely escaping death, and they had lost five caballerias from the cold. The frost continued severe, and Anza lost four more oxen that night. The next morning he was informed that the Serranos had run off some of his caballeríás during the night. The sergeant and four soldiers were dispatched in pursuit and were instructed to recover the animals without harming the Indians unless the latter showed fight, but to warn them that a second offense would be severely punished. All day long they waited for the third division, which did not appear. The sergeant returned in the evening with the stolen animals. He had found them in charge of the women, in two different rancheriás, the men having disappeared. At seven the next morning the commander sent soldiers with twenty horses to the relief of the distressed rear guard, and at 3:30 in the afternoon it came in. The storm had fallen with fury upon them and the driving snow stampeded most of their horses. Four horses had died from the cold, and it was with the greatest difficulty the ensign had saved the lives of his men. So great was his exposure in caring for the sufferers that he was taken with an earache Two more oxen died today from the cold, but Anza notes the general improvement in the health of the command, notwithstanding the cold and suffering. His sick-list is reduced from fifteen to five. He gives credit for this to the many watermelons the people ate at Santa Olalla.³ Juan Pablo Grijalva was born in Valle de San Luis, Sonora, in 1742. He was Juan Pablo Grijalva was born in Valle de San Luis, Sonora, in 1742. He was commissioned ensign in 1787, and transferred to the presidio of San Diego where he served until retired as lieutenant in 1796. His wife was Dolores Valencia. His daughter, Maria Josefa, married Antonio Yorba. Her son, Bernado, was grantee of the Canada de Santa Ana. The family is a prominent one in California.

²José Joaquin Moraga was born in 1741; died in 1785, and lies buried under the altar of the church of the Mission of San Francisco. His wife was Maria del Pilar de Leon y Barcelo. She did not accompany the expedition, being sick at the presidio of Terrenate, but joined her husband in San Francisco in 1781. Their only son, Gabriel, became a famous Indian fighter, and the foremost soldier of his day in California. Don José founded the presidio and mission of San Francisco. and was its first comandante. In 1777 he founded the mission of Santa Clara and and was his condition. If the pueblo of San Guadalupe, now known as the city of San Jose.

The order to realize Anza's great achievement, one has but to read the passage of this desert by the advance gnard of the Army of the West under General Stephen. W. Kearny in November, 1846, as told by Lieutenant W. H. Emory, U. S. Topographical Engineers, accompanying the expedition. (30th Congress, 1st Session, Ex. Doc. No. 41. "Notes of a Military Reconnaisance" by Lieut-Col. W. H. Emory), Kearny, with his staff and one hundred dragoons, a pack train, and a large supply of extra saddle and pack animals, followed the route of the "great highway" opened by Anza seventy years before. The hardships and sufferings of these toughened soldiers in crossing this dreadful desert were great, and they lost a large portion But a great change has been wrought in this desolate region. The waters of

Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



OASES IN FIRST JOURNEY ACROSS THE COLORADO DESERT—Wells dug by the Aboriginal American Indians where first white men quenched their thirst while travelling over parched sands near San Jacinta Mountains—Photograph by permission of copyright by C. C. Pierce and Company, Los Angeles, California

On the following day, December 18, 1775, Anza prepared to resume his march and begin the passage of the cordillera. Three oxen died from cold and exhaustion in the morning, and five more, unable to move with the band, were killed and the beef dried and salted though hardly eatable by reason of its smell, color, and taste.

At 1:30 in the afternoon, the expedition moved up the broad cañon of the San Felipe River and travelled three and a half leagues. The next day they made four leagues to San Gregorio, in Coyote Cañon. The water of the wells was so scanty that the cattle received very little, while the cold was so intense that each day many of cattle and caballerías, exhausted by the hardships of the journey, died. So severe was the cold this night that the people were frightened, and it required all the exertion of the officers to get them through the night, while three caballerías and five oxen were frozen to death. At seven in the morning the commander was notified that many of the cattle, driven by thirst, had escaped from their keepers. Sending the sergeant with three soldiers and a vaquero to look for them, he moved forward to the sink of the Santa Catarina (Coyote Creek), there

made way for the date, the fig and the olive. Complete figures on the cantaloupe crop of the Imperial Valley, as it is now called, show that 1,954 carloads of the little melons were shipped out of the valley in the year of 1908. This is but one of the products.





First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

to give the horses a rest and wait for the cattle to come up. In this day's march, the loss in cattle and caballerias was very heavy. In the afternoon of the second day, the sergeant returned with a few of the cattle, and reported a loss of fifty head, suffocated in the mud of the Cienga de San Sebastian, being too weak to extricate themselves. Anza was greatly distressed at this mishap which had cost him so dear, in spite of all his care. A few miserable Indians came into camp and were fed by the Spaniards. The morning of December 23rd began with a rain-storm, but it ceased raining at nine o'clock and the expedition resumed its march up the cañon of the Coyote. Two short jornados brought them on the 24th to the rancheria of the Dauzantes. They were halted here by the sickness of one of the women of the expedition. By ten o'clock that night she was happily delivered of a boy. Anza makes record that "She is the third who has done this thing between Tubac and this place. Besides these there have been two other births, that, with the other three that happened on the march to San Miguel de Horcasitas make a total of eight, all in open country." Owing to the birth the night before, Christmas was passed quietly in camp, but on the following morning the sick women having courage for the march, the command moved forward and a short climb through Horse Cañon brought them at two in the afternoon to the Royal Pass of San Carlos4 where a halt was necessary on account of the rain. Here they had a thunderstorm followed by an earthquake. Five leagues of travel the next day carried them to San Patricio, the beginning of the San Jacinto River. From this point Anza dispatched three soldiers of his escort to the missions of California and the comandante, Don Fernando de Rivera y Moncada, advising them of the probable time of arrival of the expedition; its condition, and the necessity of furnishing him with horses. He also expressly requested the comandante to be prepared, on the arrival of the expedition at Monterey, to accompany him to the survey of the Rio de San Francisco.

From the summit of the cordillera, the poor people looked with dismay upon range after range of mountains filled with snow. To the west, towards the South Sea, as well as those extending into Baja California all were so covered that they could barely perceive a few trees on their summits. Coming from a hot climate, few of them had ever seen such a thing, and so terrible did the sight appear to them that some began to weep saying that if here so many animals died from the cold and they themselves barely escaped the same fate, what would happen to them in the north where the snow is so plentiful? The commander comforted their hearts by telling them that as they approached the sea, the cold would diminish and the journey would be easy and comfortable. They were obliged to remain in camp the next day, for between the cold and the damp the sick woman was much worse. They were able to move forward the following day, December 29th, traveled six leagues down the cañada and camped in the Valle Ameno de San Jose. The next day they marched down the

^{&#}x27;I am sorry I cannot agree with the historians who have told the story of this journey and take the expedition over the San Gorgonio Pass; but the fact is, that in order to do so I would have to ignore Anza's course as stated by both himself and Font; his distances, his time, and his descriptions of the route and the country through which he passed. Bancroft gets over this lightly, by saying that Anza frequently got things mixed up in his diary. To go through San Gorgonio Pass, Anza would have to travel eighty miles of desert from San Sebastian, with the nearest water sixty miles distant. The expedition would never live to reach it. The Royal Pass of San Carlos is the divide between the head waters of the Coyote and the San Jacinto.

Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



FIRST WHITE MEN TO CROSS COLORADO DESERT passed over this ronte—Reproduction of photograph of the ancient sea wall on the Colorado Desert —By permission of copyright of C. C. Pierce and Company, Los Angeles, California

spacious and beautiful valley and camped at the Laguna de San Antonio de Bucaréli. A long march of seven leagues the next day brought them to the Santa Ana River. An inspection of the river showed it to be unfordable and Anza was obliged to build a bridge to get his people over, and it was twelve o'clock the following day before this was completed. The women and children were passed over first, then the perishable load, and then the rest of the people and the baggage. The animals had to swim for it and one horse and one ox were swept away and drowned. By three o'clock the passage was completed and they camped for the night of January I, 1776, on the western bank of the river. The three soldiers Anza had sent to the mission of San Gabriel December 27th now came to report, bringing from the padres eleven horses and a message from the corporal commanding the mission guard, to the effect that the Indians had risen against the mission of San Diego, killed one of the priests and two of the servants, wounded all the soldiers of the guard and destroyed the mission buildings. The corporal said the Indians were gathering in the vicinity of San Gabriel and threatened an attack upon that mission; that he had sent word to the comandante, Captain Rivera, at Monterey, and that officer was expected at San Gabriel. The next morning Anza sent two soldiers forward to the mission to announce his approach and taking up his march advanced through a heavy rainstorm intermingled with snow, as far as



First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

the site of the present town of Pomona and camped for the night on San Antonio Creek. The next day they made five leagues through the heavy mud to the San Gabriel River and the following morning at eleven o'clock, January 4, 1776, arrived at the mission of San Gabriel Arcángel. Here Anza met the comandante of California, Captain Don Fernando Rivera y Moncada, who had come the previous day. Rivera laid before Anza the particulars of the revolt at San Diego and requested the loan of Anza's troops to suppress the rebellion and pacify the country. The entire military establishment of California at this time consisted of the comandante, Rivera, one lieutenant, two ensigns, two sergeants, eight corporals, fifty-four soldiers, one armorer, and one drummer, a total of seventy-one. This force was scattered over the coast line of four hundred and twenty miles, guarding

two presidios and five missions.

Anza gave Rivera's request careful consideration and believing he would be justified in stopping his progress to assist Rivera in the pacification of the country, gave his assent to the proposition and volunteered to serve under him in his expedition against the savages. His offer was accepted, and taking seventeen of his veteran troopers, joined to twelve soldiers brought by Rivera, they set out January 7th for San Diego, forty leagues distant, leaving the expedition at San Gabriel under command of Moraga. We will not follow Anza on this march. Nothing was accomplished so far as the perpetrators of the outrage is concerned, and Anza, in disgust with the dilatory tactics of Rivera, resolved to proceed with his journey. On February 3rd he received a dispatch from Lieutenant Moraga saying that he had been notified by the priest in charge of the mission of San Gabriel that he could no longer furnish food for the expedition. He therefore arranged with Rivera to leave him ten of his men, and returned to San Gabriel, which he reached February 12th. He found that a soldier of Sergeant Grijalva had, the night before, deserted, and carried off twentyfive of the best horses of the expedition and mission together with a lot of the stores of the expedition. He at once dispatched Moraga, whom he now names as lieutenant, with ten soldiers in pursuit of the deserters and after waiting until after the 21st for the return of the lieutenant, he left twelve of his soldiers, including the sergeant, at San Gabriel for Rivera's assistance, and resumed his march to Monterey, leaving orders for Moraga to follow and overtake him. The twelve soldiers left at San Gabriel joined their comrades at Monterey before June 17, 1776.

The incessant rains of a very wet season had made travel slow and difficult for his decrepit pack-train, and, marching in a westerly direction. Anza passed through what is now the city of Los Angeles, crossed the Rio Porciúncula (Los Angeles River) and through the Cahuenga Pass into the San Fernando Valley. He camped for the night in the pass which he calls Puertezuelo (Little Gate). Resuming the march the next morning they traveled along the southern border of the San Fernando Valley and halted in the cañon of the Rio de las Vergines at a spring called by him Agua Escondida, now known as Agua Margo (Bitter Water). The next day they made a long march of ten hours and covered nine leagues. They crossed the Santa Susanna Mountains and descended by a hill so steep that the women were obliged to accomplish it on foot (Liberty Hill) into the Santa Clara Valley, and camped on a river of that name near the present village of Saticoy. A march of two leagues in a dense fog the next morning brought them to La Asuncion, the first ranchería of the Santa Barbara



Route of Colonel Auza from His Own Diary



NATURE'S BARRIERS THAT HELD FIRST WHITE MEN FROM THE GOLDEN GATE OF THE PACIFIC—San Jacinta Mountains on route of Colonel Anza's Expedition—Permission of copyright by C. C. Pierce and Compamy

Channel, and the site of Anza's camp of April 11, 1774. Portolá reached this rancheria August 14, 1769; the vespers of the feast of La Ascuncion de Nuestro Señora, and gave it that name. It consisted of about thirty large spherical houses, well constructed of clay and rushes, some fifty-five feet in diameter, each house containing three or four families. Portolá thought that this ranchería must be the one named by Cabrillo Pueblo de Canoas (Pueblo of the Boats). It was then determined to establish on this site, the mission to be named in honor of the doctor serafico (Giovanni de Fidenza), San Buenaventura, but it was not until 1782 that the mission was founded by Junipero Serra, in the presence of the governor, Don Filipe de Neve, and Lieutenant Jose Francisco de Ortega. A thriving town of 3,000 inhabitants is the result of that establishment. The name. San Buenaventura, not suiting the convenience of the mailing clerks of the Postoffice Department, the government some time ago changed the name to Ventura. Anza continued his march along the Santa Barbara Channel and camped for the night at the Rancheria del Rincon. Their camp was on the bluffs overlooking the sea of the Arroyo del Rincon, the boundary line between Ventura and Santa Barbara Counties. The Indians brought them an abundant supply of good fish, among them Anza names sardines, obadas, and tangres; more than a third of a vara long, not counting the tail.







First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

A march of seven leagues the next day brought the expedition to the Rancheriás de Mescaltitan, four large Indian villages around the shore of an estero, or lake, while on an island in the midst was one larger still, consisting of more than one hundred houses. On the march this day they passed through three large rancheriás, one, situated on a lake of fresh water, named by Portolá, Laguna de la Concepcion, was the site of the city of Santa Barbara. When the governor (Neve), was about to establish the presidio and mission of Santa Barbara, he hesitated between the site of Mescaltitan and that of Laguna de la Concepcion, or, as it was sometimes called, San Joaquin de la Laguna, but decided in favor of the latter, because the water was of better quality. The Rancheriás de Mescaltitan have, of course, disappeared, but the name, Mescaltitan, is still attached to this island.

The following day they passed through five rancherias, all abounding with fish, and finished the day's journey at Rancheria Nueva. Four more rancherias were passed the next day, February 27th, and camp made at the Rancheria de Cojo, just east of Point Concepcion. When Portolá reached this village, August 26, 1769, he was graciously received by the chief and his rancheria. Crespi, priest and diarist for the expedition, "baptized" the village with the name Santa Teresa, but El Cojo was the name that stuck, and it may be seen today on the country maps. The next morning they finished the Santa Barbara Channel and, turning Point Concepcion, they proceeded to the mouth of the Rio de Santa Rosa (Santa Inez) where they camped for the night.

"Give me white paper!"
That which you use is black, and rough with smears
Of sweat, and grime, and fraud, and blood, and tears,
Crossed with the story of men's sins and fears,
Of battle, and of famine, all these years

When all God's children had forgot their birth, And drudged and fought and died like beasts of earth.

"Give me white paper!"

One storm-trained seaman listened to the word;

What no man saw, he saw; he heard what no man heard.

In answer, he compelled the sea

To eager man to tell

The secret she had kept so well!

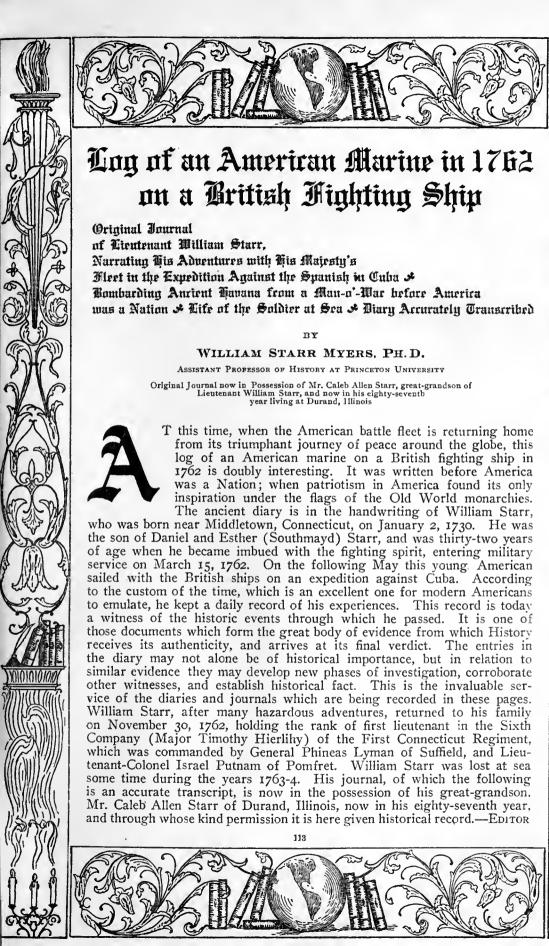
Left blood, and guilt, and tyranny behind,—

Sailing still West, the hidden shore to find;

For all mankind that unstained scroll unfurled,

Where God might write anew the story of the World.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE





Log of an American Marine 3. A. C.

Wednesday ye 19th May, 1762. Embarked on board ye Schooner Amherst, Cap't Barnes, bound to New York where we arriv'd on thursday ye 27th without meeting with anything Extraordinary; immediately embark'd on board ye Transport Ship Swallow, Cap't Trotter, the Fleet having orders to hold themselves in readiness to Sail on ye shortest Notice meanwhile ye Troops landed each Morning on Nut Island for Exercise, Shooting at Mark &c. and Embarked at night-

Saturday 5th June. Fell down to ye Hook-

Thursday 10th June. Rec'd Orders to sail, but going over ye Bar our Com'odore got a'ground, but by ye help of ye Tide soon got off without any other loss but Starting 40 Butts of Water, which he was Suppli'd with from ye Fleet, however this seasion'd our coming to anchor till next morning.

Friday 11th June, 1762. The Fleet Consisting of his Majestics Ship the Intriped Capt. Hale of 64 Gs. the Chesterfield Capt. Skief of 40 guns with sixteen . having on board near three thousand Troops. Sailed from Sandy Hook bound on an Expedition against ye Havana leaving part of our Fleet to come in another Division; God grant us Prosperity.

After a Passage of thirty-five days without meeting with anything Extraordinary we made Cape Samana on ye N. E. part of Hispanolia, being Friday the Sixteenth day of July 1762. Ran down on the north side.

Sunday ye 18th at six in ye evening Hove too under Cape Nicholas on ye N. W. part of Hispanolia, saw a Sloop and a Schooner going into the Bite of Leogan at 1/2 after six made Sail stood N. W.

Monday ye 19th in ye Morning made ye E. end of Cuba bearing S. W. about six leagues dis't. bore away W. at 12 at night found our selves imbay'd so y't we could not look clear of ye land on either tack, we were hard put to it to get out, but by good Luck just before Day we clear'd the

(In) ye morning we had ye Mortification to see ye Juno Transport on Shore, & ye Masquerade in ye bottom of ye Bay with her F. Top Mast gone but not on shore,

ye Juno men got Safe on shore.
Wednesday ye 21st. this morning ye
Masquerade got out of ye Bay.

Thursday ye 22d. at 4 oClock afternoon (not being able to take off Juno's People by reason of ye Swell) the Fleet bore away leaving ye Falls to bring off ye Juno's

men as soon as possible.

Friday ye 23d. his day I was sensible of a very strong Currant to ye Westward, by our Rapid Passage by ye small Islands on ye Coast of Cuba, at 10 oClock at night Hove too; at 1/2 past three we were

Allarm'd with Breakers Close under our Lee, we set our selves imediately to ply ve Ship, but before we could fill her sails she struck ground, we found it to be a reef of Rocks, our Ship soon bilg'd & Hold was full of water, Very Lucky it was for us that ye wind was not Boisterous, for had it been nothing less than a Miracle could have sav'd us, however our case was very doubtful for we could see no land, and the Sea made a Continual break over us; & to add to our Grief we saw 3 more ships a Stern under ye same Circum-stances, and the whole Fleet close to Windward which we expected would share ye same Fate, but by our firing (Blessed be God) they had ye good Fortune to Escape; we perceiv'd also that ye Chesterfield was on shore by her firing

Saturday ye 24h. at day break we saw land, about three quarters of a mile north of us, upon which we all got safe on shore without ye loss of a man, the Commodore Sent to see our Circumstances, of which being inform'd he with ve rest of ye Fleet made ye best of their way to Havana, pur-

posing to send relief as soon as possible.

Here we were still Apprehensive that
many Casualties might render our Situation Miserable, for we had but small hopes of getting much Fresh water out of the Wrecks, and there was none on ye Island which was above half a mile in length & Forty Rods wide & not above six feet perpendicular from ye Surface of ye water in ye highest place, neither could we find any Spring of Fresh water tho' we Explor'd all ye Adjacent Islands for above 20 miles, of which there were a great many, and some Highland, and very large, it was almost impossible to get to ye main Island of Cuba from here, by reason of ye Multitude of small Islands and shoals, this Island we find to ly in Lat'd 22 degrees, 12 minutes north near Caio Romans Opposite ye S. E. Point of ye Grand Bahama Bank and is call'd by ye Cruisers Sugar Key but by us ye Island of Hope -

Monday ye 26th fine weather, our people are employ'd in getting Necessaries from ye Wrecks Provisions we find Pretty easie to come at, but water very Difficult, however we made Shift to get one or two Buts on shore and Dealt to ye men a pint each, this is ye first fresh water they had since Saturday, we are in Preparation to Distil fresh water out of salt which we are like to Effect by ye help of Materials from ye Wrecks, this day a Frigate coming down hove too and sent her boat on shore, who inform'd y't she and a 40 Gun ship were Convoy to our Second Division from New York, y't off Hispanolia they were attack'd by two French 60 Gun ships, and two Frigates, y't five Transports were taken and ye rest Dispersed. Those taken





Experiences on a British Fighting Ship

were of ye 58th Reg't and part of ye N. York Reg't.

Tuesday 27th. This morning saw several Sail to windward which we supposed to be ye remainder of our Second Division, we was in hopes y't they would pay us a visit but they went by without Calling. to day we got our Still at work, and find y't we shall be able to make about 60 Gal. of good fresh water in 24 hours, this may prove of ye greatest Service to us.

Wednesday 28th. Saw a Ship to windward one of our boats went on board. She inform'd that ye Earl of Albemarle Landed at ye Havana on ye 7th of June, that he was in a fair way soon to Reduce ye Mora Castle, this day one of ye Conn't

Troop died very Sudden.
Thursday 20th. This morning ye Ship
we saw to windward yesterday took on board ye Troops y't were in ye Man of War, and proceeded to ye Havana.

30 & 31st. Employ'd in getting Necessaries from ye Wrecks, Provisions we get very plenty, we have now Sufficient on Shore for four months, we also get more water than we expected, we have already got on Shore 50 Butts, & are in hopes to get more if ye weather Continue favorable.

Sunday Aug't ye 1st. a bout noon a Small French Privateer Schooner came down & ran Close under ye little Key y't ye Chesterfield's people were upon and came to an Anchor within Musquet Shot, and Fir'd Smartly for some minutes, but ye Man of War's men who at first Conceal'd themselves arose and return'd so smart a fire of small Arms that ye Schooner was soon forc'd to Cut her Cable and Sheer off 'tis tho't with considerable loss, there was one of ye Chesterfield's men kill'd-at 3 oClock we saw two Ships and a Sloop com'g down, which prov'd to be ye Enterprize and Falls with ye Juno's people on board; at 5 saw Several Ships to Leeward, these prov'd to be a Relief sent to us from ye Havana, these in-form'd us y't ye English were in posses-sion of ye Mora Castle, y't our Troops were very Sickly, & we much wanted, we were as Expeditious as possible in embarking which we effected on Monday & Tuesday.

Troops Shipwreck'd on this Island were Gen'l Lyman, Maj'r Durkee, Maj'r Hierlihy & Sundry other Officers of ye Connecticut Troops with about 400 Pro-vincials ye two Grenadier Companies of ye 46th Reg't & one Independent Com-

Wednesday ye 4th Aug't. we Set Sail for ye Havana, (leaving our Small Island uninhabited) where we arriv'd on Monday ye 9th of Aug't without meeting any thing Extraordinary. we landed as soon as possible, and Join'd ye rest of our corps.-

Tuesday ye ioth of Aug't. we Encamp'd on an Eminence on ye west side of ye Town, there being a Plain between us and ye City which Afforded a Delightful Prospect— at 6 this evening I was warn'd to go with a Party to raise a Redoubt with in 500 yards of ye City Walls, this is ye first ground that was broke on this side of ye City. we work'd very Quiet while 11 oClock, when the Enemy began to fire upon us with Grape Shot, but over shot us, we expected they had Sent out Spies and Discover'd ye ground y't we were upon, and expected to be Annoy'd the rest of ye Night; but after firing 8 or 10 pieces they left off, and we were troubled with them no more.

Wednesday ye 11th. this morning we open'd 4 Batteries on ye Eminence on ye East Side of ye Harbour, which kept an incessant fire on ye Fortifications for about six hours; two of our Batterys for ye first 4 hours were employ'd against ye Ponto, a Fort on ye small west Point of ye Harbour's mouth, mounting 30 pieces of Can-non Chiefly Brass 24 lb's which ye Enemy were Oblig'd to Abandon and Retire to ye town, when all our fire was thrown at ye Fortifications next ye Town, and was so furious that at 11 oClock ve Enemy Sent out a Flag of Truce with Articles of Capitulation, which were Rejected and others sent in, and 24 hours given for their An-

Thursday 12th. at 11 oClock ye Flag return'd from ye City. Tarry'd 'till just night not being able to come to any agreement in all Points, when ye Gen'l Sent to ye Governor y't if he would not agree to those Articles he had propos'd, he would not have him trouble himself to send again, for he should not alter one Article.

Friday ye 13th. August 1762. this morning ye Flag return'd from ye City with ye Articles Sign'd, the Particulars we don't expect to know until we see them in ye English Prints, but flatter our selves they are not Scandalous, as surely we could have made them surrender at Discretion-

at 6 in ye evening a party of 350 men light Arm'd were sent into ye Country to take Possession of a Town Call'd St. Deaga about 20 miles SS. W. of Havana I went in This Party we Arriv'd at this place on Saturday even'g about Sun Set, were kindly receiv'd and Entertain'd; there was in this Town at least 5000 people, and no less than twelve Assembly men, these people did not belong to this town, but came from ye Havana, & Villages between that and this in time of ye Siege.

Tuesday ye 17th. we return'd from ye Country by another way. This is a very







Cog of an American Marine in 1762

Pleasant County, and a good land, but not well Water'd, the People very Indolent, and seem to live Chiefly on the Produce of Nature.— This day I wrote a letter home by Mr. Warner — two of ye N. York Troops, a Regular Sergeant, and two Negroes were Hang'd for Plundering since ye Capitulation.

Wednesday ye 18th. I went into ye Ponto to see the Effects of our Cannonading and indeed it was Surprizing, there was not above two Cannon but what were render'd useless, and many of them entirely ruin'd by our Shot, the wall of ye Fort next our Batteries (although twenty feet high) was so Battered that a man with ease might walk up in several places, the Spaniards said they lost fifty men in this Fort the morning our Batteries were opened.—

From ye 19th to ye 21st. Regular Troops were Chiefly employ'd in Geting into Cantoments, & the Ships, into ye Harbour, the Provincials grow something Sickly.—

Wednesday ye 25th. Mov'd ye Provincial Encampment to ye East Side of ye Harbour on ye hill where our Batteries were Erected.

Monday ye 30th. The Fleet Sail'd for Spain Consisting of 30 Sail, with Spanish Troops on board.

Tuesday ye 31st. went into ye City for Observation this City is about twice as large as New York, has eighteen Stately Churches, most of them very Rich and magnificent, the Houses are Chiefly Stone, those next ye water, and in ye Center of ye Town are Pretty large and Stately, but those next ye wall very mean; the Suburbs of his City were Considerable, but Chiefly destroy'd by our Troops in time of ye Seige, there being but three Parishes left, ye rest were burnt down this City is Watered by a Canal cut 7 miles thro' ye Plain Country from a River, bro't into ye City in Pipes underground, from whence proceeds sundry fine Fountains which Sufficiently waters ye whole Town, we turn'd ye Water in this Canal from running into ye City Some days before its surrender, by means of which ye Inhabitants were greatly Distress'd.

Saturday 4th. September. last night Maj'r Hierlihy was taken very ill. Our Troops for some time past have been employ'd in geting down ye Ordinance from ye Batteries, to go on board ye Ships, but we are now grown so sickly that we do little or nothing.

Sunday 5th Sept. this day Cap't Patterson died. We have but 7 Officers fit for duty in our Regiment. Maj'r Hierlihy is exceeding Bad.

Monday ye 13th. to day Cap't Stanton died.

Maj'r Hierlihy has been very sick for 10 days past, but seems to be mending,

Friday ye 17th. Cap't Chadwick sail'd for New London, I wrote by him. we now give over sending any men on fatigue, the whole of our well being not Sufficient to take Care of ye Sick.

Monday ye 20th. I went to gather some Oisters up a small Cove about two miles Distant. These Oisters grow on Bushes very thick and Plenty, but something small, they tast very much like our Oisters tho' I am suspicious that they are not wholesome, because they grow near ye City & are easie to be gather'd & yet appear to be Neglected —— Cap't Hierlihy is finely Recov'd.

Monday 4th Oct. there is a report y't a large number of Spaniards are under Arms in ye Country, and only wait for a signal to fall upon us and take ye Town. This has Ocasion'd new orders to be given to ye Guards, & also sundry New Guards to be form'd.

Monday 11th October. this day Comodore Kepple Sail'd with six ships of ye line and five Frigates, to Cruize to Windward. The Provincials have orders to hold themselves in readiness to Embark on ye 19th Inst— I have been some thing indispos'd for three or four days past, Ocasion'd as I suppose by over much Fatigue, and being Expos'd to ye Extreem heat of ye sun—

Tuesday ye 19th October. Ye Provincials Embark'd on board Transports bound for New York under Convoy of ye Intripid, Cap't Hale ——

Thursday ye 21st Put to sea, but ye next morning two Cartel Ships Bound to France & Spain, Sprang a leak and were oblig'd to put in again.

there were Several Cartel Ships Sail'd with ye Fleet.

Sunday 25th. this Morning were off ye Mantanzes. Stood for ye Gulf. Wind at N. W. at 12 the high land at ye Mantanzes bore S. S. W. 8 Leagues Dis't.

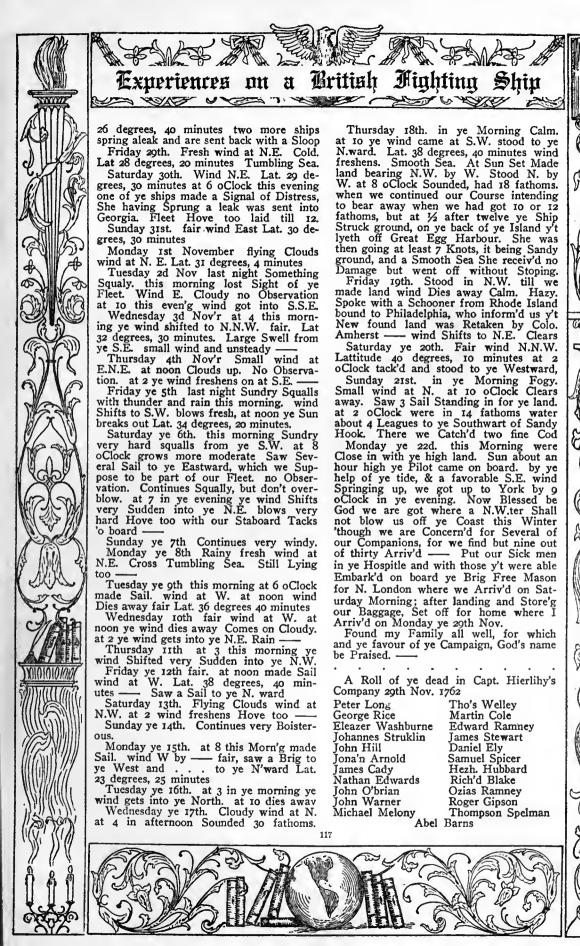
Monday 25th. our Course the last 24 hours has been N. E. by N. Lat. by Observation 25 degrees, 00 minutes—

Tuesday 26th. Course since yesterday noon N. E. at 6 this morning made ye Rigues Keys bearing N. N. E. at noon Tack'd and stood to ye Westward. Wind N. E. — At 12 at night tack'd and stood to ye Eastward. Wind N. N. E. —

Wednesday 27th. this morning made ye Keys bearing East, fresh wind at N.N.E. Tumbling Sea. Lat. 25 degrees, 30 minutes

Thursday 28th. Wind N. by E. Lat









Centenary of an American Litterateur

One Hundredth Anniversary of Edgar Allan Poe & Born at Boston, Massachusetts, on the Nineteenth of Ianuary, 1809, and Became the First American Author to Receive Liferary Homage of Gld World

On this Centennial of Edgar Allan Poe, these lines inspired and created by his own genius, are again recorded to his memory—It is on this One Hundredth Anniversary that Poe "comes to his own"—The first great American author of power to gain reputation in the Old World, he did not enter the heart of his own Nation's literature until now, and it is today incumbent upon America to inscribe the name of this genius of literary psychology in its Hall of Fame as a master of style and literary imagery

THE COLISEUM

Vastness! and Age! and memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judean king
Taught in the garden of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars.

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!

Here, where the mimic eagle glared in gold,

A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!

Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded

hair

Waved to the wind, now wave the weed and thistle!

Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,

Glides, spectre-like, into his marble home, Lit by the warm light of the horned moon, The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls,—these ivy-clad arcades—

These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—

These vague entablatures of this crumbly frieze—

These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—

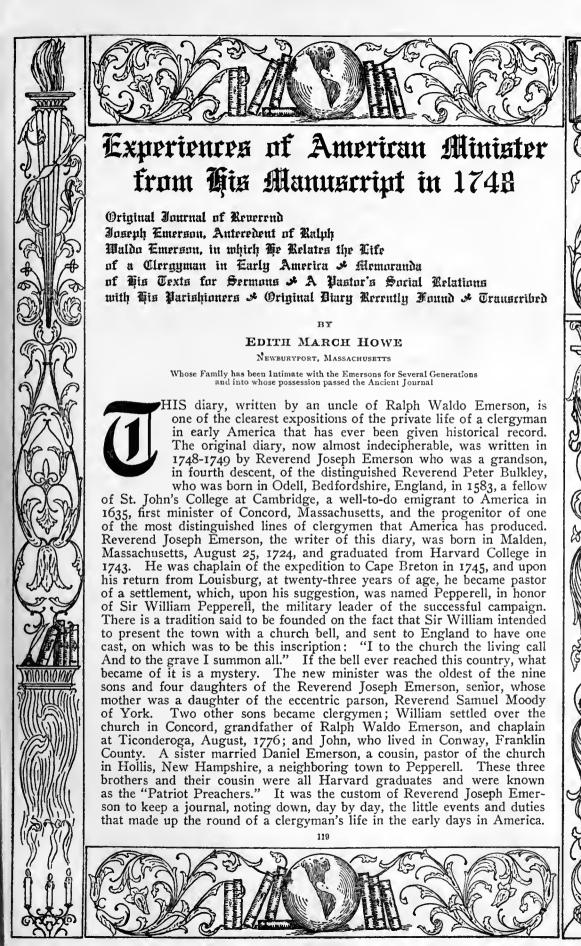
These stones—alas! these gray stones—are they all,

All of the famed and the colossal left
By all the common Hours to Fate and me?
"Not all!" the Echoes answer me;
"not all!

Prophetic sounds and loud arise forever
From us and from all Ruin, unto the wise
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men; we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent, we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone—not all our
fame—

Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that hang upon,
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory!"







Observations in Life of an Early American COST 'T'

AUGUST.

Monday 1. Visited 6 Families. Stephen Hall Daniel Rolfe, James Lawrence. Benj'n Martin. James Green, Thomas Williams.

Tuesday 2. I studied A. M. afternoon I

went a fishing.

I went to Harvard-Wednesday 3. I went to Harvard— preached Mr. Seccomb's Lecture from ohn 4. 42. Brother Emerson with me. We went over to Botton; lodged at Dr. Greenleaf's.

Thursday 4. We returned nome.

of the Day.

Saturday 6. I studied chief of the Day. Sab. 7. Preached all Day from What is

man profited if he gain, &c.

Monday 8. I visited 8 Families, Isaac Williams. Elias Eliot. Ebenz Gilson. Daniel Rolfe. Eben: Pierce. Nathan Hall William Warner, Widow Saunders.

The wife of Ebenz Gilson is runing very

wild. full of Enthusiasm.

Tuesday o I went up to Lunenburg: lodged at Mr. Stearn's.

Wednesday 10. I rid over in the morning to Leominster in Company with Mr. Downe the Schoolmaster of Lunenburg; returned to Mr. Stearn's to Dinner, & home at night.

Thursday 11. I studied chief of the Day. Friday 12. Studied forenoon: went up to Holles afternoon, preached Brother Emerson's Lecture from Isa. 12:3; returned.

Sat. 13. Studied all Day.
Sab. 14. Preached all Day from Mat.
4. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Mon. 15. I visited 3 Families. Saml Fisk, Phineas Chamberlin. Deacon Lawrence. Afternoon I went down to Groton. & lodged at Mr. Trowbridge's.

Tues. 16. After making a Visit, & doing some Business I returned to my Lodging before noon; afternoon entertained Com-

Wed. 17 Studied some. Cut stalks for

my Landlord part of ye day.

Thurs. 18 Studied all Day.

Frid. 19 Studied forenoon: afternoon, private meeting at my Lodgings. I read a Sermon of my Father from Wisdom is justified of all her children

Sat. 20 Studied all Day. Sab. 21. A. M: Preached from Blessed are they that mourn &c. P.M: from Sam. 3: 44. Thou hast covered thyself with a 3: 44. Thou hast covered thyself with a cloud that our Prayers should not pass thro'.

Mon. 22 I visited 6 families, James Colburn, and his Son, William Blood, Benj: Swallow, Josiah Tucker, Josiah Lawrence. And finished my Pastoral visits for the Tues. 23. I went over to Lancaster; lodged at Capt. Willards

Wed. 24. Returned Home at Night. Thurs. 25. I studied all Day.

I now have finished my 24th year, and entered upon my 25th. May I do more for God this year than ever I did.

Frid. 26. Studied forenoon; afternoon discoursed with two Persons, who are about to jorn the Chh.; & one who seems to be under strong Conviction.

Sat. 27 Studied very hard all Day. Sab. 28 I preached all Day from The whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick.

Mon. 29. I visited two sick Persons who were prayed for yesterday; and conversed with two Persons who are about owning the covenant.

Tues. 30. I went up to Holles; heard of the Sorrowful News of two of my Parish quarreling last Night, one wounding the other with a knife, as some are ready to fear dangerously.

Wed 31. I studied some at Brother Emerson's, and returned. Went down to look at my workmen, who are now building my

Chimney.

SEPTEMBER.

Thurs 1. I studied Chief of the Day: conversed with a Person about her son: visited a sick woman,

Frid 2 Studied forenoon: Lecture afternoon: Mr. Seccomb preached on Paul's conversion. I was obliged to put by the Sacrament, for we could not obtain wine.

Sat. 3 I went out in order to settle some Affairs of my own; and visited a man who has received a wound in a quarrel with his neighbour.

Sab. 4. I preached all Day from My sheep hear my voice, & I know em, & they follow me.

Mon. 5 Stopt from seting out in my Journey by the Rain, which was the most merciful & the plentiful we have had for a

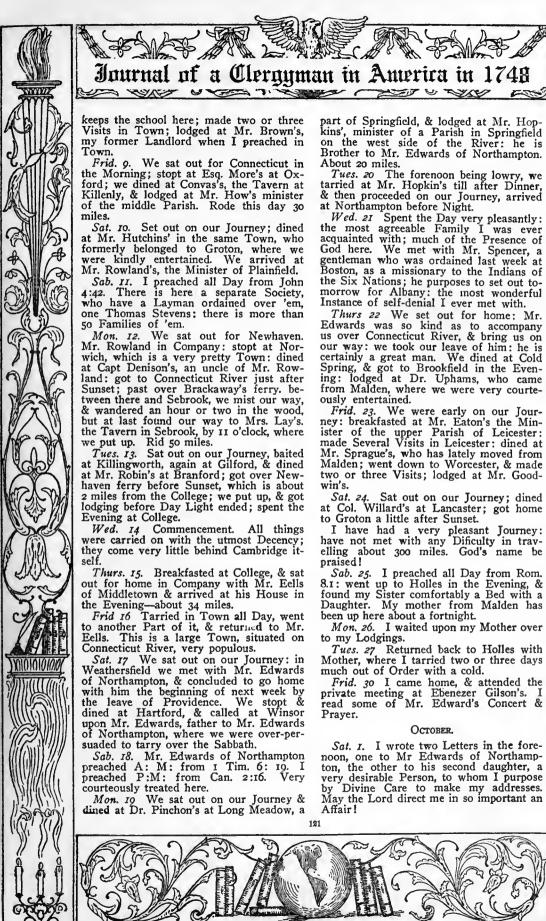
vear past.

Set out for Connecticut in Tues. 6. Company with Peter Powers of Holles, in order to go to New Haven Commencement. We stopt at Mr. Trowbridge's a little while & then rid over to Lancaster; stopt at Coll Willards & took a mouthful: & arrived at Mr. Curtis's at Worcester a little after Nine at Night. We mist our Way, & went about half a mile, but comfortably found it again.

I tarried all the forenoon at Wed. 7. Mr. Curtis's & dined; afternoon went over to Mr. Goodwin's, about two miles. Peter Powers went over to Shrewsbury to see some Friends. I lodged at Mr Goodwin's much refreshed with the sight of Worcester Friends.

Thurs. 8 I called to Mr. Upham's, who









Observations in Life of an Early American

In the Afternoon, I went up to Holles: my Sister still comfortable beyond our Fears

Sab. 2. I changed with Brother Emer-son, & preached at Holles all day from What is a man profited if he gain the whole world &c.

Set out with my Mother for Mon 3. Malden; dined at Col. Ting's, & got as far as Reading: lodged at Capt. Eaton's.

Tues. 4 We arrived at Malden; found my Father's Family well.

Wed. 5 I went to Boston, did some Business, and returned to Malden.

Thurs. 6. Made a visit or two in the forenoon: in the afternoon sat out for home: went as far as Reading.

Frid. 7. The Weather so bad, I could not proceed with Comfort on my Journey: made Several visits in Reading.

Sat. 8 Returned to Groton. Sab. 9. I preached all Day from 2 Pet

3: 14. Mon 10. I visited 3 Families out of the Bounds of the Parish, made Pastoral visits. Isaac Lakin. Saml Harwell, Benj. Parker.

Tues. 11. Had Company all the forenoon; afternon went down to Groton.

Wed. 12 Studied all Day.

Thurs. 13. Studied the forenoon; afternoon went down to Mr. Trowbridge's Lecture. Mr. Hall from Westford preached from Except ye eat the Flesh, & Drink the Blood of the Son of Man, ye have no Life in you.

Frid. 14 Returned home; afternoon conversed with, & wrote the Relation of two Persons who are about to joyn the

Chh.

Sat. 15. Studied all Day. Sab. 16. Expounded the 4 first Verses of the 37th Psalm: dwelt on 'em all Day.

Mon. 17. I went out a Visiting: made a Pastoral Visit to John Word's Family. Stopt by the Rain; tarried all Night at Benj. Parker's.

Tues. 18. I was up to Holles. Was sent for to visit two Persons at Dunstable, Mass. Mr. Pike & Wife, both sick of the fever: I went & lodged at Mr. John Kendal's.

Wed. 19 I returned to Holles: spent the forenoon in religious Exercises with the Family. This Day was kept as a Day of Thanksgiving by my Brother's Family upon the wonderful comfortable circumstances of my Sister this Time of her Lying in. In the afternoon there was a Publick Lecture by Mr. Prince, the blind man, who preached from Mighty to save; a very profitable Sermon. I returned home in the Evening.

Thurs. 20 Studied all Day. In the Evening rid up to Mr. Boynton's in Holles. & heard Mr. Prince again from Gen. 41: 55: I grow in my esteem of him as a profitable preacher.

Frid. 21 Our Lecture before the Sacrament, Mr. Prince preached for me from Luk. 19: 1-10

Sat. 22. I had Company in the forenoon. Mr. Shed & Wife, from Billeries: went up to Mr Swallow's & dined with 'em.

Sab. 23. I preached A. M: from Col. 3:3: P:M. Mat 5:4. Mr. Kendal, a Brother of our Chh. came to Meeting in the forenoon, & stopt when I was about to administer the Ordinance of the Supper, & began to make some Objections against our Way of Worship, & in particular against one of the Brethren of the Chh. I was obliged to stop him, & desire him to withdraw, which he did without making so much Disturbance as I expected: he is deeply tinged with Enthusiasm: he has not

attended with us for some months.

Mon. 24. I had Company chief of the forenoon, Mr. Bliss called to see me: afternoon I attended the funeral of Widow Shipley, being sent for by Reason of Mr. Trowbridge being out of Town.

Tues. 25 I studied chief of the Day. Wed 26 Forenoon did some Business in the Parish: afternoon went to the other end of the Town, & preached a Sermon at Daniel Lartell's from, In the Time of Adversity, Consider; his wife has been so low that she has not been able to attend Publick Worship at the Meeting House for 5 years.

Thurs. 27 Studied part of the Day: conversed with two Persons, one about to joyn in full Communion, the other under

promising Conviction.

Frid. 28 Studied some in the Morning, & had determined to spend the rest of the Day in Fasting & Prayer, but was inter-rupted by my Brother Edward coming in from Boston about I o'clock: spent the Remainder of the Day with him: rid out to Several Houses.

'Sat. 29. Studied all Day. Sab. 30. I preached A:M: from Psal. 37:5. P:M. from What is a man profited

Mar. 31 I sat out with Brother Edward for Malden, & got safe there in the Even-

NOVEMBER.

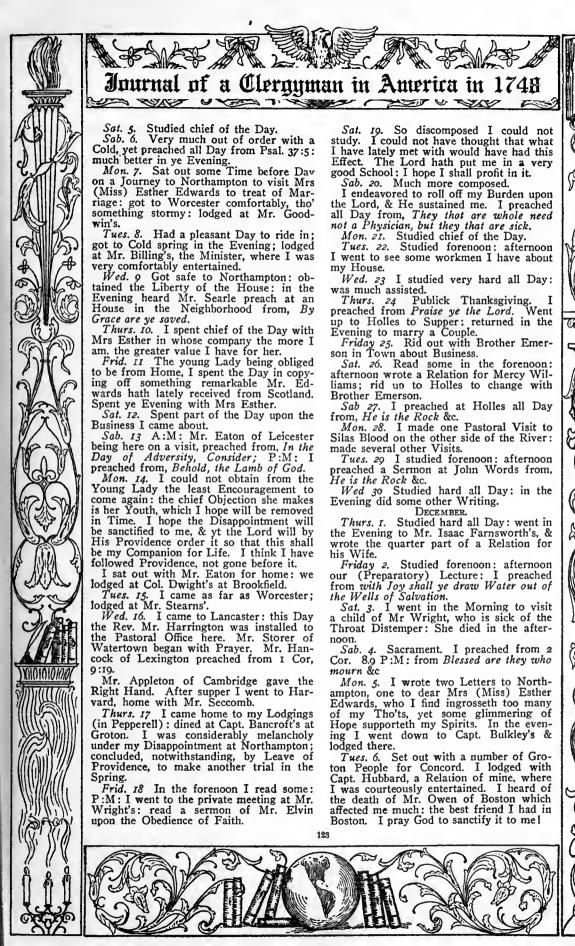
Tuesday 1. I went to Boston, did some Business, & returned to Malden.

Wed. 2. Sat out for home: being not well, I reached only as far as Mr. Benj. Parker's of Groton.

Thurs. 3. Returned to my Lodgings (in Pepperell). did some Business in the Parish.

Frid. 4. Studied some: conversed with 2 Persons who are about joyning ye Chh: went out in the Evening.







Observations in Life of an Early American

Wed. 7 I went to the other Parish: attended the ordination of Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Appleton of Cambridge began with Prayer. Mr. Trowbridge preached from 1 Tim. 3:15 Mr. Hancock of Lexington gave the charge. Mr. Rogers of Littleton prayed after the charge. Mr. Williams of Weston gave the Right Hand. After supper, I rid down to my Father's. My Mother hath been ill with the slow Fever,

but something better.

Thurs. 8. I went to Boston: attended the Publick Lecture: Mr. Cheekley preached from Luk. 14.27: dined with Mr. Bromfield; returned to Malden.

Frid. 9. Sat out for Home: dined at Woburn with Mr. Cotton. lodged at Mr. Chandler's who hath lately brot Home his Wife, who appears to be an agreeable Woman.

Sat. 10 Came to Dunstable in Hampshire in order to preach there tomorrow. Mr. Prince is to supply my Pulpit: took lodgings at Col Blanchard's.

Sab. 11 I preached all Day from What is a man profited if he gain the whole World &c

Mon. 12. Breakfasted at Major Lovewell's and after Dinner with the Col. (Blanchard), returned to my lodgings (in Pepperell).

Tues. 13. Read all the forenoon: in the afternoon attended the funeral of a Child of Moses Woods who was still born; in the Evening went up to Holles, heard part of a Sermon at Mr. Townshend's from Mr. Prince: lodged at Brother Emerson's.

Wed. 14 Spent the forenoon in reading part of Col Gardner's Life: after Dinner, returned home.

Thurs. 15 Read some: conversed with two Persons who are about owning the Covenant. Studied some in the Evening. Frid. 16 Studied all Day. In the Even-

ing went out about Business.

Sat. 17 Studied chief of the Day. Sab. 18 Preached all Day from The whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick

Mon. 19 I went out: made two Pastoral Visits on the other side of the River, viz. to Nathan Fisk, & James Blood. Studied some in the Evening.

Tues. 20 Read some in the forenoon: afternon went up to Holles, & pilotted Mr Prince down, who purposes to tarry a Day or two with us. I studied in the Evening.

Wed. 21. I read chief of the Day to Mr Prince, & he preached a Sermon at mv lodgings in he Evening from Behald I stand at the door and knock.

Thurs. 22. Read something in the forenoon; in the afternoon went to James Parker's, & married him at his own House to Rebekah Bulkley. A decent pretty wed-

Fri. 23. I was this Day so pressed down under the weight of some peculiar Burdens both of a Temporal & a Spiritual Nature, that I could not fix my mind to do anything at all in the forenoon: in the afternoon I attended a private Meeting at Mr. Saml Fisk's: read a Sermon out of Dr. Watts.

Sat. 24 Melancholy all Day: it seems to be growing upon me. I read a little, but chief of the Day sat meditating on my Troubles: Evening my Burdens somewhat lightened. Oh! that I could be thankful; for it almost unfits me for the Service of God or Man 1

Sab. 25 Preached all Day from They that be whole need not a Physician, but they that be sick.

Mon. 26 Went out to divert myself, and visited several of the neighbors.

Tues. 27 Read some; attended some upon Company: & studied some: studied the whole of the Evening.

Wed. 28. Studied part of the Day: began to read Ames' Medulla; went in the Evening to wait upon the Parish Committee at James Lawrence's about Business. After nine o'clock I was sent for to see the Wife of Benjamin Rolfe who has been exercised with Fits, & is in very great Distress of Soul: her Convictions appear strong, may they well.

Thurs. 20. Read in the forenoon; studied Afternoon and Evening.

Friday 30. Read some, & studied some.
Sat. 31 Read some, & studied some.
The year is now concluded, & I may well finish my Journal as Ames does his Almanack! Another year is gone, but ah! how little have we done! Alas! how little have I done for God, for my own Soul, for the Souls of the People committed to my care! I find a great deal Amiss. I would fly to the Grace of Christ to pardon my Defects, & to his Strength to enable me to do more for him this year, if he should please to spare my Life!

A JOURNAL FOR THE YEAR 1749.

JANUARY.

Sat. 1. I preached all Day from Commit thy Way to the Lord: trust also in him &c. An extreme cold day, very few People at Meeting.

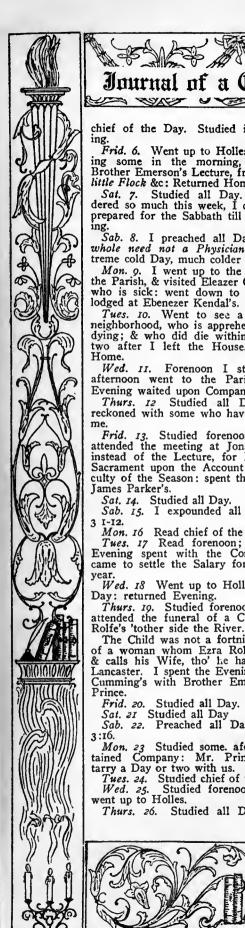
Mon 2. I went out about Business in the Parish.

Tues. 3 Did some odd chores in the Day: studied in the Evening.

Wed. 4. I went up to Moses Wood's, & preached a Sermon in his House from Turn Thou me, & I shall be turned. A larger Assembly than I expected.

Thurs. 5. Dr. Brewster & Brother Emerson came to see me: I waited on 'em





Iournal of a Clergyman in America in 1748

chief of the Day. Studied in the Even-

Frid. 6. Went up to Holles after studying some in the morning, & preached Brother Emerson's Lecture, from Fear not, little Flock &c: Returned Home.

Sat. 7. Studied all Day. Being hindered so much this week, I could not get prepared for the Sabbath till in the Even-

Sab. 8. I preached all Day from The whole need not a Physician &c; an extreme cold Day, much colder than the last.

Mon. 9. I went up to the other end of the Parish, & visited Eleazer Green's Wife, who is sick: went down to Dunstable. & lodged at Ebenezer Kendal's.

Tues. 10. Went to see a man in the neighborhood, who is apprehended to be a dying; & who did die within an hour or two after I left the House. I returned

Wed. 11. Forenoon I studied some; afternoon went to the Parish Meeting: Evening waited upon Company.

Thurs. 12 Studied all Day, Evening reckoned with some who have worked for

Frid. 13. Studied forenoon: afternoon attended the meeting at Jonas Varnum's, instead of the Lecture, for I put by the Sacrament upon the Account of the Difficulty of the Season: spent the Evening at

Sat. 14. Studied all Day. Sab. 15. I expounded all Day 2 Tim.

Mon. 16 Read chief of the Day.

Tues. 17 Read forenoon; afternoon & Evening spent with the Committee who came to settle the Salary for this coming

Wed. 18 Went up to Holles: spent the

Thurs. 19. Studied forenoon; afternoon attended the funeral of a Child at Saml

The Child was not a fortnight old, born of a woman whom Ezra Rolfe brot here, & calls his Wife, tho' he has another at Lancaster. I spent the Evening at Deacon Cumming's with Brother Emerson & Mr.

Frid. 20. Studied all Day. Sat. 21 Studied all Day Sab. 22. Preached all Day from Mal.

Mon. 23 Studied some. afernoon entertained Company: Mr. Prince came to tarry a Day or two with us.

Tues. 24. Studied chief of the Day. Studied forenoon: afternoon

Thurs. 26. Studied all Day; Evening

Mr. Prince preached at my Lodgings from To 'em who believe, he is precious

Frid. 27. I went to Dunstable, Brattle's End, & preached to a family meeting at Mr. Ebenezer Kendal's from Mal. 3.16: & in the Evening at Mr. John Kendal's from Turn thou & I shall be turned,

Sat. 28. Returned Home very much out of Order.

Sab. 20. Preached all Day from Yea, all who will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer Persecution. Much indisposed all Day.

Mon. 30. My illness seems to increase upon me.

Tues. 31. Something better thro' Mercy: was able to do a little writing: heard of the death of James Parker whom I married about a month ago: he died at his Mother's at Toun.

FEBRUARY.

Wed. 1. Something better: wrote two Letters to Northampton.

Thurs. 2. I went down to Groton, & attended the Lecture. Mr. Trowbridge preached from Mar. 13, 35. I went to Unkety & lodged at John Wood's.

Frid. 3. Attended the private Meeting at John Scot's: read a Sermon out of Dr. Watts.

Sat. 4 I studied some. Sab. 5. I preached all Day from O that they were wise.

Mon. 6. Read some in the forenoon; afternoon walked up to Holles in Order to joyn with Brother Emerson tomorrow in

the Concert of Prayer.

Tues. 7. We spent the forenoon in religious Exercises in private, except one or

two Neighbors with us. afternoon a publick Lecture.

Brother Emerson preached from Esther

Wed. 8. In the afternoon I sat out to return Home, went part of the Way, & was beat out by a Storm of Snow: made a Visit to the Widow Cummings, who hath for some Time, been under peculiar Temptations; returned to Brother Emerson's.

Thurs. 9. Studied chief of the Day. Frid. 10 Studied some in the Morning, & returned Home to my Lodgings.

Sat. 11. Studied all Day.
Sab. 12 I preached all Day from Yea,
all who will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer Persecution.

Mon. 13. Read all Day, Brother Emerson & Mr. Ward, our Schoolmaster, who keeps in the Parish, spent the chief of the Evening with me, and then I went up to Holles with Brother E.

Tues. 14 Went early in the Morning to Capt Powers, & did some Business: made two or three Visits, & returned to my





Observations in Life of an Early Am CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE

Lodgings. I conversed at Brother Emerson's with Mrs. Brown, wife to Josiah Brown, who is under very grievous Temptations & spiritual Difficulties: the Lord relieve her!

Wed. 15 Read some & studied some.

Thurs. 16 Studied forenoon; afternoon made a Visit to the Widow Parker, who is a young Widow indeed, but a little above 18 years of Age.

Frid. 17 Studied all Day.
Sat. 18 Went up to Townshend in order to change with Mr. Hemenway.

Sab. 19. I preached all Day at Townshend from Mal. 3:16.

Mon. 20. I made several Visits, & re-

turned Home at night.

Tues. 21. I read all the forenoon: afternoon wrote a Letter to Northampton to send by Mr. Isaac Parker who designs to set out for there tomorrow. Spent the Evening with the Committee who came up from Town to lay out the Common about our Meeting.

Wed. 22 Studied some; spent the Even-

ing with Company.

Thurs. 23 Studied chief of the Day: went in the Evening to visit Cap. Parker & Mehitabel Flanders, who seems to be abandoned to all Wickedness. I could not see the Capt: but talkt with her, & discharged my own Conscience: but I fear did her but little Good.

Frid. 24. Studied Forenoon: Afternoon the Preparatory Lecture: I preached from

those words, My Beloved.

Sat. 25. This Day, being the Annoversary of my Ordination, I devoted to Fasting & Prayer. I was obliged to study some being not prepared for Tomorrow. I endeavoured to lay low before God for my many Sins, & the many Aggravations of 'em especially for the short Comings of the year past, & awful breach of Vows and Promises.

I solemnly renewed my Covenant, & made Resolutions & Promises. I hoped in the Strength of Christ that I would live better, that I would watch more against sin, & especially against the Sin which doth most easily beset me; & pleaded for strength to perform all Duties of my General & Particular Calling. O Lord, hear my Prayers, accept my Humiliation, & give me Strength to keep my Vows for Jesus' Sake. Amen & Amen.

Sab. 26. Sacrament. I preached all Day from 2 Cor: 8:0

Mon. 27. I sat out for Malden: got to my Father's safe in the evening. Went via Concord.

Tues. 28. I spent the Day in visiting a Neighbour or two. The Winter in a great measure broke up.

MARCH

Wed. 1 Accompanied my Uncle Moody few Miles, who hath been visiting his Friends here for some Time. He is something better than he hath been.

Thurs. 2. I went down to Boston. Mr. Foxcroft preached the publick Lecture from Job 1:5. I agreed to preach for Mr. Roby at Lynn precinct next Lord's Day, who supplies my place. Mr. Cheever is to go up.

Frid. 3 preached Returned to Malden and my Father's Lecture from

Mal. 3:16.

Sat. 4 I went to Lynn, took my Lodging at Mr. Jonathan Wait's.

Sab. 5. Preached A:M: from There is no Peace saith my God to the Wicked. P:M: from Mal. 3:16, and in the Evening preached a Sermon at Mr. Wait's from The Whole need not a Physician &c.

Mon. 6 I returned to Malden, made a

Visit or two by the Way.

Tues. 7. I went to Cambridge, & visited a poor woman in Jail who is condemned to die for Burglary. She appears one of the most hardened Creatures I ever saw. Afternoon I went to Boston & returned to Malden.

Wed. 8. A:M: Made a Visit to Mr. Cleaveland. P:M: My Father preached a Lecture to the Children at his own House from Acquaint thyself with God, & be at

Thurs. 9. I sat out for Home. Dined Concord, spent the Afternoon at Mr. Minot's, lodged at Mr. Bliss's, & returned Home on Frid. 10.

Sat. 11 Read something, received a Letter from Mrs Sarah Edwards of Northampton, who entirely discourages me from taking a Journey again there to visit her Sister, who is so near my Heart. I am disappointed: the Lord teach me to

profit; may I be resigned.
Sab. 12. I preached all Day from Rom.

Mon. 13. Began my Pastoral Visits, & visited 5 Families, Daniel Boynton, Jos. Jewett, Jonathan Woods, Jacob Ames, James Shattuck.

Tues. 14. I kept school Forenoon for Mr. Ward, had 60 Scholars; afternoon I chatechized in the same House, had an hundred children present, I went up to Holles at night & lodged.

Wed. 15. I went in company with Brother Emerson to Townshend, Mr. Hemminway's Lecture. Mr. Trowbridge preached it from The precious Blood of Christ. Returned Home to my Lodgings, Brother Emerson with me.

Thurs. 16. Read some, entertained Company forenoon & afternoon. Married







Iournal of a Clergyman in America in 1748

Abraham Parker to Lois Blood in the evening.

Frid. 17. Studied forenoon, afternoon went to the private meeting at Mr. White's. read a Sermon of Dr. Watts'.

Sat. 18. Studied all Day.

Sab. 19 Preached all Day from Job.

19:25, 26. 27.

Mon. 20. Visited 5 Families, Saml Shat-Mon. 20. Visited 5 Families, Saml Shattuck, Wm Spaulding, the Young Widow Parker, Simon Lakin, Nehemiah Hobart.

Tues. 21. Very much out of order, I have a constant faintness at my Stomach, more weak this Spring than usual.

Wed. 22. Able to study some. Thurs. 23 Publick Fast. A:M: I preached from Isa. 58:1. P:M. Brother Emerson preached for me. the Day not be-

ing observed in Hampshire, from Psal 79:89.

Frid. 24. Very faint & weak yet. I wrote two Letters to Malden. Received Visits. Went out toward Evening with Mr. Ward to see Mr. Prescott.

Sat. 25. Read some forenoon. Went up to Holles to change with Brother Emer-

Sab. 26 I preached at Holles A:M. from Hoseah 3:1. P:M: from Mal. 3:16. Came home in the Evening.

Mon. 27. My weakness increases upon me, so I am obliged to leave Pastoral Visits for a Time. I rode out and did some Business in the Parish.

Tues. 28. I rode up to my Place to see my Workmen. I had 19 Yoke of Oxen at work for me. & 16 Hands, all given me.

My People seem to grow in their Kindness to me, blessed be God. They cross-

ploughed 3 or 4 Acres of Land.

Wed. 29. I rode down to town, made several Visits, lodged at Capt. Bulkley's.

Thurs. 30. Attended Mr. Trowbridge's Lecture. Mr. Hemmenway preached from Psal. 26:6. I went to Unkety, lodged at Mr. Perker's.

Frid. 31. Returned Home, and read

The ancient diary was found not many years ago and I will tell the interesting story: My grandfather, Reverend James Howe, was succeeded by Reverend Joseph Emerson, with one occupant intervening, in the pulpit at Pepperell. I have often heard my grandfather relate anecdotes of the Emersons. My mother's father, James Lewis, also lived in Pepperell, so the Howe and Lewis and Emerson families were much together. When the Emerson property changed hands, some time ago, the "minister's barrels" became a source of interest to my uncles, who were then young men. They pulled out large bunches of sermons, and among the other manuscripts, found these journals. The journal relating to Esther Edwards was found by my uncle, James S. N. Howe, and the Louisburg journal, by Samuel Lewis. Many years ago, the Esther Edwards' diary disappeared. Within two years, by the merest accident, the original journal was found, when the papers of the Reverend Charles Babbidge were being looked over by his daughter, after his death. It had been loaned to him by my uncle. She returned it to my father, but we felt that it belonged to a son of the original finder, so it has been kept by him ever since. I asked his permission to send a copy to THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY for historical record, and he readily assented. His name was Frank C. Howe and he resided in Melrose, Massachusetts, but some weeks ago he died, and where the journal will go now, I do not know. He valued it so highly that he kept it with his private papers in a safe. The Louisburg portion of the journal is owned by my cousin, Harriet E. Freeman of Boston. It was given to her by our uncle, Samuel Lewis of Pepperell, who found it. She has had it deciphered and type-written.











Centenary of an American of Cetters

One Tundredth Anniversary of Birth of Oliver Wendell Tolmes & Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on August 29, 1809, and Contributed Liberally to the Culture and Literature of Tis Century

On this Centennial of Oliver Wendell Holmes, these patriotic lines which he dedicated to the cause of American Liberty are inscribed to his memory—His work is his grandest monument—His poem, "Old Ironsides," written at the time that the Government proposed to break up the old battleship "Constitution," appealed to the patriotic spirit of his countrymen and gave him his first national reputation as an American poet

LEXINGTON

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,

Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun, When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,

Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun, Waving her golden veil

Over the silent dale. Blithe looked the morning on cottage and

Hushed was his parting sigh, While from his noble eye Flashed the last sparkle of Liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing

Calmly the first-born of Glory have met; Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing !

Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!

Faint is the feeble breath. Murmuring low in death.

"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died!"

Nerveless the iron hand, Raised for its native land,

Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling, From their far hamlets the yeomanry

As through the storm-clouds the thunderburst rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering drum. Fast on the soldier's path

Darken the waves of wrath,-

Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;

Red glares the musket's flash. Sharp rings the rifle's crash,

Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,

Never to shadow his cold brow again; Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing.

Reeking and panting he droops on the rein; Pale is the lip of scorn,

Voiceless the trumpet horn, Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;

Many a belted breast Low on the turf shall rest Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,

Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,

Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,

Reeled with the echoes that rode on the

Far as the tempest thrills Over the darkened hills.

Far as the sunshine streams over the plain, Roused by the tyrant band,

Woke all the mighty land, Girdled for battle from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!

Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.

Borne on her Northern pine, Long o'er her foaming brine

Spread her broad banner to storm and to

Heaven keep her ever frec, Wide as o'er land and sea Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!







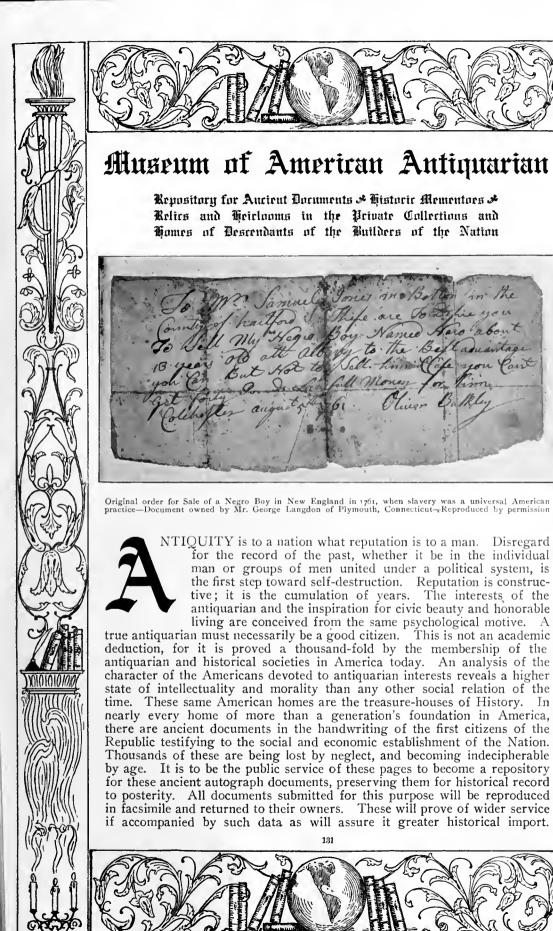
HISTORIC ART IN BRONZE IN AMERICA—Symbolism of "Knowledge" and "Wisdom" by Daniel Chester French, embodied in the Entrance Doors of the Boston Public Library—Bronze by John Williams, Incorporated—Photographic reproduction for historical record in The Journal of American History by courtesy of William Donald Mitchell of New York—Copyright by Sculptor

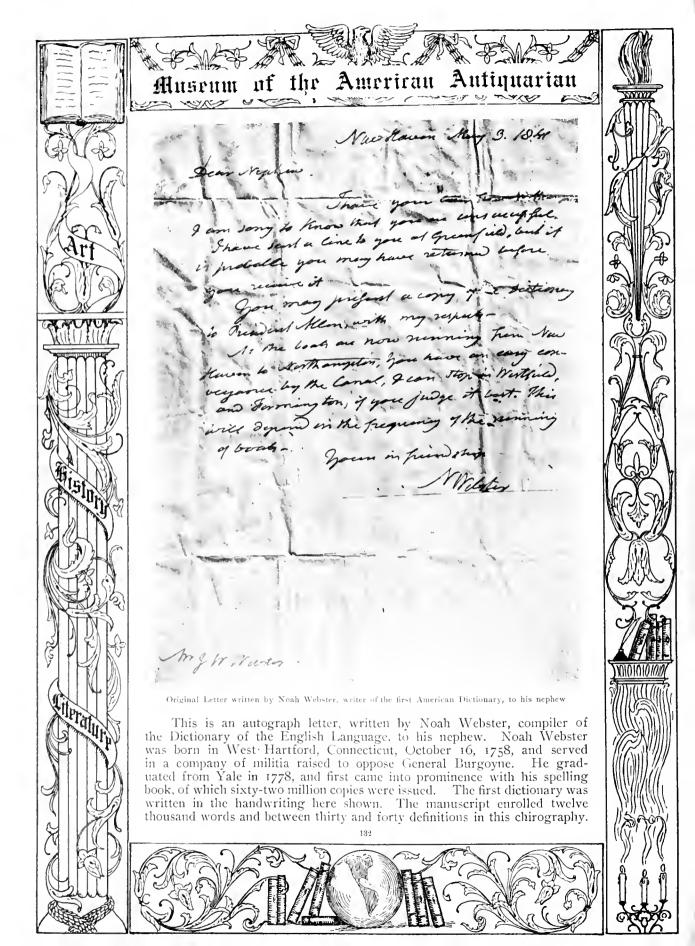


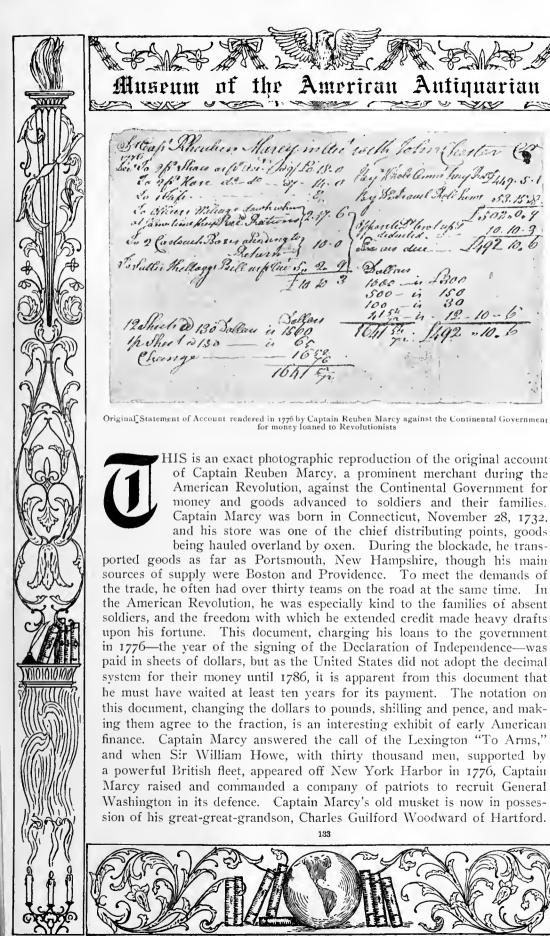
THE RISE OF THE GREAT WEST—Triumphal Symbolism in Sculpture of the Development of Minnesota, by Daniel Chester French and E. C. Potter—Photograph copyrighted by John Williams, Incorporated, of New York—Permission for reproduction for historical record granted to The Journal of American History

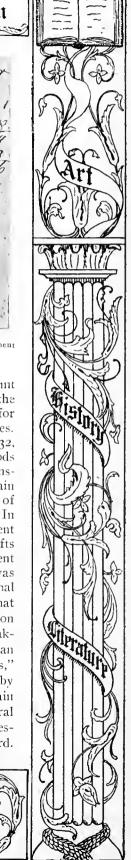


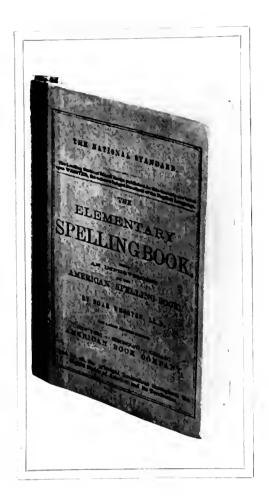
MEMORY—Beautiful Symbolism of the "years that have gone" and linger only in the memories of those who pass through them—Modelled by Hans Schuler of Baltimore, Maryland—This reproduction for istorical record in The Journal of American Historical granted by courteons permission of the Sculpto

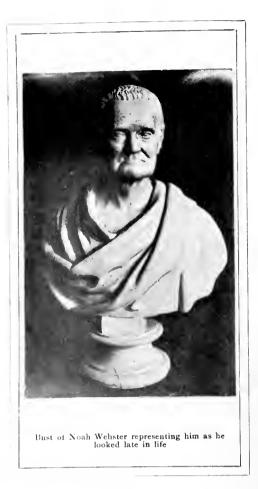


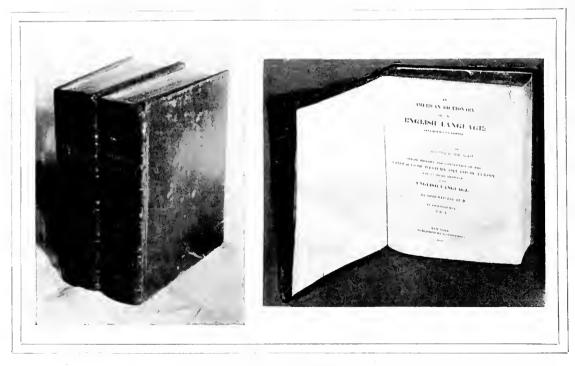












Photographs of the original editions of first American Dictionary and first American Spelling Book written by Noah Webster - Now in Springfield, Massachusetts





Ancestral Homesteads in America

American Landmarks & Old Houses & Colonial Homes of the Founders of the Republic & Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants



Ancestral Homestead and Birthplace of First American Missionary to the Sandwich Islands, Martha Barnes—Now standing at Southington, Connecticut

MERICA is rich in historic landmarks. While battle-fields instill a thrill of patriotism into a nation, the noblest and truest memorials are those which stand for peace and industry, loyalty in every day's work—the patriotism of the home. Throughout the Nation today there are many old homesteads within whose walls the founders of the Nation worked and lived for their country. There lingers about them no tragedy

of bloodshed, no heroic romance, only the sweet memory of a mother and her children. It was in these old homesteads that the real republic had its inception. It was here that liberty, duty, civic righteousness found their first abiding-place. It is the intent of these pages to give historical record, before it is too late, to these early American homes. Americans are invited to co-operate in this patriotic work by contributing photographs for record in these pages, accompanied by such data as may prove of historical import. All photographs will be returned safely to their owners.











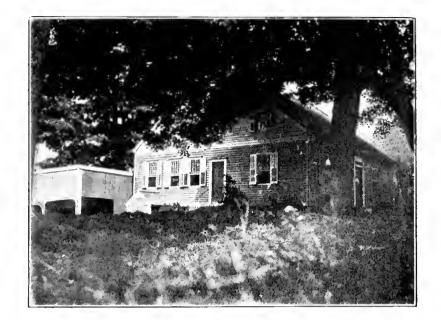


OLD HOUSE

Photographs taken
The Journal of
Preserving for
the American Land
demolished by









N AMERICA

New England for ERICAN HISTORY orical Record its that are being lern Progress











EARLY AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE—Types of Ancestral Homesteads in New England









Pre-Revolutionary Chair now owned by Mr. Walter Hosmer, Wethersfield, Connecticut



Chair, 1 at and walking-stick used by Dr. Eliphalet Nott, born in 1773, President of Union College at Schenectady, New York—He delivered the notable address on the death of Alexander Hamilton, the organizer of present American system of finance



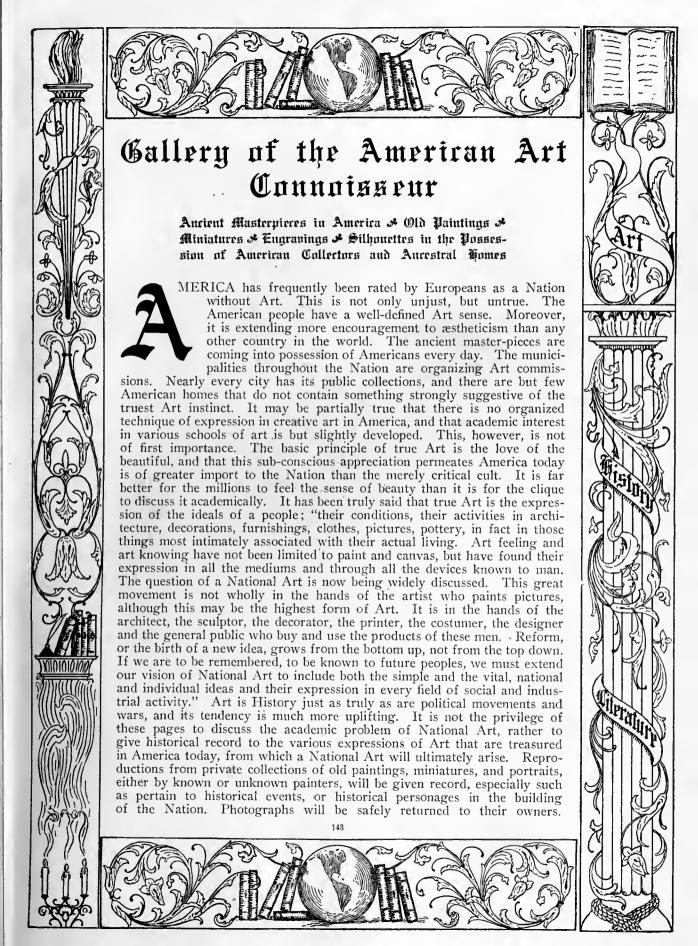
Arm chair used by James Gates Percival, linguist and scientist, born in 1775—This chair was occupied during many of his greatest achievements in Wisconsin



Office Chair of Roger Sherman, Signer of the Four Great Documents in the Founding of the American Nation— Now in possession of Connecticut Historical Society

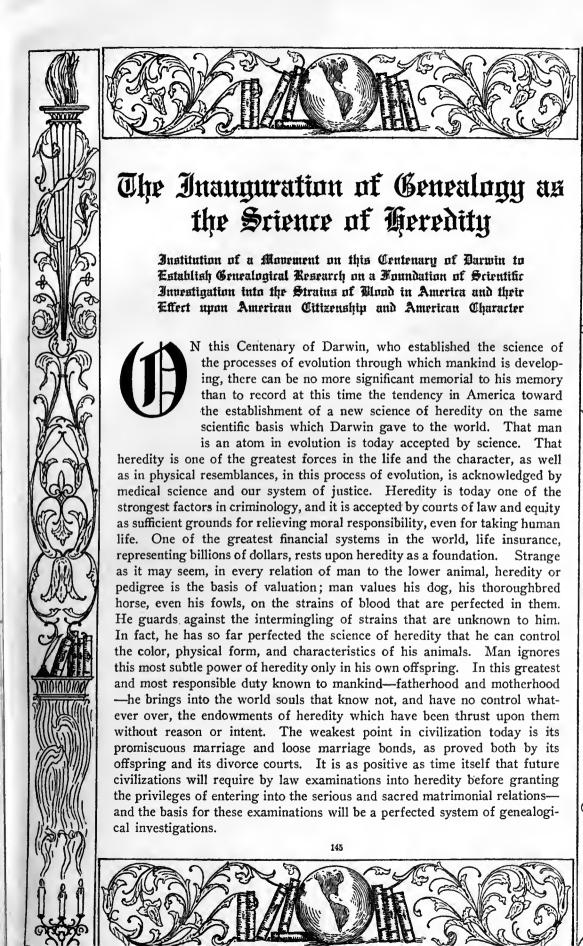


Eighteenth Century or Revolutionary Settle with folding candle-stick—Now owned by Mrs. Wainwright, Hartford, Connecticut





Old Painting of Elibu Yale (1649–1721) English Governor of Madras, India, whose benefactions permanently founded Valej College—This canvas is now in possession of Yale University



Genealogy—Foundation of Science of Heredity

Genealogy today is largely a social factor in America. Even on this plane it is the most wholesome and the most inspiring of social customs. As has been stated before in these pages, genealogical knowledge is moral strength. The man who feels the responsibility of upholding the honorable record of his family for generations will make a good citizen. To such a man there can be no deeper humiliation than that he is the weakest and the most ignoble of generations of strong forbears, and that he has stooped to dishonor that which has been held sacred by his own blood for centuries and for which many of his kin would have sacrificed their lives—honor. This is the philosophy and the science of genealogy—every man taking good care to contribute some good quality of character to the name with which he is intrusted—a true American aristocracy on principles of pure democracy.

Genealogy us a Sociological Factor in American Life

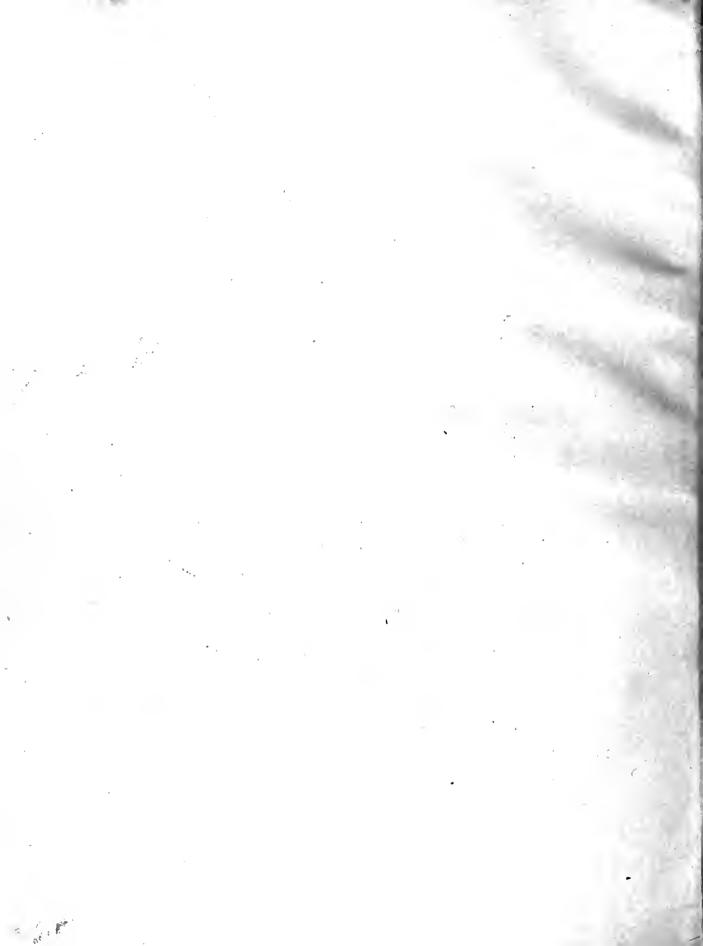
The tremendous responsibility of the single individual, both to himself and to posterity, is now being forcibly demonstrated by Professor Elisha Loomis, Ph. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, who is preparing the investigations into the Loomis foundations in England and America. Dr. Loomis is one of the ablest mathematicians in this country, and he has just completed a mathematical calculation of the relative importance of the individual to the state as a factor in the building of the Nation. Dr. Loomis' scholarly genealogical work is now being published by THE ASSOCIATED PUBLISHERS OF AMERICAN RECORDS (the publishers of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HIS-TORY), and from the manuscript this interesting computation is made: Every human being has necessarily had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on until one's ancestors for ten generations are apparently 512; fifteen generations, over 16,000; twenty-five generations, over 16,000,000. This computation would make the direct lineal ancestors greater in number than all the inhabitants of the earth at the time of the beginning of the Christian era. It is therefore apparently a paradox in mathematics. The solution of this is: that through the processes of heredity, intermarriage, and various genealogical branches, a single ancestor is common to countless interweaving lines. The only mathematical approach for sociological deductions is therefore by beginning with an ancestor and working forward. As a test any early American emigrant may be taken. Consider, for example, the case of Joseph Loomis, who came from Braintree, Essex County, England, to America in 1638. He was the average early American settler. He was married to Mary White. They had five sons and three daughters. As a basis for calculation let us suppose that the families in descent averaged two sons and two daughters; as a matter of fact the Loomis lines happen to average more than this number. The actual result on this conservative estimate makes Joseph Loomis, and his wife, Mary White Loomis, in ten generations, or less than three hundred years, the father and mother to 5,270,540 sons and daughters in various degrees of descent. What a tremendous responsibility! And every living man and woman stands today as the probable beginning of a race as mighty as this, which is to spring from his or her being.



Alvyvesant

This Year is the Three Hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of America's Greatest City by the Butch in 1609 3 In Historical Commemoration of the Dutch Regime, this Coat-of-Arms is emblazoned, marking the transition of the Butch New Amsterdam to the English New York, under the Administration of Peter Stuyuesaut, the Cast Intely Governor of the New Netherlands in America

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Inauguration on the Centenary of Barwin

America can pay no greater tribute to Darwin on this centenary than to begin to give practical consideration to heredity as a subtle power in the morals, the mentality, the physical strength, and the abilities of its people—upon these the future must be built, social and political; upon these all material and intellectual greatness rests.

Inauguration of Department of Genealogical Research

This marks the inauguration of a Department of Genealogical Research in connection with the investigations into American foundations now being conducted by The Journal of American History. This publication is dedicated to public service and pledged to extend its energies to all that pertains to the moral, intellectual and political uplift of the Nation. Believing that genealogy is the foundation upon which is to be ultimately developed one of the greatest discoveries in the annals of science—the Science of Heredity—this Department is instituted with the co-operation of the most distinguished and authoritative genealogists in America and England. Organization is now in progress for the most comprehensive and united movement for genealogical research that has ever been inaugurated in America. While this system is being perfected the patrons of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY are invited to send to this department a record of the investigations upon which they are engaged and data to complete their hereditary foundations. These records will be disseminated among the leading genealogists in this country and abroad. The most practical method for bringing the investigator into communication with the source of information is now being discussed by genealogists and will be announced in the succeeding numbers of this publication as the organization develops. The desire is to institute in America a clearing-house for genealogical statistics and there is no more practical and effective channel than through THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY which today is the recognized historical authority in the first homes of hereditary Americans and the leading public and private libraries on two continents.

Exhaustive Investigations into American Foundations

Supplementary to this Department of Research, exhaustive inquiries which have just been completed by eminent investigators, and embody the elements of historical record through intricate association with the historymaking epochs of our Nation, will be recorded in the literary pages of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. In this issue there are invaluable contributions to American historical and genealogical records, representing in several instances from ten to twenty-five years of indefatigable research and expenditures of more than fifteen thousand dollars. That these explorations unearth rich sources for information into historical foundations, that would never be discovered were it not for genealogical research, and that they are direct investigations into the sociological and economic evolution of the American people is acknowledged by the leading historians and scholars.



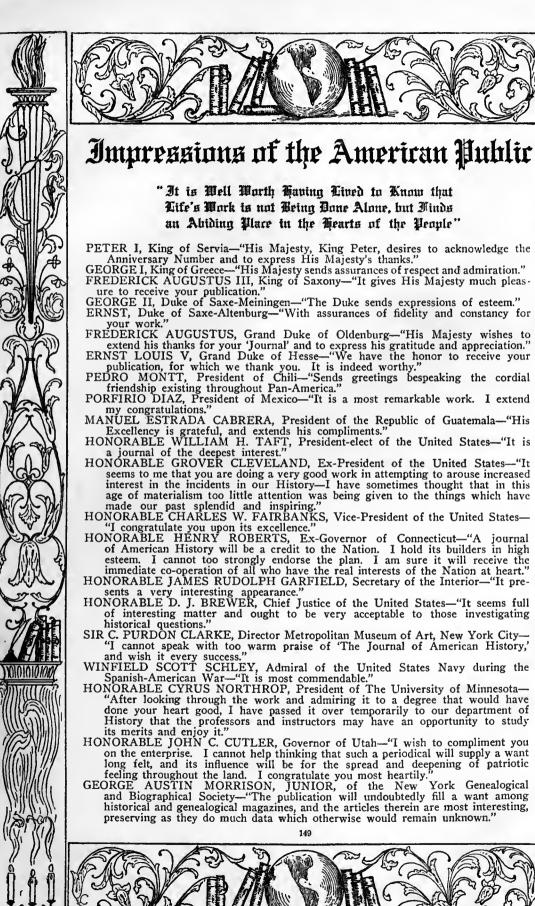
Genealogy—Foundation of Science of Heredity

That America is beginning to appreciate the significance of genealogical research, is shown on this Centenary of Darwin by the movements for its higher development. The most distinguished scholarship of the country, including the affiliation of many men of science, is now interested in the various aspects of genealogical investigation. The New York Genealogical and Biographical Society, under the presidency of Mr. Clarence Winthrop Bowen, the publisher of America's leading critical weekly, The Independent, and treasurer of the American Historical Association, is is organizing exhaustive and systematic registration of American pedigrees. Promoting this movement are such eminent authorities as George Austin Morrison, Junior, John Reynolds Totten, Dr. William Austin Macy, J. Henry Lea. Its executives include types of the truest American character: William Bradhurst, Osgood Field, Tobias Alexander Wright, Henry Russell Drowne, Hopper Striker Mott, Richard Henry Greene, Ellsworth Eliot, M. D., Howland Pell, Warner Van Norden, Henry Pierson Gibson, James Junius Goodwin, Archer M. Huntington, General James Grant Wilson, William Isaac Walker. The Department of Research in connection with The Journal of American History will co-operate fully in the registration of these pedigrees and suggests that Americans communicate immediately with the library and archives of the New York Genealogical and Biographical Society at 226 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York.

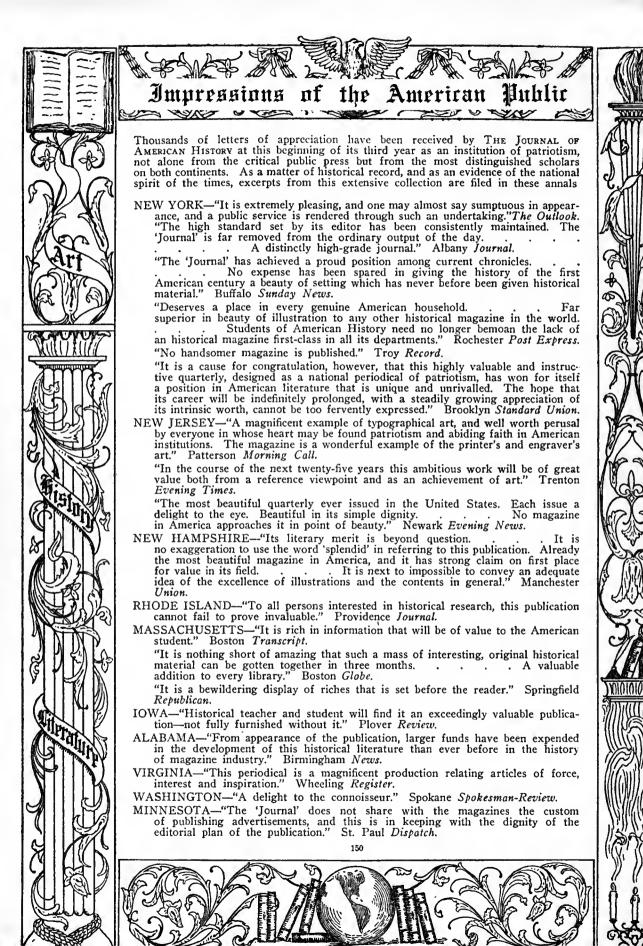
Institution of a Genealogical Clearing-House in England and America

This Department of Research in these pages is also co-operating in several British movements, with which affiliations are now being completed. Charles A. Bernau, the distinguished genealogist at Walton-on-Thames, England, is compiling a complete international genealogical dictionary, in which is to be given record of genealogical investigations completed, those now in process of investigation, and sources of all professional and private information. More than 1,400 genealogical researchers have already filed their records. The work had the approval of the late Sir Edmund Bewley, LL. D., F. S. A., who was one of the most distinguished British genealogists. THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY will give this work every possible assistance in America, it being along the direct lines of the institution of this department as a clearing-house for genealogical researches on both continents and of the widest public service not only to genealogists, but to all Americans who desire to lay a genealogical foundation under their homes and families. "Knowledge of ancestry is information which all are in duty bound to transmit in permanently recorded form for the benefit of their children in particular, and of posterity in general. Failure to record in the present what is now known to be accurate genealogical information will result in the loss of this knowledge to succeeding generations."

American genealogists are cordially invited to co-operate in this organized movement toward placing genealogy on sound and permanent foundations, tending toward the establishing of the science of heredity. On this centenary of the discovery of evolution it is a safe assertion that within the next century another Darwin will arise with the revelation of a new force, more subtle, more powerful than them all—the science of building a great race through a full knowledge of the science of heredity.





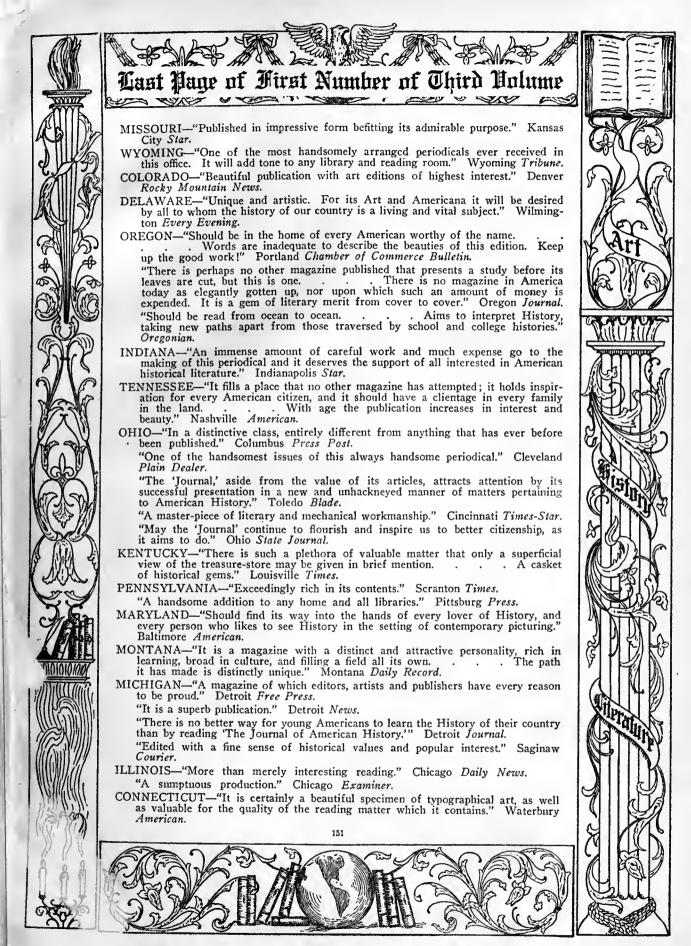


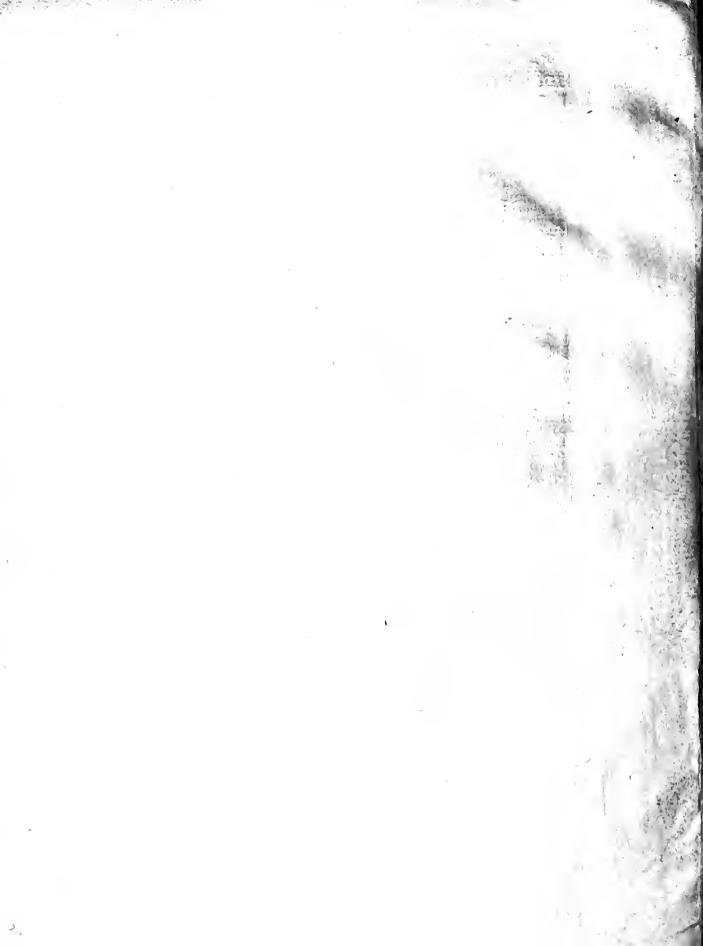




BRONZE MEWAL IN COMMEMORATION OF THE LINCOLN CENTENARY
By JYES EDGENARD ROCKE, of Paris

Cast under instructions of Mr. Koirch Hewitt, of New York, Collector of Historic Medals, and recorded with his authority, and under his copyright, in "The Journal of American Missory" on this kine Hindroll American of the Birth of Vorsham Lindoln











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Syllahus of the Hudson Ter-Centenary Number

SECOND NUMBER

THIRD VOLUME

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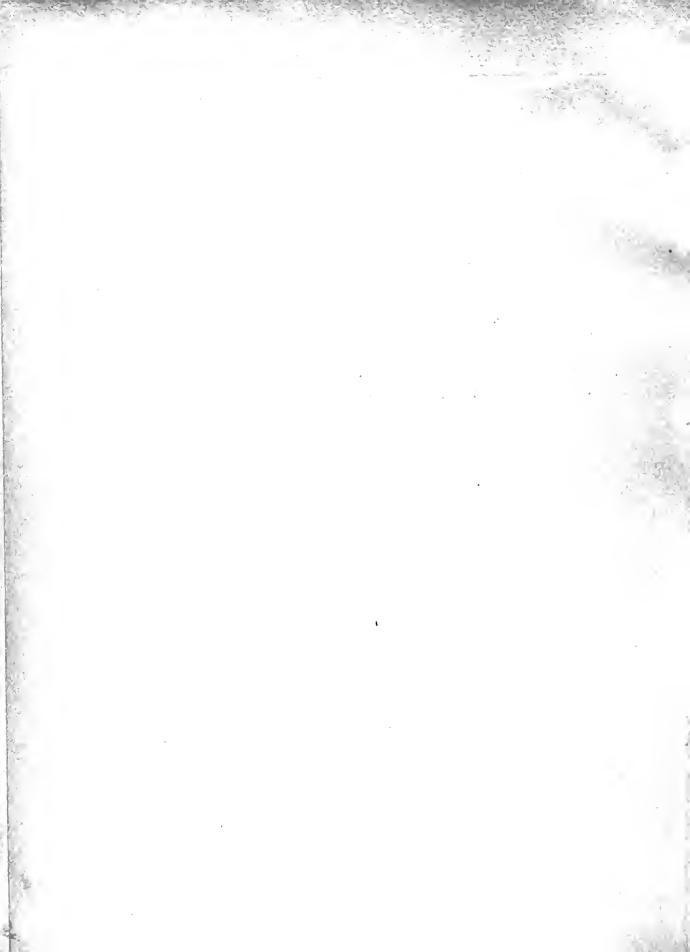
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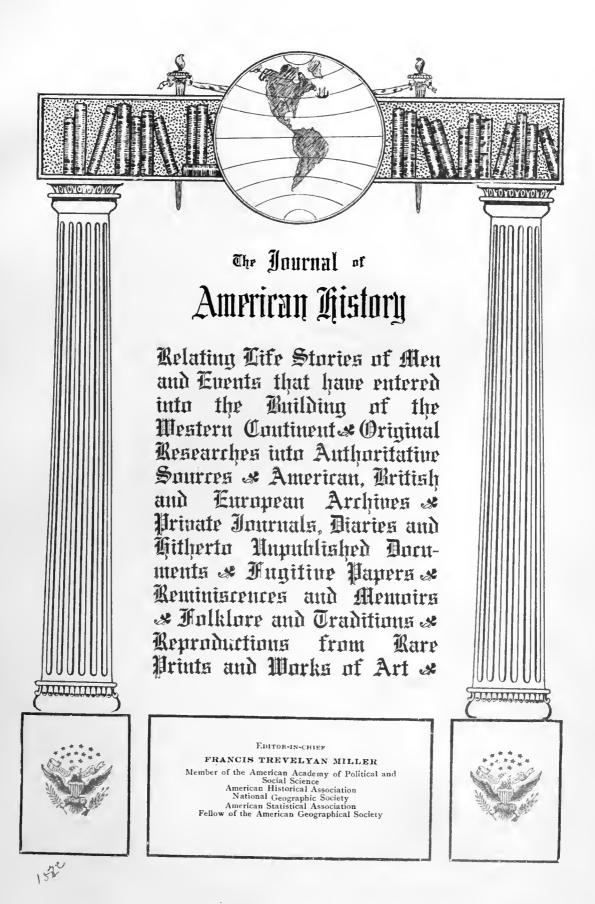
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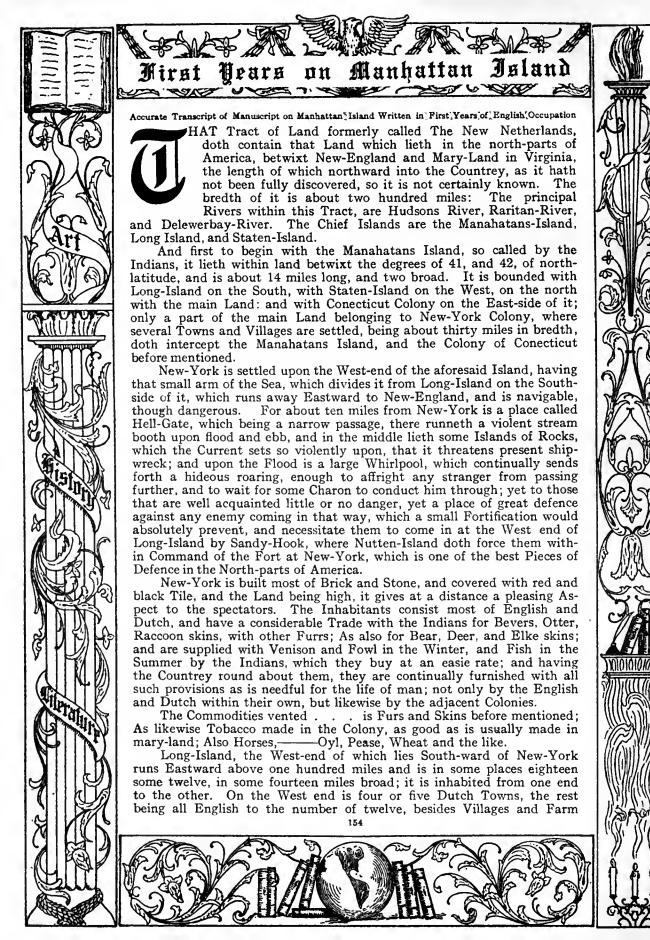


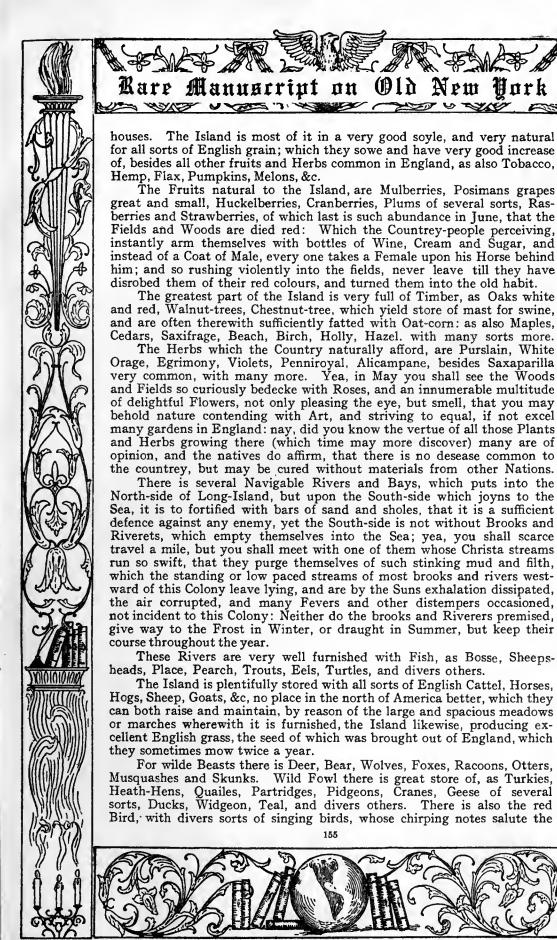
The Journal of American History

1609—Three Kundred Years—1909 America's Great Metropolis

On this Ter-rentenary of New York, this Kare Dorument Describing the Island of Manhattan when "Milde Beasts" Roamed its Vorests, is Historically Recorded as Evidence of the Wonderful Bower of American Civilization

HIS is the three hundredth anniversary of America's greatest metropolis—the "wonder city" of commerce and trade that has arisen as if by magic on Manhattan Island, the gateway to the western civilization; until it stands to-day with its towering structures that pierce the clouds, its subterranean railways that under-travel its foundations and rivers, as the the most marvelous handiwork of man that the world has ever seen. This anniversary marks two epochs: the culmination of three centuries of American civilization since Hudson planted the Dutch flag on Manhattan; and the achievement of a single century since Fulton proved the practicability of navigation by steam on the Hudson river, revolutionizing the world's commerce, bringing the nations of the earth into one fellowship, linked by a mighty race of sea messengers that find New York their mother-port. It is still more; it is the beginning of a third epoch in which—having solved the problem of wind and tide on the waters of the Hudson, and having delved underneath its surface with subways and tunnels-man, the master of the universe, now rises above his magnificent achievements and follows the course of the historic Hudson in ships that sail through the air. New York, on this anniversary, stands as the triumph of material civilization. In historical juxtaposition with the great American metropolis to-day there is recorded in these pages this









First Pears on Manhattan Island

ears of Travellers with an harmonious discord, and in every pond and brook silken Frogs, who warbling forth their untun'd tunes strive to bear a part in this musick.

Towards the middle of Long-Island lyeth a plain sixteen miles long and four broad, upon which plain grows very fine grass, that makes exceeding good Hay, and is very good pasture for sheep or other Cattel; where you shall find neither stick nor stone to hinder the Horse heels, or endanger them in their races, and once a year the best Horses in the Island are brought thither to try their swiftness, and the swiftest rewarded with a silver Cup, two being annually procured for that purpose. There are two or three other small plains of about a mile square, which are no small benefit to those Towns which enjoy them.

Upon the South-side of Long-Island in the Winter, lie store of Whales and Crampasses, which the inhabitants begin with small boats to make a trade Catching to their small benefit. Also an innumerable multitude of Seals, which make an excelent oyle, they lie all the Winter upon some broken Marshes and Beaches, or bars of sand before-mentioned, and might

be easily got were there some skilful men to undertake it.

To say something of the Indians, there is now but few on the Island, and those few no ways hurtful but rather serviceable to the English, and it is to be admired, how strangely they have decreased by the Hand of God, since the English first setling of those parts; for since my time, where there were six towns, they are reduced to two small Villages, and it hath been generally observed, that where the English come to settle, a Divine Hand makes way for them, by removing or cutting off the Indians, either by Wars one with the other, or by some raging mortal Disease. They live principally by Hunting, Fowling and Fishing; their Wives being the Husbandmen to till the Land, and plant their corn.

The meat they live most upon is Fish, Fowl and Venison; the eat likewise Polecits, Skunks, Racoon, Possum, Turtles and the like. The build small moveable Tents, which they remove two or three times a year, having their principal quarters where they plant their corn; their Hunting quarters, and their Fishing quarters: Their Recreations are chiefly Foot-ball and Cards, at which they will play away all they have, excepting a Flap to cover their nakedness: They are great lovers of strong drink, yet do not care for drinking, unless they have enough to make themselves drunk; and if there beso many in their company, that there is not sufficient to make them all drunk, they usually select so many out of their Company proportionable to the quantity of drink, and the rest must be spectators. And if any one chance to be drunk before he hath finisht his proportion, (which is ordinarily a quart of Brandy, Rum, or Strong-waters) the rest will pour the rest of his part down his throat.

They often kill one another at these drunken matches, which the friends of the murdered person, do revenge upon the murderer unless he purchase his life with money, which they sometimes do: Their money is made of a Periwinkle shell of which there is black and white, made much

like unto beads and put upon strings.

For their worship which is diabolical, it is performed usually but once or twice a year, unless upon some extroadinary occasion, as upon making of War or the like; their usual time is about Mickaelmass, when their corn is first ripe, the day being appointed by their chief Priest or pawaw; most of them go a hunting for venison: When they are all congregated, their







First Pears un Manhattan Island

Priest tells them if he want money, there God will accept of no other offering, which the people beleeving, every one gives money according to their ability. The priest takes the money and putting it into some dishes, sets them upon the top of their low flat-roofed houses, and falls to invocating their God to come and receive it, which with a many loud hallows and outcries, knocking the ground with sticks, and beating themselves, is performed by the priest, and seconded by the people.

After they have thus a while wearied themselves, the priest by his Conjuration brings in a devil amongst them, in the shape sometimes of a fowl, sometimes of a beast, and sometimes of a man, at which the people being amazed, not daring to stir. he improves the opportunity, steps out, and makes sure of the money, and then returns to lay the spirit, who in the mean time is sometimes gone, and takes some of the Company along with him; but if any English at such times do come amongst them, it puts a period to their proceeding, and they will desire their absence, telling them their God will not come whilst they are there.

In their wars they fight no pitcht fields but when they have notice of an enemies approach, they endeavor to secure their wives and children upon some Island, or in some thick swamp, and then with their guns and hatchets they way-lay their enemies, some lying behind one, some another, and it is a great fight where seven or eight is slain.

When any Indian dies amongst them, they bury him upright, sitting upon a seat, with his gun, money, and such goods as he hath with him, that he may be furnished in the other world, which they conceive is Westward, where they shall have great store of Game for Hunting and live easie lives. At his Burial his nearest Relations attend the Hearse with their faces painted black, and do visit the grave once or twice a day, where they send forth sad lamentations so long, till time hath wore the blackness off their faces, and afterwards every year once they view the grave, make a new mourning for him, trimming up of the grave, not suffering of a grass to grow by it: they fence their graves with a hedge, and cover the tops with mats, to shelter them from the rain.

Any Indian being dead, his name dies with him, no person daring ever after to mention his name, it being not only a breach of their Law, but an abuse to his friends and relations present, as if it were done on purpose to renew their grief: and any other person whatsoever that is named after that name doth incontinently change his name, and takes a new one, their names are not proper set names as amongst Christians, but every one invents a name to himself, which he likes best. Some calling themselves Rattle-snake, Skunk, Bucks-horn, or the like; and if a person die, that his name is some word which is used in speech, they likewise change that word, and invent some new one, which makes a great change and alteration in their language.

When any person is sick, after some means used by his friends, every one pretending skill in Physick; that proving ineffectual, they send for a Pawaw or Priest, who sitting down by the sick person, without the least enquiry after the distemper, waits for a gift, which he proportions his work accordingly to; that being received, he first begins with a low voice to call upon his God, calling sometimes upon one, sometimes on another, raising his voice higher and higher, beating of his naked breasts and sides, till the sweat runneth down, and his breath is almost gone, that that



HUDSON'S ARRIVAL AT MANHATTAN ISLAND

159

Painting by George Wharton Edwards



Kirst Pears on Manhattan Island

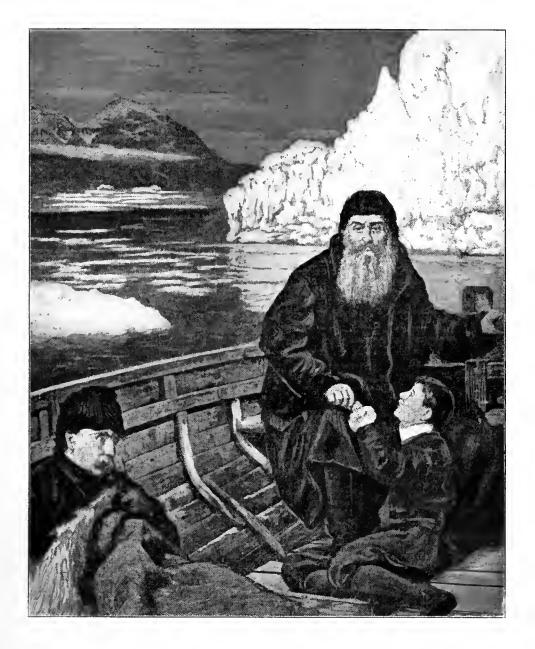
little which is remaining: he evaporates upon the face of the sick person three or four times together, and so takes his leave.

At their Cantica's or dancing matches, where all persons that come are freely entertained, it being a Festival time: Their custom is when they dance, every one but the Dancers to have a short stick in their hand, and to knock the ground and sing altogether, whilst they that dance sometimes act warlike postures, and they come in painted for War with their faces black and red, or some all black, some all red, with some streaks of white under their eyes, and so jump and leap up and down without any order, uttering many expressions of their intended valour. For other Dances they only shew what Antick tricks their ignorance will lead them to, wringing of their bodies and faces after a strange manner, sometimes jumping into the fire, sometimes catching up a Firebrand, and biting off a live coal, with many such tricks, that will affright, if not please an English man to look upon them, resembling rather a company of infernal Furies than men.

When the King or Sachem sits in Council, he hath a Company of armed men to guard his Person, great respect being shewen him by the People, which is principally manifested by their silence: After he has declared the cause of their convention, he demands their opinion, ordering who shall begin: The Person ordered to speak after he hath declared his minde, tells them he hath done: no man ever interrupting any person in his speech, nor offering to speak, though he make never so many or long stops, till he says he hath no more to say: the Council having all declar'd their opinions, the King after some pause gives the definitive sentence, which is commonly seconded with a shout from the people, everyone seeming to applaud, and manifest their assent to what is determined: If any person be condemmed to die, which is seldom, unless for Murder, or Incest, the King himself goes out in person (for you must understand they have no prisons, and the guilty person flies into the Woods) where they go in quest of him, and having found him, the King shoots first, though at never such a distance, and then happy is the man can shoot him down, and cut off his Long Hair, which they commonly wear, who for his pains is made some Captain or other military Officer.

Their Cloathing is a yard and a half of a broad Cloth, which is made for the Indian Trade, which they hang upon their shoulders; and half a yard of the same cloth, which being put betwixt their legs, and brought up before and behinde, and tied with a girdle about their middle, hangs with a flap on each side: They wear no hats, but commonly wear about their Heads a Snake's skin, or a Belt of their money, or a kind of a Ruff made with Deers hair, and died of a scarlet colour, which they esteem very rich. They grease their bodies and hair very often, and paint their faces with several colours, as black, white, red, yellow, blew. &c, which they take great pride in, everyone being painted in a several manner: Thus much for the Customs of the Indians.

Within two leagues of New-York lieth Staten-Island, it bears from New York West something Southerly: It is about twenty miles long, and four or five broad; it is most of it very good Land, full of Timber, and produceth all such commodities as Long-Island doth, besides Tin and store of Iron Ore, and the Calamine stone is said likewise to be found there: There is but one Town upon it consisting of English and French, but is capable of entertaining more inhabitants: betwixt this and Long-



LAST VOYAGE OF HENRY HUDSON

Painting by Sir John Collier

161.

On this Three Hundredth Anniversary of Hudson's Arrival at Manhattan Island there is neither an Authentic Portrait nor a Known Burial Place of the Great Navigator—This painting represents him on his voyage to the Far North from which the mariner never returned



First Pears on Manhattan Island

Island is a large Bay, and is the coming in for all ships and vessels out of the Sea: On the North-side of this Island After-Kull River puts into the main Land on the West-side, whereof is two or three towns, but on the East-side but one. There is very great Marshes or meadows on both sides of it, excellent good Land, and good convenience for the settling of several Towns: there grows black Walnut and Locust, as their doth in Virginia, with mighty tall straight Timber, as good as any in the North of America: It produceth any Commoditie Long-Island doth.

Hudsons River runs by New-York Northward into the Countrey. toward the Head of which is seated New-Albany, a place of great Trade with the Indians, betwixt which and New York, being above one hundred miles is as good Corn-land as the World affords, enough to entertain Hundreds of Families, which in the time of the Dutch-Government of those parts could not be setled: For the Indians, excepting one place, called the Sopers, which was kept by a garrison, but since the reducement of those parts under His Majesties obedience, and a Patent granted to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, which is about six years; since the care and diligence of the Honourable Coll Nichol's, sent thither Deputy to His Highness, such a league of Peace was made, and Friendship concluded betwixt that Colony and the Indians, that they have not resisted or disturbed any Christians there, in the settling or peaceable possession of any Lands with that Government, but every man hath sate under his own vine, and hath peaceably reapt and enjoyed the fruits of their own labours, which God continue.

The Country is full of Deer, Elks, Bear, and other Creatures, as in other parts of the countrey, where you shall meet with no inhabitants in this journey, but a few Indians, where there is stately Oaks, whose broad-branched-tops serve for no other use. but to keep off the Suns heat from the Wild Beasts of the Wilderness, where is grass as high as a mans middle, that serves for no other end except to maintain the Elks and Deer, who never devour a hundredth part of it, then to be burnt every Spring to make way for new. How many poor people in the World would think themselves happy, had they an Acre or two of Land, whilst here is hundreds, nay thousands of acres, that would invite inhabitants.

I must needs say: if there be any terrestrial Canaan, 'tis surely here, where the Land floweth with milk and honey. The inhabitants are blest with Peace and plenty, blessed in their Countrey, blessed in their Fields, blessed in the Fruit of their bodies, in the fruit of the grounds, in the increase of their Cattel, Horses, and Sheep, blessed in their Basket, and in their Store: In a word, blessed in whatsoever they take in hand, or go about, the Earth yielding plentiful increase to all their painful labours.

PRAISE OF NEW NETHERLAND—Written by Jabob Steendam in 1661 Translated from the Dutch

New Netherland, thou noblest spot of earth, Where Bountcous Heaven ever poureth forth The fulness of His gifts, of greatest worth, Mankind to nourish.

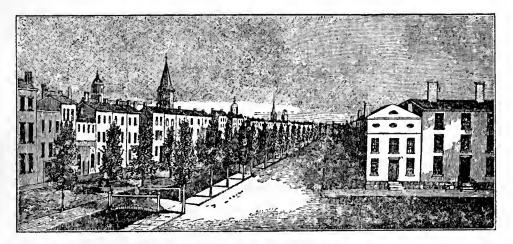
Whoe'er to you a judgment fair applies, And knowing, comprehends your qualities, Will justify the man who, to the skies, Extols your glories. In North America, behold your seat,
Where all that heart can wish you satiate,
And where oppressed with wealth inordinate,
You have the power

To bless the people with whate'er they need, The melancholy from their sorrow lead. The light of heart, exulting pleasures cede, Who never cower.

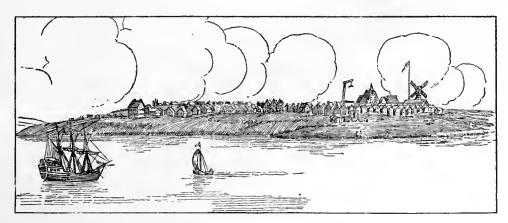
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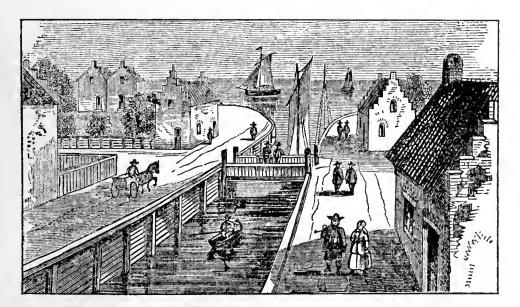




Rare Wood Engraving of New York One Hundred Years Ago Canal Street in 1809 with its drainage ditch spanned by bridges

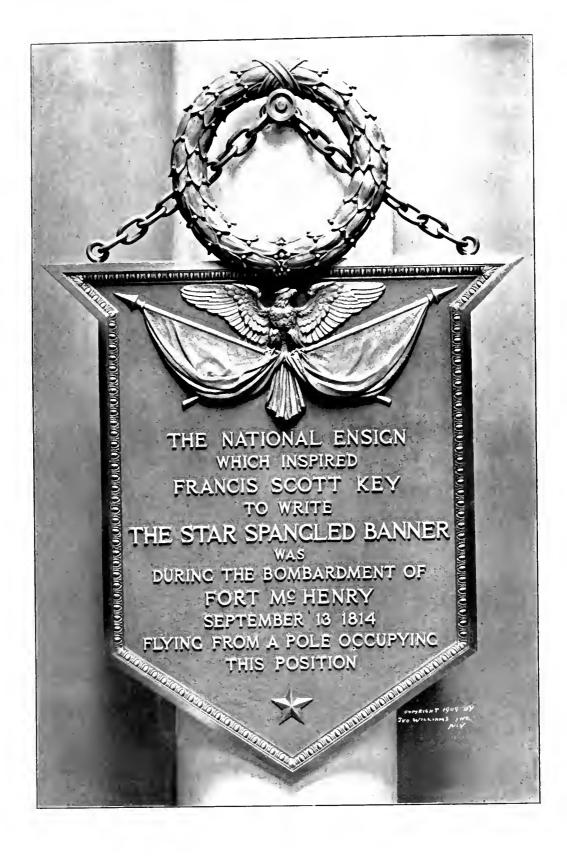


Sky-line in New York Two Hundred Years Ago-Sketch from ancient map



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Rare Wood Engraving of First Market Place in New Amsterdam Now Broad street in the Heart of the Financial District of the Western Continent







Manuscript of the National Hymn

"The Star-Spangled Banner" was Griginally Mritten on the Back of a Letter in 1814 & First Sung in a Tavern in Baltimore & Transcript of Manuscript Presented by the Author to a Friend in Washington

This record of an original copy of the American national hymn in the handwriting of its author, Francis Scott Key, witnesses the variations that have been made in "The Star-Spangled Banner" since its first inscription. The first lines of the national hymn were written on the back of a letter, and while there is some discussion regarding the exact conditions, the most authoritative sources give this record: Francis Scott Key was an American lawyer born in Maryland, August 1, 1779. He was thirty-five years of age when the British ascended Chesapeake Bay, in 1814, and captured Washington. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn established headquarters in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, at the home of Dr. William Beanes, one of Key's friends. Dr. Beanes was taken prisoner by the British. To release his friend, Key planned to exchange for him a British prisoner in the hands of President Madison approved the exchange and directed John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, to accompany Key to the British commander. General Ross consented to the exchange, but demanded that Key and Skinner be detained until after the approaching attack on Baltimore. They had gone from Baltimore out to the British fleet in a vessel provided for them by order of President Madison and were transferred to the British frigate Surprise, commanded by Admiral Cockburn's son, but soon afterward permitted to return, under guard, to their own vessel, whence they witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry. By the glare of guns they could see the flag flying over the fort during the night, but before morning the firing ceased, and the two men passed a period of suspense, waiting for dawn, to see whether or not the attack had failed. When Key discovered that the flag was still there his feelings found vent in verse. On the back of a letter he jotted down in the rough "The Star-Spangled Banner." On his return to Baltimore, Key revised the poem and gave it to Captain Benjamin Eades, of the Twenty-seventh Baltimore Regiment, who had it printed. a copy from the press, Eades went to the tavern next to the Holiday Street Theater, which was a gathering place for actors and their congenial acquaintances, and the words were first read aloud to the crowd, who shouted for someone to sing them. Ferdinand Durang, a singer of the day, was lifted upon a chair and sang America's national hymn, for the first time, the crowd taking up the strain enthusiastically. The popular melody soon swept the country and found its way so deeply into the hearts of the American People that it became the American national anthem. Key did not write the music, but suggested that the words would adapt themselves to the popular air, "Anacreon in Heaven," which had its vogue in England between 1770 and 1775, and was written by John Stafford Smith. The original lines vary somewhat from its popular interpretation to-day and it is interesting to note these changes. There is extant a copy of the hymn written in the handwriting of Key, which was presented to James Maher, the gardener at the White House, about six months before the death of the author. It is interesting to note that when Key wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner" he was describing in verse an actual situation, apparently addressing the lines to his companion, Skinner. The words and sentiment have since moulded themselves into modern and more general conditions and "The Star-Spangled Banner" as tri-









umphantly sung today does not relate to any special incident in American history but has become an expression of the true American spirit of patriotism on all occasions, past, present, or future. Key died in Baltimore, January 11, 1843, and James Lick, the American philanthropist, bequeathed \$60,000 for a monument to the memory of the author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was erected in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco. The memorial, fifty-one feet in height, designed by the sculptor, Story, presents a seated figure of the author of the national anthem in bronze, under a double arch, crowned, by a bronze figure of America with an unfolded flag.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight, (1)

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare—the bombs bursting in air—

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh! say, does that Star-Spangled Banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,

What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, half (2) conceals, half (2) discloses;

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on

(a) the stream.

'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner—Oh! long may it wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is the foe that (4) so vauntingly swore

That (8) the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should (6) leave us no more?

This (7) blood has washed out his (8) foul footsteps pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave

Oh, thus be it ever! when freemen (*) shall stand

Between their (10) loved homes and the war's desolation.

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heav'n rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,

And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."

And the Star-Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

1. "Perilous fight."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 2. "Now."—Dana. 3. "O'er."—Several versions. 4. "Band who."—Griswold—Dana. 5. "Mid."—Griswold—Dana. 6. "They'd."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 8. "Their."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 9. "Freeman."—Griswold. 10. "Our."—Griswold—Dana. Common version. 9. "Freeman."—Griswold.



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Manuscript of National Hymn, "Star Spangled Banner" in the Handwriting of its Author Brancis Scott Key

The Star- spangled however-

O'say can you see by the down's early light Athat so proudly we hail I as the twilight's last gleaming. Whose broad stripes and bright store, through the clouds of the fight, O'or the ramparts we watched were so gallowly otherwing? And the rocket's red glane - the bomb bursting in air fane proof through the night that our flag was still there? O lay, has that ster-spragled banner get ware O'er the law of the free the home of the brave? __

In that shone, drimly been through the mists of the deep,

Where the fore's haughty host in bread filewee referes,

Whot is that, which the breeze, o'es the toutring steeps

Os it fitfully blows, half evereals, half discloses?

Now it catches the gleam - of the morning's fut beam,

In full glory reflected, more others in the stream,

Tiste Star- spanged bouner- O long may it wove

O'es the land of the free & the home of the brave!

And the have of war or the liattle is compasion

A home and a Country should leave us no more?

Their blood has warked out their foul foototifs bolletion.

No refuge could save - the hinding & Slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave,

and the Stor. spangled bonner in trumph to the wore

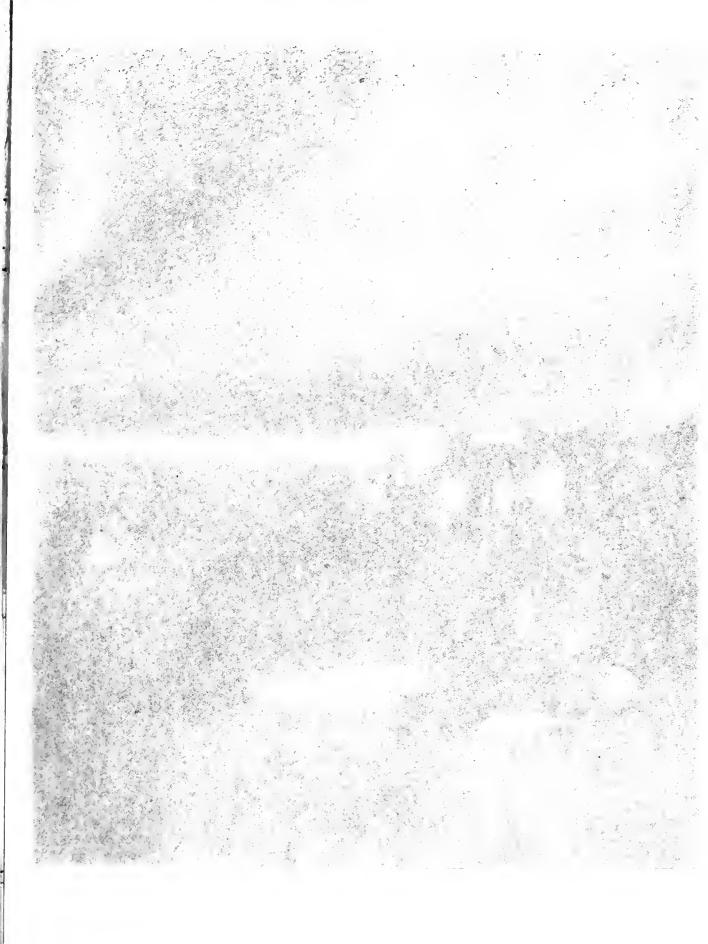
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O! Thus he it ever! when freemen shall stand Between their low I homes athe war's Desolution.

Blest with riching a peace, may the heav'n rescued low Praise the power that hath made and preserved use nation.

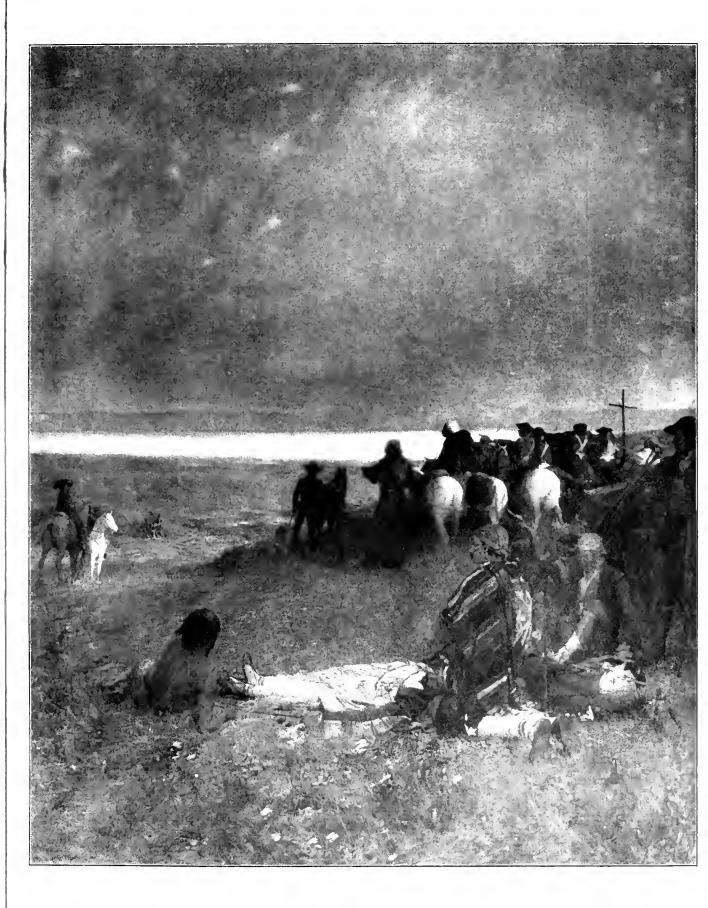
Then conquer we must - when our cause it is just, and this he our motto - in God is our trust
and the star. spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free of the boxus.

They



Just of the same Charles and the second of the second and a fitting of the to the way for e in we transfer . Ca & real man 1 1 - 1 -1 2 20 000 and the following. in stance the exace, with the wave *dl* The same. - in a similar of the second O Free atter an elation. Betin may to the contract of the con Bright. V. and it is a source of the matter. or cause it is just, Energy -

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DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO by Portola Painting by Arthur Mathews Original in Possession of the San Francisco Art Association



DISCOVERY OF THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO by Portola Painting by William Keith Original in Possession of the Bohemian Club at San Francisco



ROUTE OF COLONEL ANZA FROM HIS OWN DIARY First Overland Journey to California—Photograph along the Santa Ana River





First Guerland Route to the Pacific

Hourney of Colonel Auza Across the Colorado Desert to Found the City of Sau Francisco and Open the Colden Cate to the Riches of the Great Orient

ву

HONORABLE ZOETH S. ELDREDGE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Member of the American Historical Association President of the National Bank of the Pacific

While the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition is engaging the attention of the country, and thousands of travelers are turning toward the Great West, it is interesting to follow the development of Mr. Eldredge's investigations into the route of the first overland journey of the first white men to the Pacific. These investigations, which are being recorded in these pages, are the first accurate survey of the route and are based upon recent translations from the original diary of Explorer Anza, who preserved each day's progress of his heroic journey in Spanish. It is one of the most important contributions to the historical records of the Pacific and is especially appropriate at this time. The preceding article left the explorer in camp on the bank of the Rio de Santa Rosa after possibly one of the most daring overland journeys in early American exploration. The investigations carry him to the Golden Gate and the founding of the great metropolis of San Francisco.—Editor

NZA was obliged to remain in camp on the bank of the Rio de Santa Rosa until the tide went out, and at 12:30 P. M. of February 29, 1776, succeeded in effecting the passage of the river. Continuing the march in a northerly direction along the Burton Mesa, in sight of the ocean, they came in three leagues of travel to a little lake, named by Portolá, La Laguna Graciosa, where they camped for the night. The map of

the Geological Survey does not show any lake in the vicinity and it has possibly disappeared. It may have been formed by the San Antonio Creek which here flows into the sea. The name is perpetuated by the Cañada de la Graciosa through which the Pacific Coast railroad runs and by the Graciosa Station at the mouth of the cañon. Three leagues of travel the next morning brought them into a wide and beautiful valley having in the middle a large lake, named by Portolá, La Laguna Larga de los Santos Martires, San Daniel y sus Compañeros—The Great Lake of the Sainted Martyrs, St. Daniel and his Companions—now known as Lake Guadalupe, situated in the northwestern corner of Santa Barbara County. Anza did not halt at Lake Guadalupe but pushed on to the mouth of the San Luis Cañon, a long jornada of nine leagues, to the Ranchería del Buchon. This was just below the site of the little town of Avila in San Luis Obispo







First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

County. The spot is marked by mounds of shells still visible. The name, which means an encysted tumor, was given by Portolá's soldiers to the chief of the Indian village because of a large tumor that hung from his neck. The name *El Buchon* was conferred on the chief, on his ranchería, and on San Luis Cañon. It still exists in the locality. The cape between Port Harford and Moro Bay is Point Buchon, and the hill east of Port Harford, marked Bald Knob on the maps of the Geological Survey is Mount Buchon.

A march of three and a half leagues the next morning brought the expedition to the mission of San Luis Obispo, founded in 1772, and now a flourishing town of 3,500 inhabitants. In anticipation of their arrival at the mission the colonists had smartened themselves up, but disaster overtook them. Just before reaching the mission they fell into a marsh so miry that all had to dismount and make their way across it as best they could. The men had to relieve the pack animals and carry the baggage on their shoulders, while those of the expedition who endeavored to preserve themselves by forcing their horses through the mire fared worse than the rest, being obliged to dismount and extricate the horses. The marsh which caused the pilgrims such distress was located in what is now the southern part of the town of San Luis Obispo, and one of the finest residence streets of the town is Marsh Street. Portolá, on his march, fell into this same cienega, December 28, 1769, the day of the Holy Innocents-Fiesta de los Santo Inocentes-and Crespi bewails the fact that they cannot say mass because they are all stuck fast in a mud-hole and unable to move.

There was great joy in the mission of San Luis Obispo over the arrival of the expedition. Not only was it a delight to the priests and the soldiers of the *excella* to see so many Spanish faces and hear the news from home, but they had been badly frightened by the affair at San Diego, and were informed by the Indians that they were to be next attacked, and that Anza had been killed and his expedition utterly destroyed by the tribes of

the Colorado.

Sunday, March 3rd, was given as a rest for the expedition and on Monday morning the march was resumed. Traveling up the canon of San Luis Obispo Creek for seven miles, they crossed the summit of the Santa Lucia Mountains by the Cuesta Pass, at an elevation of about 1,500 feet, thence a descent of four miles brought them to Santa Margarita, where now a little town marks the site and preserves the name of the ancient rancheria. Two and a half miles down the Rio de Santa Margarita, they came to the Rio de Monterey (Salinas River), down which they traveled five and onehalf miles and camped at the rancheria of La Asumpcion (Asuncion), still so called, a good day's march of seven leagues. This is one of the sites selected by the United States Government for the camp and summer manœuvers of the army. The next morning they traveled down the beautiful plain for three leagues and then left the river at a point where El Paso del Robles now stands and passed into the hills to the west, traveling in a west northwest direction. Four leagues more brought them to the Rio del Nacimiento which they crossed and proceeded another mile to El Primo Vado of the Rio de San Antonio, where they camped for the night. Resuming the march next morning, they reached the mission of San Antonio de Padua at four o'clock in the afternoon after a march of eight leagues. reception here was equal to that of San Gabriel and of San Luis, and the padres regaled the troops with two very fat hogs and some hog lard. This present, Anza says, considering the condition of the country and of their

Knute of Colonel Auza from His Own Diary

own necessities, they highly appreciated. The following day was given to rest and at one in the afternoon, Lieutenant Moraga arrived and reported to the commander that he had captured the deserters in the Desert of the Colorado and had left them prisoners at the mission of San Gabriel to be dealt with by Captain Rivera. He also reported that the Serranos of the Sierra Madre had made hostile demonstrations against him, but when he charged them they dispersed. He said that the Indians had secretly killed three of the stolen horses to prevent their recapture, and that he noted in their possession articles indicating that they had taken part in the sacking of San Diego.

Leaving the mission the next morning, the expedition passed up Mission Creek and descended Releuse Cañon to Arroyo Seco, down which they traveled to the Valley of the Rio de Monterey and halted for the night at the site of his camp of April 17, 1774, which he now calls Los Ositas (The Little Bears). The next day they traveled eight leagues through a spacious and delightful valley along the river and camped at a place called by them Los Correos. The following day, Sunday, March 10, 1776, they marched three leagues down the river, then leaving it, turned westward for four leagues more, all in a heavy rain, and at half past four in the afternoon reached the Royal Presidio of Monterey and the end of their journey. Anza gives the distance traveled from Tubac as three hundred and sixteen and a half leagues, in sixty-two jornados—somewhat fewer than he had calculated before starting.

The next morning, the very beloved father-president of the missions, Fray Junipero Serra, accompanied by three other religious, came from the mission of San Cárlos del Cármelo to congratulate them and bid them welcome, and the priests sang a mass as an act of thanks for the happy arrival of the expedition, after which Padre Font preached an unctuous sermon in which he exhorted the people with much energy, that, with the good example of their lives, they should manifest Catholicism as a mirror, and justify his majesty, the king, in sending them to these regions to convert In the evening, the señor comandante and his chaplain accompanied the priests to the mission, one league distant, as there were no proper accomodations for them at the presidio. Anza notes that a number of Christian converts has been increased to more than three hundred souls and he says that here, as in the other missions he has passed through, with all they raise, they do not produce enough to maintain themselves, because though the land is very fertile there has been no means of planting it, although this year the amount of land under cultivation is much greater; "and in proportion as this abounds will be the spiritual conquest, since the Indians are many, and if, as we say of the greater part of these, conversion and faith enter by the mouth, so much greater will be our success."

The viceroy had ordered Anza to deliver his expedition to Rivera, the comandante of California at Monterey, and proceed to make a survey of the port and river of San Francisco before returning to his presidio of Tubac. Two days after his arrival at the mission, while preparing for his survey, Anza was suddenly taken with the most violent pains in the left leg and groin. So great was the pain that he could scarcely breathe and believed that he would suffocate and die. After six hours of torment, during which the doctor of the presidio administered such medicines as he had, without giving him relief, Anza had them make a poultice of a root

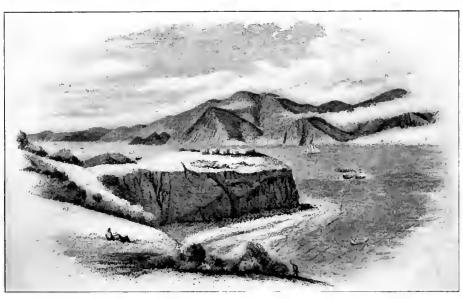


First Overland Iourney to the Golden Gate

among his own stores, which somewhat alleviated the pain, but not enough to enable him to sleep. For over a week he was unable to move, but on the ninth day he got out of bed and on the day following, in spite of the remonstrance of the doctor, he mounted his horse and began his journey to the San Francisco Peninsula, going as far as the presidio of Monterey. There he rested, being able to walk but a few steps. The next day, March 23rd, he set out accompanied by Padre Font, Lientenant Moraga, and an escort of eleven soldiers. While sick at the mission he had sent to Rivera to say that the soldiers of the expedition were anxious to reach their destination and he begged Rivera to join him in establishing a fort and mission of San Francisco as ordered by the viceroy, and notified him that he should proceed at once to the survey and examination of the port. The travelers made seven leagues across the Valley of Santa Delfina, as Font calls it, and camped at the mouth of a cañada at a place called La Natividad, probably an Indian rancheria. The village of Natividad now marks the site. The place was the scene of a sharp little engagement, November 16, 1846, between a detachment of sixty men of the California Battalion (American) under Captain Burrows, convoying a band of several hundred horses, gathered for Fremont's army at Monterey, and a force of about eighty Californians under Don Manuel de Jesus Castro, in which the American commander was killed and the Californians retired, leaving the Americans in possession of the field. The valley, which is the lower Monterey or Salinas, was given the name of Santa Delfina—Virgen y esposa de San Elcearo by Portolá, October 7, 1769. "Esposa" does not mean spouse—wife, but a young woman who devotes herself to the service of the holy man.

Leaving the Salinas Valley, the explorers passed into the Gabilan Mountains, traveling up the beautiful canon of Gabilan Creek, over the summit and descended to the San Benito River, passing the site where, on June 24, 1797, was founded the mission of San Juan Bautista. They crossed the San Benito River just north of San Juan Bautista and entered upon the Llano de San Pascual Bailon, passed the Rio del Pájaro, entered the San Bernardino Valley and camped for the night on the Arroyo de Las Llages. These streams still bear their original names but ancient San Bernardino, which extended from Gilroy to Coyote Station is now the upper part of Santa Clara Valley. The following morning the explorers passed between the low hills where the valley narrows to the Coyote River and entered upon the great Llano de los Robles del Puerto de San Francisco —the Plain of the Oaks of the Port of San Francisco—now better known as the Santa Clara Valley—and keeping well to the western part, they traveled along the base of the foot hills and camped on the Arroyo de San Jose Curpertino, where from an elevation of about three hundred feet, they saw the Bay of San Francisco some seven miles to the north. A march of four leagues the next morning brought the exploradores to the Arroyo de San Francisco, now known as the San Francisquito Creek, the site of Stanford University, and Portola's camp of November 6th to 11th, 1769. A little ranchería of about twenty huts on the bank of the stream received the name of Palo Alto in honor of a giant redwood tree growing on the bank, whose size, height, and appearance is recorded by both Anza and Font as it had been by Crespi six years before. Here Anza found a cross planted to designate the place for a mission. This had been done by Captain Rivera and Frey Palou in 1774, but the idea was abandoned because, Anza says, of lack of water in the dry season. Passing on, they crossed the Arroyo de

Route of Colonel Auza from His Own Diary



FORT BUILT BY FIRST WHITE SETTLERS AT SAN FRANCISCO—Old Engraving of historic Castillo de San Joaquin as it appeared in 1852—The fort was razed and the rock cut down in 1853-54 to erect the present Fort Winfield Scott

San Mateo and halted for the night on a little stream about a league beyond. Anza comments upon the abundance of oaks, live oaks, and other trees they have had on all sides during the last two days' travel and particularly notes the many tall and thick laurels of extraordinary and very fragrant scent. He has been traveling through the most beautiful section of California. Breaking camp early the next morning, a march of three and one-half hours brought them to the mouth of the port of San Francisco, and they camped at Mountain Lake, known afterwards as Laguna del Presidio. Anza does not give any name to the lake, but the creek running from it to the sea he calls *Arroyo del Puerto* and says its flow is considerable and sufficient for a mill; while Font says that boats can come into it for water. Its present name is Lobos Creek and it is but a little brooklet.

Pitching his camp at the *laguna*, Anza went at once to inspect the entrance to the bay for the purpose of selecting a site for the fort. Font grows enthusiastic over the wonderful bay. He says that the port of San Francisco is a marvel of nature and may be called the port of ports. He gives at length an excellent description of it; its shores; its islands; the great river which disembogues into the *Bahia Rcdondo*—San Pablo Bay—which has been called the *Rio de San Francisco* and which he says he will henceforth call *La Boca del Puerto Dulce*—The Mouth of the Fresh Water Port—from the experiments they made when they went to examine it. At eight o'clock the next morning, Anza resumed his survey and going to the point where the entrance to the bay was narrowest, *Punta del Cantil Blanca*—Point of the Steep White Rock, now called Fort

The government is now taking measures for fortifying the mouth of Lobos Creek, which forms the southern boundary of the Presidio Reservation—not to prevent the boats of a hostile fleet from entering—but as a part of the system adopted for fortifying the harbor of San Francisco.





First Guerland Iourney to the Golden Gate

Point-and where, he says no one has been, there planted a cross to mark the spot where the fort should be built, and at its foot, underground, he placed a notice of what he had seen. Between the Laguna del Presidio and the Punta del Canto Blanco is a mesa-table-land-having an elevation of some three hundred and fifty feet, about a mile in breadth and a trifle more in length, narrowing to the north until it ends in the Cantil Blanco. Font says This mesa presents a most delicious view. From it may be seen a great part of the port and its islands, the mouth of the port, and of the sea, the view reaches beyond the Farallones.2 The señor comandante

designated this mesa for the site of a new town."3

The comandante now turned his attention to the east and southeast part of the peninsula and taking with him Lieutenant Moraga, soon encountered some streams and timber, mostly of oak; the trees being of good thickness but twisted against the ground on account of the northwest winds prevalent on the coast. About three quarters of a league from camp, he came upon a little lake of good water, known to the San Francisco pioneers as Fresh Pond, or Washerwomen's Lagoon. Continuing along the eastern shore of the bay he found a large lake into which flowed a good stream or spring-ojo de agua-which appeared as if it might be permanent in the dryest season, and the land about it was fertile and promised abundant reward for cultivation. He returned to camp about five o'clock, much pleased with his day's examination.

The next morning, Friday, March 29, Anza packed the baggage and sent it by the road of his coming with orders to await him at the Arroyo de San Mateo, and taking with him his padre capellan and an escort of five soldiers, went to complete his examination of the southeast part of the peninsula and of the lake, to which he gave the name of Laguna de Manantial. He also examined the stream-ojo de agua-which Font speaks of as a beautiful rivulet, and because the day was the Friday of Sorrows-Viernes de Dolores, Good Friday-he named it the Arroyo de los Delores. Thus originated a name that became the official designation of a very large and thickly settled section of the city of San Francisco-the Mission Dolores

"The Farallon Islands, about twenty-five miles off the coast. "Captain Benjamin Morrell, who visited the port in May, 1825, says "The town of San Francisco stands on a table-land about three hundred and fifty feet above the sea, on a peninsula five miles in width, on the south side of the entrance to the bay, about two miles to the east of the outer entrance, and one-fourth of a mile from the shore. (Morrell's Narrative, N. Y., 1853.) This settlement at the Presidio was abandoned after 1835-6, when the Americans and other foreigners began to build their trading houses and residences at Yerba Buena. It was not on the mesa, but on the lower and more sheltered ground of the Presidio.

'The fort was built on the point designated by Anza. The Punta del Cantil Blanco was a bold jutting promontory of hard serpentine rock, about one hundred feet above high water. The fort was a formidable affair of adobe, horse shoe in shape and pierced with fourteen embrasures. It was one hundred and thirty-five feet long, by one hundred and five feet wide. The parapet was ten feet thick. In the middle of the fort was the barracks for the artillerymen. Eleven brass nine pounders were sent from San Blas, but I believe only eight of them were mounted. The fort stood on the extreme point of the rock which on the west was sheer to the water. It was on the extreme point of the fock which on the west was since to the water. It was finished in 1794 and cost \$6,500. In 1796 it had a garrison of a corporal and six artillerymen. It was named Castillo de San Joaquin and was variously called by that name, the "Castillo," and "Fort Blanco." In 1853-4, the fort was razed and the rock cut down to the water to form the site of the present fort. Winfield Scott. One of the ancient guns now serving as a fending-post at the sally port of Fort Winfield Scott bears the date of 1673, and the legend: Governando los Señores de la Real Audiencia de Lima-The Governing Lords of the Royal Council of Lima.

serenity.

Route of Colonel Auza from His Own Diary



ENGRAVING OF THE GOLDEN GATE IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1852 Original from Bartlett's Narratives showing Cantil Blanco and the Spanish Fort

—shortened in the vernacular to the "Mission." Anza found here all the requirements for a mission; fertile land for cultivation, unequalled in goodness and abundance, and with water, fuel, timber suitable for building, and stone, nothing was wanting. Anza, a quiet, self-contained man, speaks with enthusiasm of the site for the new town and mission he had done so much to establish. The fort, he said, shall be built where the entrance to the port is narrowest and where he set up the cross, the town on the mesa behind it and the mission in this quiet, beautiful valley, sufficiently near the fort to be under its protection, but far enough away to insure its peaceful serenity.

Having settled these details, Anza proceeded across the peninsula to examine the Laguna de la Merced,⁵ which is situated near the ocean shore in the southwestern part of the city, thence he turned into the Cañada de San Andres, through which he traveled its entire length of some six and one-half leagues and gives an account of the abundance of suitable timber for building; speaking particularly of the redwood—palo colorado—oak, poplar, willow and other trees, and of the facility with which the lumber could be gotten out. He also suggested that a second mission could also be established in this cañada which would serve as a stopping place—escala—between Monterey and San Francisco.⁶ In the cañada an enormous bear came out on the road against them and they succeeded in killing it. At 6:15, after dark, he reached his camp on the Arroyo de San Mateo.

⁵Laguna de la Merced (Lake of Mercy) was named by Captain Bruno Hecate of the *fragata* "Santiago," September 24, 1775. For many years it formed the chief water supply for San Francisco.





First Overland Inurvey to the Golden Gate

On the following morning, March 31st, they proceeded to cut off the head of (descabezar—to get around the head of) the estero, as they designated the Bay of San Francisco. From the Arroyo de San Mateo they kept to the road of their coming until they reached the Arroyo de San Francisco —San Francisquito Creek—then leaving the road, they passed around the head of the bay and came to a large arroyo or moderate river, which, after some difficulty in finding a ford, they crossed and camped for the night. Anza gave the name of Rio de Guadalupe to the stream and said it had abundant and good timber, and lands that would support a large population.7 The next morning the march was resumed and crossing with some difficulty the Coyote River, they traveled northward for seven leagues and camped on the San Leandro Creek, named by Fages in 1772, Arroyo de la Harina, and by Crespi, Arroyo de San Salvadore. They passed six rancherias, the people of which, unaccustomed to seeing white men, fled in terror. Auza endeavored to pacify them and gave presents of food and trinkets to all who would approach him. The Indians, unlike those he had met in coming up the coast, wore their hair long and tied up on top of the head. Three leagues of travel the next morning brought the exploradores to the site of the University of California at Berkeley, "a point opposite the disemboguement of the estero commonly called San Francisco," and they gazed out through the Golden Gate to the broad Pacific beyond. Anza noted his opinion that the estero was not five leagues broad as had been stated, but scarcely four. Proceeding on their journey they climbed over the treeless hills and crossed the deep arroyos of Contra Costa and camped for the night very close to the "disemboguement of the Rio de San Francisco into the port of that name." Font gives a very good description of San Pablo Bay—Bahia Redonda—and speculates if the large cove and stretch of water, which, from a high hill he could see away to the west, one quarter northwest did not communicate with the port of Bodega, discovered six months before by Lieutenant Juan Francisco de Bodega v Cuadra. What Font saw was Petaluma Creek. The camp that night was on Rodeo Creek, about two and one-half miles from Carquines Strait. On the following day, April 2, 1776, the command proceeded a short distance up the strait and halted to take the latitude of the place, to observe the condition of the "river" and to measure its breadth and depth. Both Anza and Font were doubtful if it were a river at all as there appeared to be no current and there was no evidence of freshets in the shape of driftwood and rubbish thrown up on its banks. They both tasted the weater and found it brackish, though not so salty as the sea. They record their observation of the sun as giving the latitude 38° 51/4′. Resuming the march in the afternoon, they found the so-called river begin to widen out until it took on the appearance of

The Cañada de San Andres was named by Portolá, Cañada de San Francisco, and it was from the heights as he crossed into it that he first beheld the hay of San Francisco. On November 30, 1774, it received from Rivera the name Cañada de San Andres, which it still retains. It formed part of the Buri Buri and Las Pulgas grants and now belongs to the Spring Valley Water Company and contains the water company's principal reservoirs.

The royal order for the establishment of a presidio and two missions on the Bay of San Francisco also included a pueblo in the vicinity under the jurisdiction of the presidio. The site selected was on the Rio de Guadalupe. Under the orders of Governor Neve, Lieutenant Moraga took nine soldiers, skilled in agriculture from the presidios of San Francisco and Montercy, five settlers—pobladores—and one servant, numbering with their families seventy-cight persons, and with them founded, on November 29, 1777, the pueblo of San Jose de Guadalupe, the first pueblo established in California.



Suisun Bay.

Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



OLD ENGRAVING OF THE MISSION OF MONTEREY IN CALIFORNIA IN 1792

a laguna rather than that of a river,8 then turning somewhat to the south to avoid the marshes they camped for the night on the bank of an arroyo of wholesome water that had been named by Fages, Arroyo de Santa Angela de Fulgino, now known as Walnut Creek. The next morning they crossed the valley of Santa Angela de Fulgino in a northwest direction and entering Willow Pass, surmounted a hill, from the top of which they could see how the "river" divided itself into three arms or branches, as described by Don Pedro Fages. Descending the hill they tried to approach the river but were prevented by the marshes. Continuing to the east northeast for two and one-half leagues they came to the river and to a large rancheria of some four hundred Indians who received them with friendly demonstrations and gave them cooked slices of salmon, while Anza reciprocated with the usual presents. Tasting the water of the river they found it quite fresh and were persuaded that what Lieutenant Fages had called the Rio de San Francisco was not a river at all, but a great fresh water sea." They were now on the San Joaquin River.

Don Pedro Fages, fourth governor of California, born in Catalonia, Spain, came to Mexico in 1767 with the First Battalion, Second Regiment, Catalonia Volunteers, in which he held the rank of lieutenant. In the autumn of 1768 he joined the California Expedition by order of Galvez, being appointed gefe de las armas to the expedition, and with twenty-five of his men, sailed for San Diego Bay on the ill-fated San Carlos. While still weak and sick from the scurvy he joined Portolá in his march to Monterey. He also accompanied him on the second expedition in 1770, which founded the presidio and mission of Monterey when he was appointed by Portolá comandante of California. In 1772 he explored the coasts of San Francisco,

Portolá comandante of California. In 1772 he explored the coasts of San Francisco, San Pablo, and Suisun Bay. To the straits of Carquines, Suisun Bay, and San Joaquin River, discovered by Ortega in 1769, he gave the name of Rio de San Francisco. In 1773, Junipero Serra, with whom he had quarreled, procured his recall and he was ordered to join his battalion at Real de Minas de Pachuca, Mexico. On July 12, 1782, he was appointed governor of the Californias, having previously been made a lieutenant-colonel, and reached the capitol. Monterey, the following November.

He was made a colonel in 1789, was retired at his own request in 1791, and died in Mexico in 1796. His wife was Doña Eulalia Calis, whom he married in Catalonia. One child, Maria del Carmen, was born in San Francisco, August 3, 1784.



By A Sterling Ca.der, Los Angeles California



The **Hirst** American

Ye say they all have pass'd away,
That noble race and brave.
That their light canoes have vanish'd
From off the crested wave;
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd,
There rings no hunter's shout;
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out. Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow Like ocean's surge is curl'd; Where strong Niagara's thunders wake The echo of the world; Where red Missouri bringeth Rich tribute from the West, And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their conclike cabins, That cluster'd o'er the vale, Have fled away like withered leaves Before the Autumn's gale:



VICTORY-By E. Berge of Baltimore, Maryland

By American Sculptors

But their memory liveth on your hills Their baptism on your shore; Your everlasting rivers speak Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it Within her lordly crown, And broad Ohio bears it 'Mid all her young renown; Connecticut hath wreathed it Where her quiet foliage waves, And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse Through all her ancient caves.

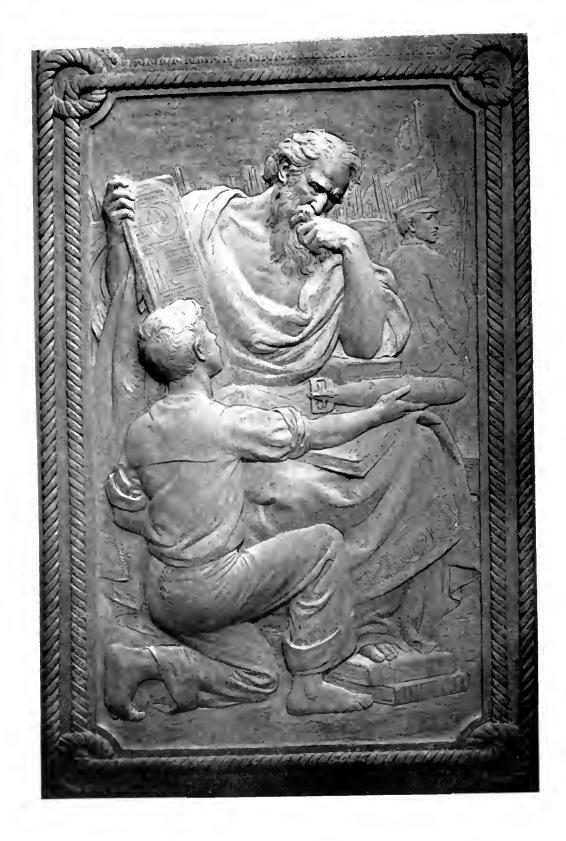
Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust:
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.
—Lydia Huntley Sigourney

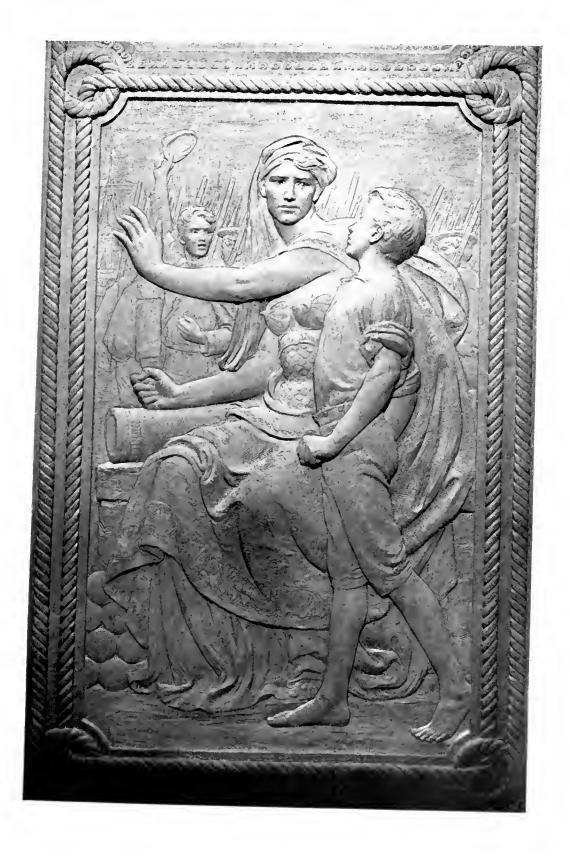


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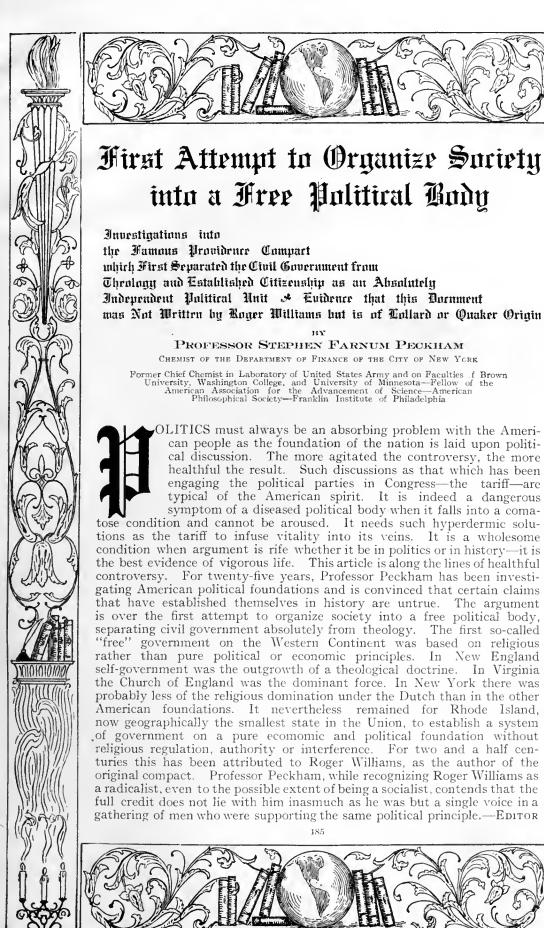


Bas-relief on Parkman Monument









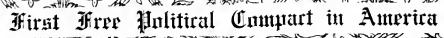












HEN I was a boy, brought up within sight of the steeple of St. John's Church, Providence, I received the impression from various sources, that the liberties we enjoy in Rhode Island were bestowed by Roger Williams and confirmed by George Washington. When old enough to comprehend the meaning of religious liberty, I gained a further impression that liberty of conscience was unknown before Roger

Williams discovered or invented it, and, that Rhode Island was a land consecrated from the dawn of its existence in a peculiar manner, to freedom of conscience, whose cradle was guarded and rocked and whose infancy was shielded by Roger Williams, until a hero had stepped forth to bring a world to bow at his feet. Therefore the debt the world owed to Roger Williams, and the debt that Rhode Island in particular owed to him was beyond all repaying, and an aureole invested his name like that of a patron saint.

About twenty-five years ago, I was stimulated to seek to discover from whom I came. In doing this I discovered evidence which brings historical truths into better proportion. As it is so intimately concerned with my own family researches, it will be necessary for me to enter into somewhat personal records to prove the claim which I have already intimated. I traced the Peckhams back to John Peckham who settled in Newport in 1638. I have since learned that he came of an Anglo-Saxon family settled in Kent and Sussex shortly before the Norman Conquest. On this side he was a Baptist associated with John Clarke and his brothers. John Peckham's first wife was their sister, Mary Clarke. I found that my line of Peckhams from John Peckham's oldest son, John, became Quakers and married for three generations the descendants of Governor John Coggeshall, through his son Joshua and his daughter Waite, who married Daniel Gould. They were all Quakers. Through John Coggeshall and his associates I went back to the founding of Portsmouth and the Portsmouth Compact and to the 57 who were disarmed, disfranchised and banished from Boston in 1638.

My Grandmother Peckham was a Wardwell, and through her I went back through the first settlers of Bristol, again to the 57 who were disarmed and to John Howland of the Mayflower. These people were all Congregationalists, not one Quaker or Baptist among them.

My mother was a birthright Quaker. from Farnums, Congdons. Laphams and Scotts. Through the Farnums of Uxbridge, Mass., I went back to the Sanfords of Hartford and the Gaskells of Mendon, all Quakers. The Laphams were all Quakers from the original John Lapham of Providence. The Scotts went back to Richard Scott, the first signer of the Providence Compact and the first Rhode Island Quaker. His wife was Catharine Marbury, a sister of Ann (Marbury) Hutchinson. She was whipped in a Boston jail, by John Endicott, because she was a Quaker. Her son, John Scott, married the daughter of John and Sarah Browne of Swansea—old Swansea—that was burned by the Indians in Philip's War, the site of which is now in the southeast corner of East Providence. This family of Brownes were of John Myles' Baptist congregation.

The Quakers and Baptists, before they came to New England, would have been classed together in Old England as Lollards or Wyckliffites, and would have been persecuted alike by any of the dominant sects who held political power there.





Investigations into American Foundations

While eraving the pardon of this audience for so much that is personal, I beg to remind you that these researches that were at first personal soon led me into bye paths of history that at length became more interesting and general in their scope than any personal consideration. Further investigation led me to fix my attention upon certain facts that focus upon the Providence Compact.

The printed "Early Records of the Town of Providence," on the first page of the first volume of which this remarkable instrument appears, led to a very careful examination of these volumes as they came out.

Two sources of information, that may appear to have a very remote connection with this subject really brought many very important considerations to bear upon the origin and purpose of this document. These were—first, the "History of Religion in England," by Sharon Turner, published by Longmans in 1815, and—second. "Antinomianism in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," edited by Charles Francis Adams, and published by the Prince Society in 1894. The first shows that the Lollards were a power in England centuries before Wyckliffe, the second shows in what manner those holding the doctrines of the Lollards were driven from Boston to Rhode Island.

Under the Providence Compact, the first attempt was made to organize human society into a political unit absolutely free from theology. That it is a Lollard document I shall now proceed to show; it reads as follows:

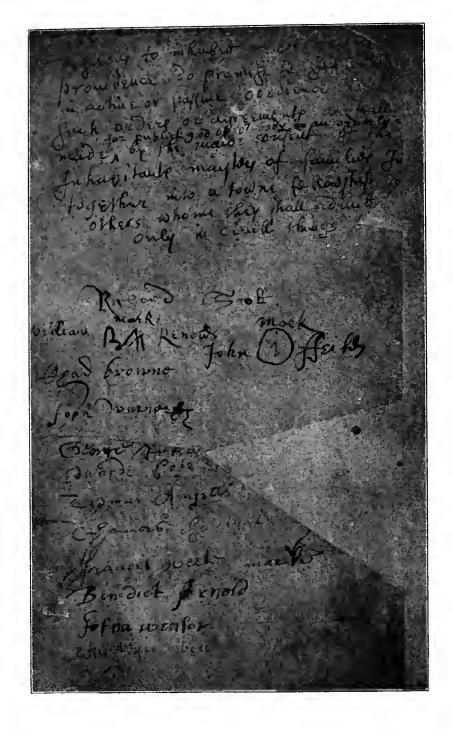
"We whose names are hereunder desirous to inhabit in ye town of providence do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for publick good of our body in an orderly way by the major consent of the present inhabitants, maisters of families incorporated together into a town fellowship and others whom they shall admit unto them only in civill thinges."

I have for a long time possessed a full sized photograph of the compact, which I highly prize, as it so emphatically contradicts so much of the productions of vivid imaginations concerning the original. The photograph shows that the compact was originally written on a loose sheet of paper about ten and one-half inches long and four and one-half inches wide; that this paper was folded and carried in some ones pocket until the corners were worn off, and then, after being trimmed was pasted into the book where it now is, yellow and stained with its weight of years. All of the descriptions that relate that it was written in a book with blank leaves for additional signatures are pure imagination, as are all of the deductions drawn from such descriptions. The reduced faesimiles, published on various occasions are worthless to convey any adequate impression of the thing itself.

As before stated this Compact is found on the first page of the first volume of the printed records of the town of Providence. In volume fifteen at page 67 is printed a letter, the original of which in the autograph of Sir Henry Vanc is found in the Town Records. Neither the Compact nor the letter are reproduced by photo-engraving in the printed records; yet the Commissioners saw fit to reproduce twelve pages of Roger Williams' autograph much of which has very little intrinsic value. The multiplicity of examples furnished the most complete evidence as to the identity of Roger Williams' autograph, which was filled with peculiarities of the strongest individuality.







ORIGINAL DOCUMENT WHICH CREATED THE FIRST POLITICAL GOVERNMENT IN THE NEW WORLD FREE FROM THEOCRATIC PRINCIPLES

Investigations into American Foundations

The first signer of the Compact was Richard Scott, whose signature is plainly in the hand of the instrument itself. In the same hand are also written the signatures of William Reynolds and John Field, who made their marks. Then follow Chad Browne, John Warner and George Rickard. These six signatures with the body of the Compact are written with an ink that has been well preserved. Then follow with an ink that has faded, Edward Cope, Thomas Angell's mark, Thomas Harris, Francis Week's mark, Benedict Arnold, Joshua Winsor and William Wickenden. These men were all among those who came either before or with or immediately after Roger Williams. Their names are in the earliest transactions recorded in the town records. John Warner became identified with the Warwick party. Edward Cope was a kinsman of Richard Scott's wife and died about 1646, leaving no heirs. It is a singular coincidence that the Copes of Philadelphia are and have been Quakers from colonial times. All of the other signers were identified with the activities of Providence from the beginning until after Philip's war. Benedict Arnold removed to Newport and became one of the most noted of the colonial governors: Chad Browne and William Wickenden both became pastors of the First Baptist church of Providence. Among the descendants of nearly all of them in the 18th and 19th centuries were found many of the prominent Quakers of the state. There must have been a reason why the men who signed that Compact were afterwards members of the Society of Friends or whose descendants became Friends; for, the doctrines of the followers of George Fox embrace certain sublime ideals, and one of those ideals the complete separation of church and state—is the corner-stone of the Compact. It was also a cardinal doctrine of the Lollards from an unknown date to the 17th century.

Let us examine the Compact closer. The phrase "we whose names are hereunder" is the common phrase of the period and is not confined to Rhode Island. "Desirous to inhabit in the town of Providence," does not reasonably signify that the signers did not then inhabit therein, for their names are on the earliest of the town records; and, being already there, they desired to remain there, under certain conditions to be named. "Do promise to subject ourselves in active or passive obedience to all such orders or agreemnts as shall be made for publick good of our body in an orderly way by the major consent of the present inhabitants," is latent in all the legislative acts of the town for many years from its foundation, also in Roger Williams' deed, the Combination of 1640 and the Charter of There is nothing about this language peculiar to this Compact. It is probable that it represents the consensus of opinion that was abroad among the immediate companions of Roger Williams and the others associated with him. It might have been first proposed by any one of several of the companions of Roger Williams or by Roger Williams him-"Maisters of families incorporated into a town fellowship and others whom they shall admit unto them." This clause is also latent in Roger Williams' deed, the Combination and the Charter of 1643. Unlike the preceding clause it is peculiar to these documents and indicates that the signers wished to restrict those who might enjoy the privileges of citizenship to those whom the majority might select as best fitted to share with them the responsibilities of the government. It is true that in May, 1637, Roger Williams wrote to Deputy Governor Winthrop a letter in which he embodied the same ideas in nearly the same language, and it may be that these

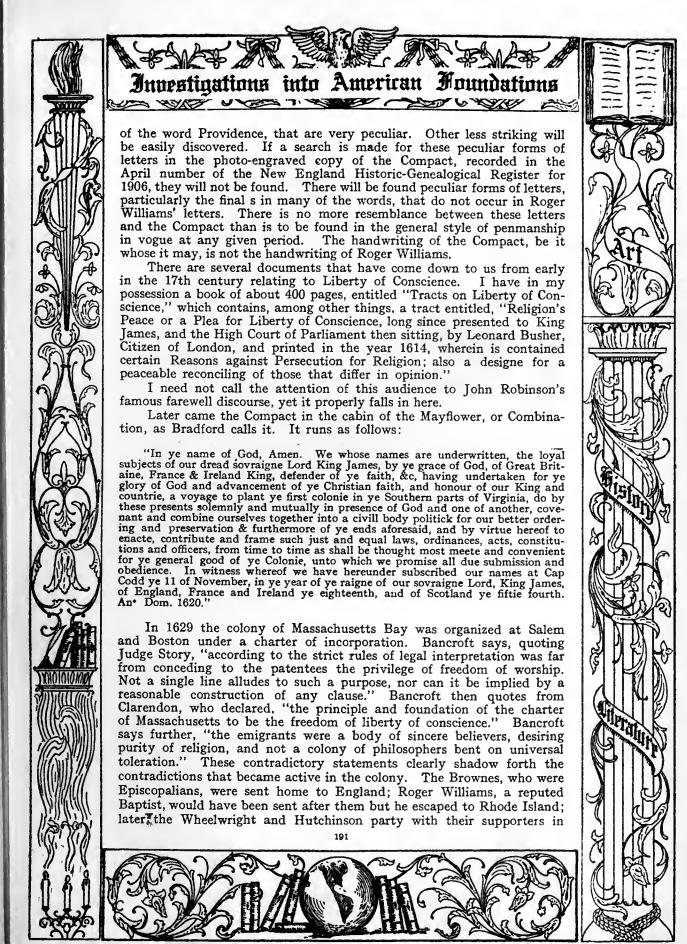




Free Political Compact in America ideas that were then abroad were expressed in language that was original with Roger Williams, but not necessarily so, for Roger Williams was an educated man who wrote a very peculiar and elegant hand and he must have been an artist in making quill pens, for no man could write the hand he wrote who was not. If, however, Roger Williams was the originator of those phrases, he would not have been likely if he wrote the compact, to have forgotten a part of the phrase and have been obliged to interline the forgotten words, as was done by whoever wrote it. Very much more likely would another person have made such a mistake who was trying to use words original with Roger Williams in order to secure his signature and support to the Compact, and which it was intended should embody an idea not yet promulgated by Williams. Roger Williams was not the only man among those who came earliest who was a penman, acquainted with books and who possessed a smattering knowledge of law. The letter which Richard Scott wrote to George Fox, which was published by Fox in his "A New England Fire Brand Quenched," shows Scott to be just as familiar with the use of good English as Roger Williams. The inventory of the estate of William Harris shows that he could not have been ignorant of the rudiments of law. Nine of the thirteen who signed the Compact used his own autograph and eight of them also signed the Combination, with the four who used their marks. Of Roger Williams and the twelve grantees under his deed, nine signed the Combination and all but Richard Waterman used his autograph. These facts show conclusively, for that place and period, that Roger Williams was by no means an educated man alone among a company of uneducated men, but, on the contrary that he was an educated man among his peers. They represent the political atmosphere of Old England with her generations of freemen, transplanted to New England by English freemen. Another element in these problems has been overlooked, viz.: many of these emigrants were junior members of gentle families; they were in the social scale considerably above the average emigrant. The brothers, William and Thomas Arnold and their niece, the wife of William Mann, were from an old Welch family, still represented in South Wales. Richard Scott claimed descent from John

belongs to them. To what I have already written as forming the body of the Compact, there were added four words, which so far as I know are not found in any of Roger Williams' letters or anywhere else. They make the document immortal. These words are "only in civill thinges." Here we have the words that make it worth while to enquire who wrote them. There is no absolute proof that they were written by Richard Scott, for this is the only writing in existence, so far as I know, attributed to his pen. As to Roger Williams the case is entirely different, as there are a large number of examples of his unique and elegant penmanship in the libraries of New England. The printed Records of the Town of Providence have been widely circulated. Any unprejudiced person who examines the twelve photo-engraved pages of Roger Williams' letters in volume XV of those records will discover certain peculiar forms of letters, particularly the letter P, which occurs about twenty times as the initial letter

Baliol and his wife and her kinsman Edward Cope, were of a gentle family in Lincolnshire. I presume the others were in the same social scale. It is not necessary in order to bestow upon Roger Williams the honor he deserves to depreciate his associates by conferring upon him the honor which





First Free Political Compact in America

Salem were banished to Exeter and Rhode Island. Still later, through the withdrawal of Hooker and his companions, the town of Hartford was founded. In ten years, under this charter, described as above by Clarendon, the government of the colony had become a theocratic despotism, in the administration of which, law and justice were trampled in the dust under the sway of a fanatical clergy, who returning to the Levitical law forgot that the New Testament had ever been written.

Hooker and his associates drew up in 1639 a Compact that became the fundamental law of the Colony of Connecticut. The Hutchinson party came to Providence in 1638. My friend Reuben Guild once said to me, "the Antinomians came to Providence, but Roger Williams did not want them so he sent them down to Portsmouth." Be that as it may, the Hutchinson party signed the Compact which is known as the Portsmouth Compact and runs as follows:

"The 7th day of the first month 1638.

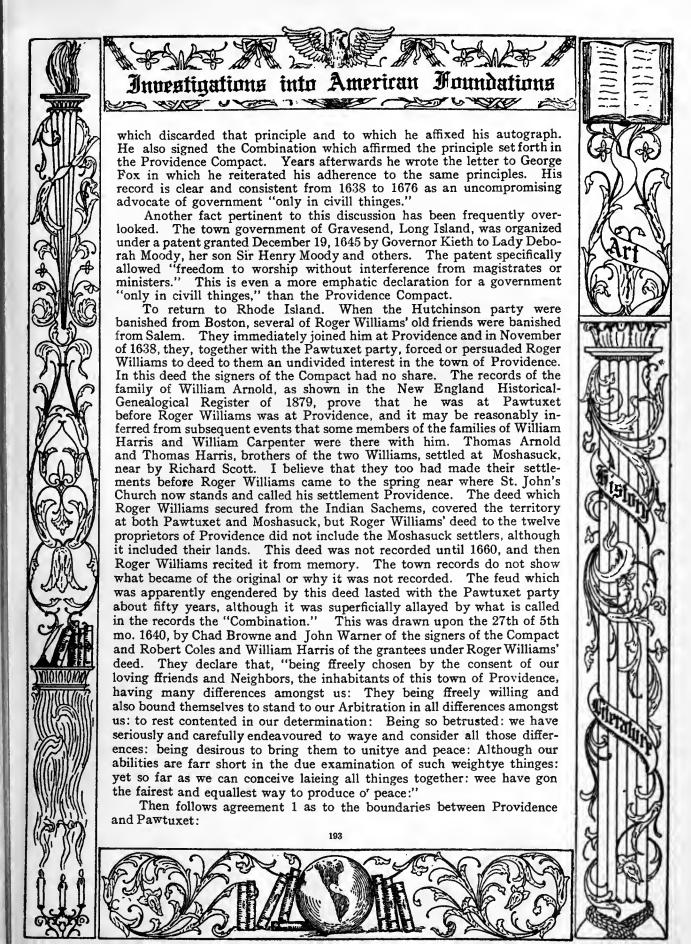
"We whose names are underwritten do here solemnly in the presence of Jehovah incorporate ourselves into a Body Politick and as He shall help, will submit our persons, lives and estates unto our Lord Jesus Christ the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, and to all those perfect and most absolute laws of His Holy word of truth to be guided and judged thereby." "Exodus XXIV, 3&4; 2 Chron. XI. 3; 2 Kings XI. 17."

The idea of this compact is a pure theocracy.

Winthrop's colony of Massachusetts Bay was a very respectable company. They were just as orthodox as they chose to be, and they expected everybody else to be like themselves, exercising toleration for just as much dissent as they chose and no more. To indulge any more imperiled a man's soul. So, when the ship Griffin arrived in 1634, with about as heterodox a crowd as ever sailed the main, the Winthrop party was shocked, both theologically and politically, to its very foundations. For, when the Lollard element, which had been steadily increasing with each fresh arrival, became strong enough to elect Sir Henry Vane governor of the Massachusetts Bay in spite of Winthrop, something had got to be done, and it was done with the help of the clergy headed by the Reverend John Wilson. Vane was defeated for a third election and in disgust returned to England. The imprudence of Wheelwright was a godsend to Winthrop. The Wyckliffites who formed the party supporting Ann Hutchinson were disarmed, disfranchised and banished without a pretext of law or justice, and Ann Hutchinson was vilified and abused with a bigotry, that, it has been well said, finds no parallel outside the annals of the Spanish Inquisition. I know of no story among civilized, Christian gentlemen that equals in brutality Winthrop's story of her trial. If any one thinks my language too strong, let him read the terrific arraignment of Massachusetts 17th Century theology in Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter.

Richard Scott was present at the trial of his sister-in-law and with John Coggeshall and William Coddington vainly protested against the injustice of her condemnation. He was never banished from Massachusetts. He must have been at Moshasuck when the 57 were disarmed or his name would have been in the list. It is evident that he was not with the Hutchinson party that went to Portsmouth. He must have separated from Coggeshall and Coddington who signed the theocratic Portsmouth Compact while he was obtaining signatures to the Providence Compact,







Virst Free Political Compact in America

Then agreement 2: That in the town of Providence 5 men be chosen "to be Betrusted: with desposall of Landes: and also the Towne stock: and Gennerall thinges:"

Then agreement 3: The details of a method of government by arbitration.

Then agreements 4, 5 and 6: Further details.

Then agreement 7, "That the Towne by the ffive men shall give every man a deed of all his Landes lieing within the boundes of the plantation to hold it by for after ages."

Then agreements 8, 9 and 10 give details as to calling town meetings. Then argeements 11 and 12, direct that all "Townesmen" shall pay as

they are received 30s. into the Towne stock.

This unique instrument closes thus: "These being those thinges which we have Gennerally Concluded on for o' peace we desiring o' Loving friends to receive as o' absolute determination Laieing o' selves down as

subjects to it."

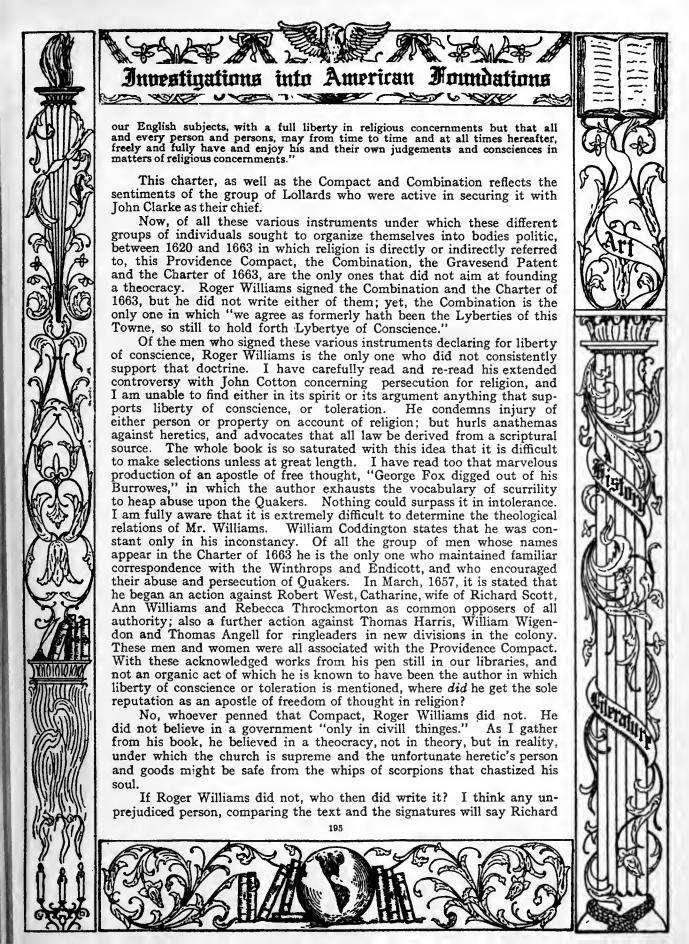
The Combination was not recorded until March 28, 1662. It was dated "Providence this 27th of the 5th Month in the Yeare so called 1640." It was an echo of the Compact, and was an attempt to organize a civil government without magistrates, through arbitration. The document was signed by twelve of the thirteen who signed the Compact, by Roger Williams and eight of the twelve grantees under his deed and by eighteen others, including two women. They were the earliest inhabitants of Providence, Pawtuxet and Moshasuck. Externally matters were quieted, and all of the signers from that time on became prominent citizens of the town of Providence, acquiesing in the requirements and agreements of the Combination which became the fundamental law of the town. The personal feuds, however, lasted until the death of the principal actors. The Combination will be found on the 2 page of vol. XX. of the Early Records of the town of Providence.

Some time after the signing of the Combination, Roger Williams went to England. He returned in 1643 with a royal charter for the colony, a copy of which will be found at page 7, vol. XV. of the Early Records of the town. This charter provides that the Rhode Island colony shall choose such officers as it sees fit, to make such laws "as be conformable to ye Lawes of England." There is not a word in the charter that refers in any manner to religion, and liberty of conscience is not mentioned.

The Charter of 1643 did not prove permanently acceptable to the four towns that then formed the Rhode Island Colony and after some years of continued differences the four towns united in sending to England John Clarke, a Baptist Lollard, to secure a royal charter more acceptable in its provisions. After more than ten years of diplomacy and entreaty he returned with a charter which was granted by the humble petition of our trusted and well beloved subject John Clarke on the behalf of Benjamin Arnold and twenty-two others of whom Roger Williams was one, they representing the four towns of Portsmouth, Newport, Warwick and Providence. Half of these, including Roger Williams, had been banished from Massachusetts, and the others would have been had they not gone directly to Rhode Island. This charter recites:

"And whereas, in their humble address, they had freely declared, that it is much on their hearts (if they may be permitted) to hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil state may stand and be best maintained, and that among







Kirst Free Political Compact in America

Scott wrote it. I have tested the opinions of a number of persons, using the photograph for the purpose with one uniform result to that effect.

There are other reasons for supposing that he wrote it. The Hutchinson party were Lollards or Wyckliffites. I have here neither time nor space to prove by a comparison of the doctrines of that sect or body of believers with those professed by the major portion of the Rhode Island settlers. Yet, any one who will investigate the subject can easily prove This relation accounts for the bitterness with which they were persecuted. The Lollards had been present as a residuum of dissent in England for a thousand years. The men had been hanged and the women sewed into sacks and drowned by Catholics, Presbyterians, Puritans and Congregationalists, for centuries before 1600. The first and last martyr burned in England was a Baptist Lollard. All manner of opprobrium was heaped upon them. They had no rights that orthodox Christians were bound to respect; yet, they increased until at one time half the population were said to be Lollards. It was but a step for a Baptist Lollard to reject all sacraments and become a Quaker. The complete separation of church and state was one of their cardinal doctrines, hence many of them were the determined foes of theocracy. They be-

lieved in a government "only in civill thinges." Richard Scott had been to Boston and had witnessed at the trial of Ann Hutchinson the despotic brutality of which a theocracy is capable. I believe he returned to Providence with his soul on fire to mould the nascent forces of the infant commonwealth in such manner as to make a repetition of that scene impossible. He caught the familiar phrase of Roger Williams and added the crucial words "only in civill thinges." He secured the signatures of twelve men besides himself, Roger Williams and the other believers in theocracy refusing to sign it. He carried it in his pocket until it was nearly worn out, when it was at length placed among the town papers and at last pasted into its present place, as I believe, by John Whipple, Jr., who was the first Town Clerk of Providence worthy

of the name.

However repulsive and unchristian the fanatical zeal of Winthrop and his colleagues may appear when judged by present standards, it must not be forgotten that there is much to admire in the austere virtue and devotion to convictions of duty exhibited by those men. lived in a superstitious age when witches and specters were abroad. The name Anabaptist filled them with dread. Lawless and unreasoning as their treatment of the Antinomians was, it was merciful when compared with the treatment they had received in England for centuries before.

Another curious phenomenon is observed in the manner in which Rhode Island has singled out Roger Williams from the group of his associates and lavished all her praise on him, leaving his companions to be forgotten. Why are the fifty-seven banished from Boston, the four from Salem, the three from Dorchester and Nicholas Easton from Newbury never mentioned? They all suffered for conscience sake. Some of them came to Providence, others went to Newport. Four of them became governors of the colony and nearly all of them were active for fifty years in moulding the institutions of the state. John Clarke, not Roger Williams, secured the charter of 1663, which finally made possible a government for the colony "only in civill thinges." Let his name be remembered gratefully.



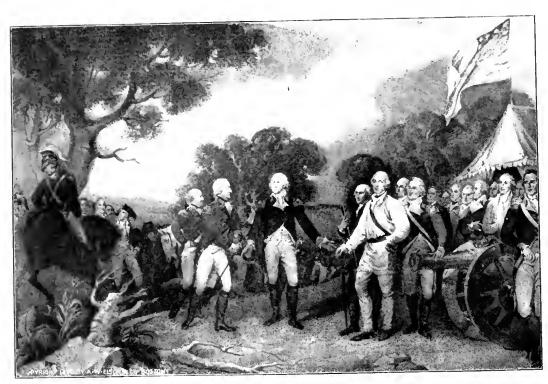
SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS AT YORKTOWN, October 19, 1781-Painting by John Trumbull

Great Paintings in American History

Historic events produce their masters in art as well as military or political strategy. The American Revolution found in John Trumbull, a boy patriot, its historical painter. Trumbull fought in the ranks and felt the spirit of liberty. But twenty years of age when the Declaration of Independence was written, and having been graduated from Harvard only three years before, he answered the "call to arms" and offered his life as well as his abilities to his country. The youth who had studied art in Boston, went to England in 1780 to study under the master, West, but was imprisoned on a charge of treason and forced to leave the country. Subsequently he returned to England and became a pupil of the master. It was in 1786 that he produced his first American historical painting, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," which was soon followed by "The Death of Montgomery before Quebec." These paintings, imbued with the spirit of Americanism, brought him close to the hearts of the American people, and in 1817 the Congress of the United States commissioned Trumbull to paint four great canvasses for the rotunda of the national capitol at Washington, namely, "The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," "The Resignation of Washington at Annapolis" and the "Surrender of Cornwallis." The American historical painter contributed many years of his life to this work, and at the time of his death at eighty-seven years of age, left many canvasses, including portraits and copies from old masters, fifty-four of which are now treasured in the art galleries at Yale University. Trumbull's birthplace was in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756. He died in New York, November 10, 1843



DEATH OF GENERAL MONTGOMERY BEFORE QUEBEC-Painting by John Trumbull



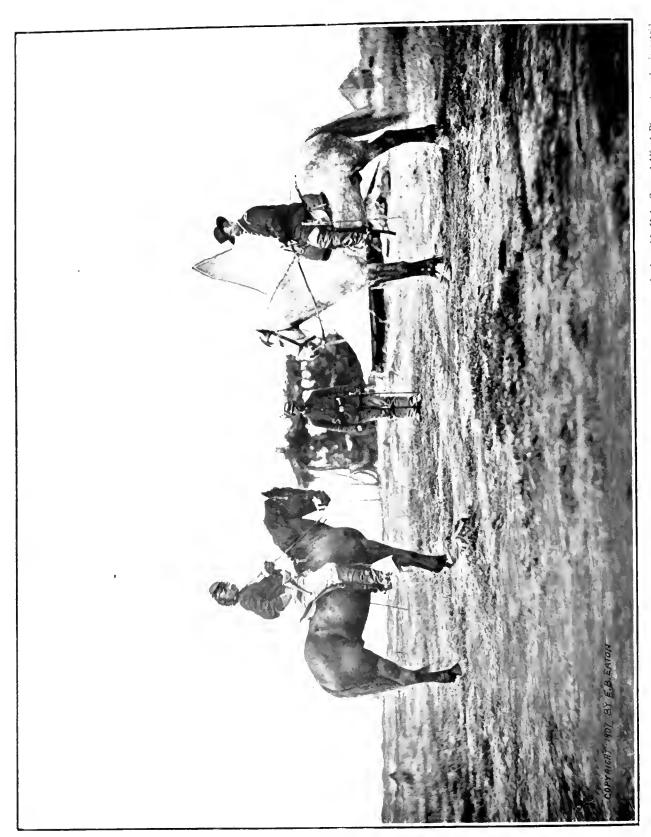
SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE AT SARATOGA-Painting by John Trumbull



BATTLE AT PRINCETON—Painting by John Trumbull



BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL-Painting by John Trumbull



Original Negative talem at Brandy Station, Virginia, in 1863, while Captain George A. Custer, on his black war horse, was conferring with Major General Alfred Pleasonton who is astride a gray charger—Now in the \$150,000 Collection of 7,000 original negatives taken under the Protection of the Secret Service during the Civil War, owned by Edward Bailey Eaton





Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren on Battlefield of Saratoga

Remarkable Narrative of One of the "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the Morld" Written on the Battlefield by a Captain in the American Revolution. Transcribed from the Jared Sparks Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Tibrary at Harvard University

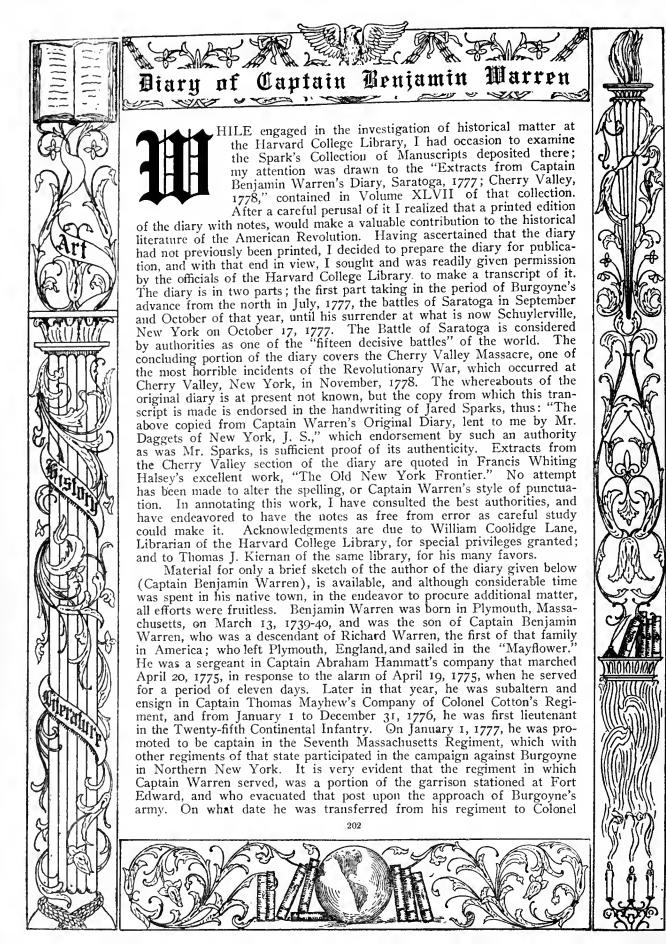
DAVID E. ALEXANDER
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

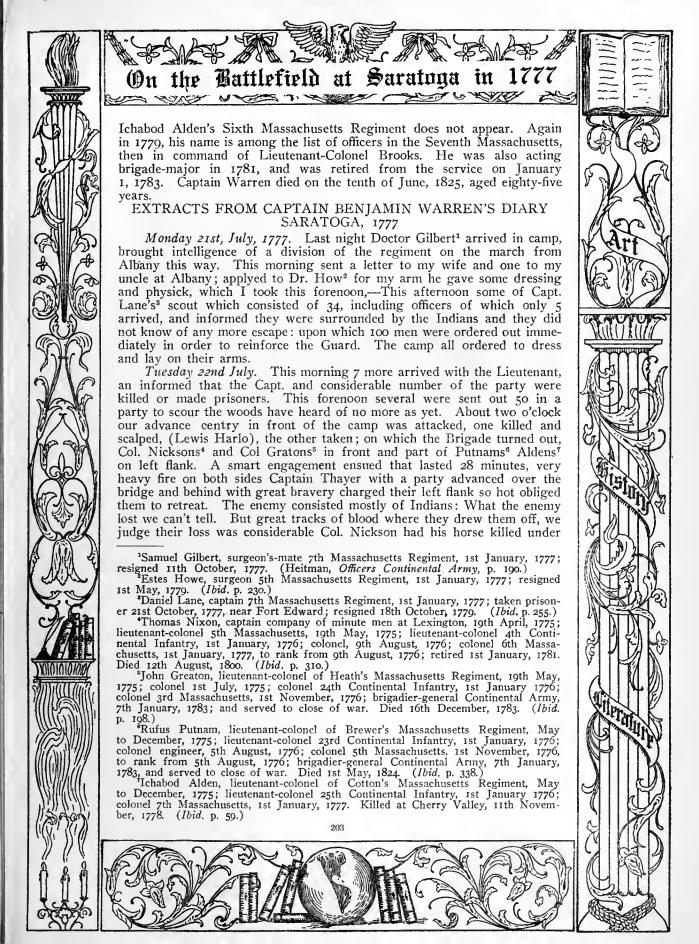
HIS is the remarkable narrative of a soldier's experiences in one of "fifteen decisive battles of the world." It is one of those secret documents that remain apparently lost for many years only to appear in later generations to bear testimony to the foundations upon which the republic is built. It is another evidence that the true story of the American people has never been told. America has been so engrossed in the building of a great nation that it has had little time to even gather the testimonies of the men who have done, and are doing, the building. One by one they lay down their lives on the altar of civilization. Thousands of documents, in the form of diaries and journals, bearing witness to truths that may never be known except through them, are scattered throughout the United States in the private possession of descendants of the early American families. Since the inauguration of The Journal of American HISTORY thousands of these documents have been brought to light, many of which have been recorded in these pages, but most of which are deposited in the libraries and the historical associations. Correspondence to the extent of nearly sixty thousand letters inquiring for diaries, journals and all documents left by the early Americans, has been conducted by THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY during the last three years. Such organizations as the American Historical Association, and the societies throughout the states, are doing an invaluable service to the American people. The Government recognizes its obligation to preserve its "historical materials as among the surest means of maintaining an intelligent national patriotism," and since 1890 has expended nearly three million dollars (\$2,875,183) in printing documentary texts, calendars of manuscripts, and other historical volumes, an average of \$159,737 per annum. The most extensive and costly historical enterprise ever carried through by any government is the official records of the Civil War in 128 volumes at a cost computed at \$2,858,000. This great work is, however, necessarily confined to congressional, diplomatic and state department records, and cannot include private records of individuals such as that of Captain Benjamin Warren, written on the battlefield at Saratoga in 1777, and now deposited in the library at Harvard University.—EDITOR













nf Captain Benjamin Warren

him. We had eight killed and fifteen wounded on our side. At eight o'clock we had orders to remove down to our encampment on the height above fort Edward;8 arrived their about eleven o'clock P. M., their we made fires, laid down on the ground, without victuals or anything to cover us.

Wednesday 23rd. This morning drew provision orders for the men to cook immediately and be ready for a march. Every thing of value carryed down and burnt and destroyed. In afternoon was joined by a division of our regiment consisting of 100 men four miles below fort Edward at a place called mount Pleasant though wrongly named

Thursday 24th. This day about nine o'clock we heard a number of guns: sent out to know the cause: found a Lieutenant named Sewyer9 of Col. Bradford¹⁰ and a sergeant killed and scalpt. Their was two others with them that escaped. On which a scout of two hundred men were sent out to scour the woods, but could discover none of them.

Friday 25th. This morning Col. Putnam's regiment came in, that was left at fort Edward, and Major Whiting with a party of pickets, was sent to fort Edward. They11 came so near our encampment that the century fired on them.

Saturday 26th. This morning came an express informing Major Whiting¹² was attacked. A reinforcement was immediately sent off and Gen. Larnard18 with 500 men went round to come of the backs of them. But it rained hard and prevented this design. On their return, we learnt that an advance guard of twenty men from Major Whiting being posted on a

Fort Edward was erected in 1755, during the French and Indian, or "Seven Years' War." It stood at the junction of Fort Edward Creek and the Hudson River, also known as the "Great Carrying Place," in the present village of Fort Edward. The fort was constructed under the supervision of Major-General Phineas Lyman, who, with six thousand troops were collected at this point awaiting the arrival of Sir William Johnson, commander-in-chief of an expedition against Ticonderoga and Crown Point. This was named Fort Lyman, as a compliment to General Lyman. It was about six hundred feet long, and three hundred feet wide, the ramparts of earth and logs, were about seventeen feet high, and ten or twelve feet thick at the top, and surrounded by a deep ditch. The fort was garrisoned by six hundred men, and mounted six cannon. Several years later the name was changed to Fort Edward, in honor of Edward, Duke of York. The English abandoned the to Fort Edward, in honor of Edward, Duke of York. The English abandoned the fort in 1774. At the beginning of the American Revolution, Fort Edward was strengthened and heavily garrisoned by American troops. Upon the approach of Burgoyne in 1777, the fort was evacuated by General Schuyler, and was not again occupied by the Americans until after the surrender of Burgoyne's Army. (N. Y. Col. Doc's. Vol. VIII, p. 45; Vol. X, p. 332; Stone, Campaign of Gen. Burgoyne, p. 339, et seq; Dwight's Travels in N. Y. and N. E., Vol III, p. 234.)

*Jonathan Sawyer, 2nd lieutenant of Whitcomb's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; 1st lieutenant 18th Continental Infantry, 1st January to December, 1776; 1st lieutenant 14th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777. He was killed a few miles below Fort Edward, July 19, 1777. (Heitman, Officers Continental

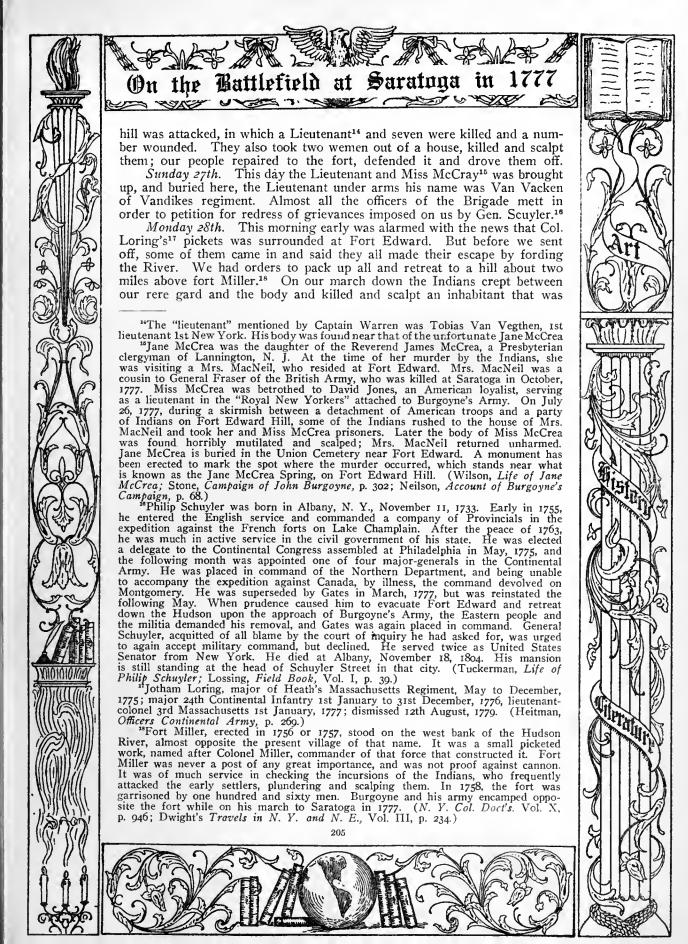
killed a few miles below Fort Edward, July 19, 1777. (Heitman, Officers Continental

Army, p. 357.)
Gamaliel Bradford, colonel 14th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; retired 1st January, 1781. Died 9th January, 1807. (Ibid. p. 95.)
"The enemy.

¹²Daniel Whiting, captain of Brewer's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; captain 6th Continental Infantry, 1776; major 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; lieutenant-colonel 6th Massachusetts, 29th September, 1778; retired 1st Janu-

ary 1781. (Ibid. p. 342.)
"Ebenezer Learned, colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, 19th May to December, 1775; colonel 3rd Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army, 2nd April, 1777; resigned 24th March, 1778. Died 1st April, 1801. (Ibid. p. 259.)







of Captain Benjamin Warren

watching his pigs. Set out large gard and —— here this night.

Tuesday 29th. This day our fatigue party from the brigade was employed felling trees cleaning encampment, when the Indians crawled up, shot one of our sentrys through the neck: Same day killed and scalped a serjant.

Wednesday 30th. This day hove up a brestwork of loggs round our encampment. General orders to decamp immediately and march for fort Miller immediately. The Indians to the number of four hundred attack our rear on both sides the river. Our rear guards were soon reinforced and repulsed them. Together with our field pieces played on them to retreat; in which scurmage Gen. Arnold's aid de camp was shot through the neck and one man killed on the spot, is all the loss I hear of on our side. Began our march again and got into fort Miller in the night, hove down a tent on the ground and lodged there; slept well.

Thursday 31st. This morning at gun-firing turned out; drew provision for men: set them cooking, being twenty four hours since we eat anything. Before we had it cooked, ordered on our march again for saratoga; pushed on, forded white Creek then then the main river; at four o'clock P. M. arrived at a plat of ground below Scuyler's creek, Saratoga, where our brigade and Gen. Larnards' pitched together with a train of Artillery. Dirty, hungry weary and wet; lodged in our wet clothes. Slept pretty well.

August Friday 1st. This morning at reveille beating turned out, washed, took a kick in the stomach attended prayers;—went up and viewed Gen. Glover's10 brigade who arrived from Albany last night consisting of 1,200 men clean and tidy.

Saturday 2nd. This day we heard the enemy killed and scalpt two men. Last night about eleven o'clock the York regiment marched down the river, and about twelve o'clock the brigade paraded without arms to raft down

boards and baggage from here.

Saturday 3rd. This morning all the troops on the ground had orders to pack up their baggage for march; about eight o'clock was alarmed that the enemy ambushed and fired on our scout, killed and wounded about twenty or thirty. On which a detachment was sent out: wounded Lieutenant Gray²⁰ who commanded the party; our party returned,—the Indians fled; one was prisoner among the Indians. In the afternoon, began our march; it rained exceeding hard, impeded our march till 5 o'clock; marched and arrived at still water21 at 14 miles by 12 o'clock at night. Our tents and baggage on rafts, obliged us to camp down on the wet ground and still rainy with nothing to cover most of us but the heavens.

Monday 4th. This morning, drew provision and got something to eat by 10 o'clock, none having eat anything since yesterday's breakfast. Immediately after breakfast was alarmed that a body of the enemy was nigh, but none appeared. Learnt that two men were killed last night, bringing down rafts. In the afternoon, the encampment was laid out for the whole army; pitched our tents and cleaned our arms.

the effects of wounds received near Saratoga, 3rd August, 1777.

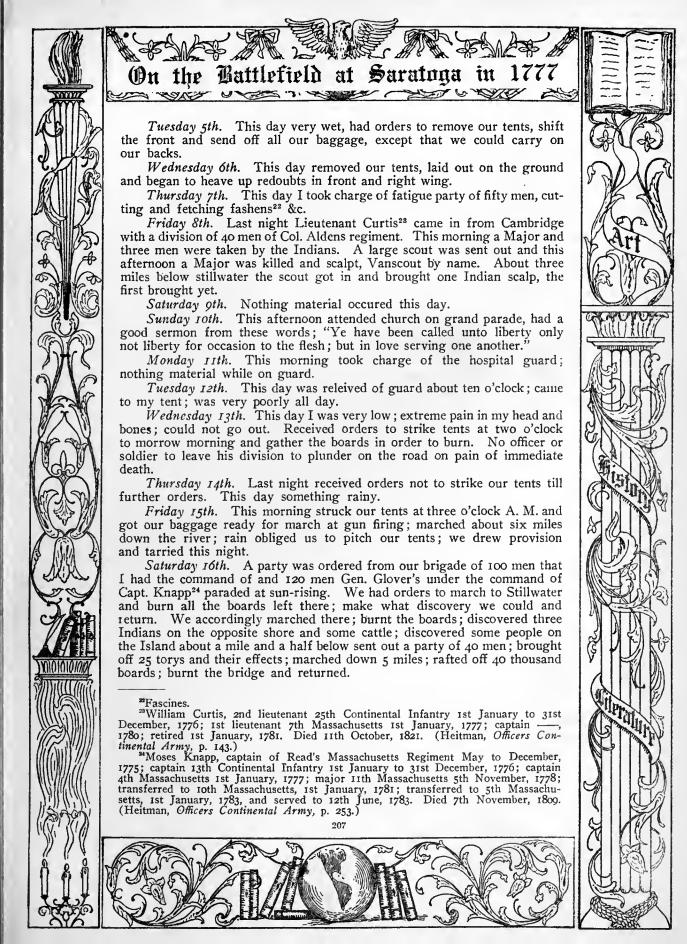
"Stillwater, situated on the west bank of the Hudson River, about twenty-two miles north of Albany.

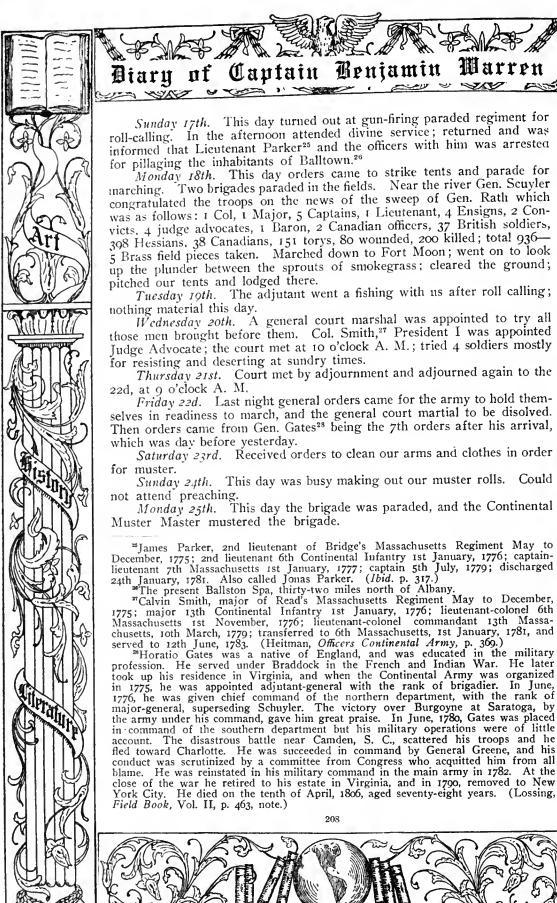


[&]quot;John Glover, colonel of a Massachusetts regiment 19th May to December, 1775; colonel 14th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; brigadier-general Continental Army, 21st February, 1777; retired 22nd July, 1782. Died 30th January, 1797.

⁽Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 192.)

Hugh Gray, 1st lieutenant 10th Massachusetts 6th November, 1776. Died from





of Captain Benjamin Warren

roll-calling. In the afternoon attended divine service; returned and was informed that Lieutenant Parker25 and the officers with him was arrested

Monday 18th. This day orders came to strike tents and parade for marching. Two brigades paraded in the fields. Near the river Gen. Scuyler congratulated the troops on the news of the sweep of Gen. Rath which was as follows: 1 Col, 1 Major, 5 Captains, 1 Lieutenant, 4 Ensigns, 2 Convicts. 4 judge advocates, 1 Baron, 2 Canadian officers, 37 British soldiers, 398 Hessians, 38 Canadians, 151 torys, 80 wounded, 200 killed; total 936-5 Brass field pieces taken. Marched down to Fort Moon; went on to look up the plunder between the sprouts of smokegrass; cleared the ground;

Wednesday 20th. A general court marshal was appointed to try all those men brought before them. Col. Smith,27 President I was appointed Judge Advocate; the court met at 10 o'clock A. M.; tried 4 soldiers mostly

Friday 22d. Last night general orders came for the army to hold themselves in readiness to march, and the general court martial to be disolved. Then orders came from Gen. Gates²⁸ being the 7th orders after his arrival,

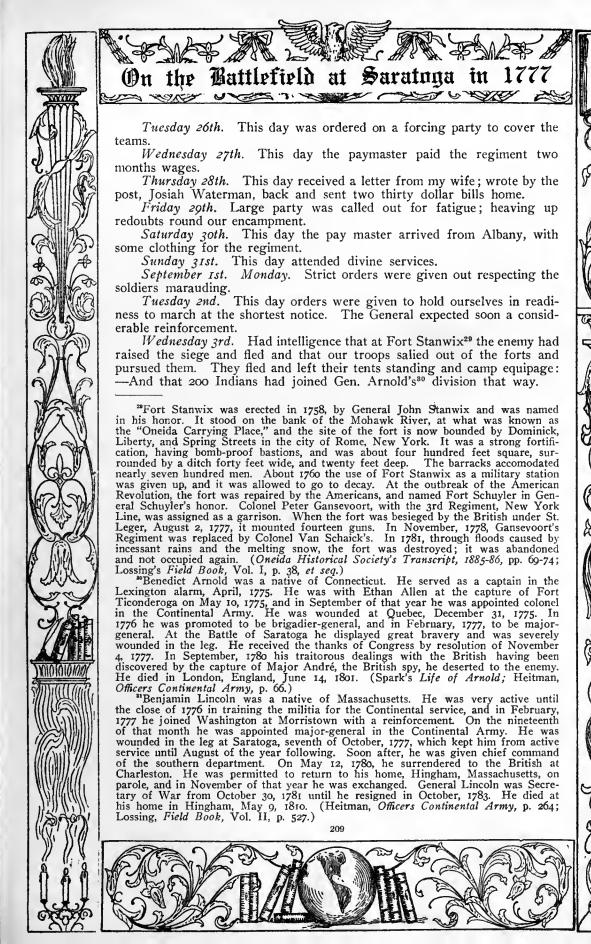
Saturday 23rd. Received orders to clean our arms and clothes in order

Sunday 24th. This day was busy making out our muster rolls. Could

Monday 25th. This day the brigade was paraded, and the Continental

²⁵James Parker, 2nd lieutenant of Bridge's Massachusetts Regiment May to December, 1775; 2nd lieutenant 6th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; captain-

in 1775, he was appointed adjutant-general with the rank of brigadier. In June, 1776, he was given chief command of the northern department, with the rank of major-general, superseding Schuyler. The victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga, by the army under his command, gave him great praise. In June, 1780, Gates was placed in command of the southern department but his military operations were of little account. The disastrous battle near Camden, S. C., scattered his troops and he fled toward Charlotte. He was succeeded in command by General Greene, and his conduct was scrutinized by a committee from Congress who acquitted him from all blame. He was reinstated in his military command in the main army in 1782. At the close of the war he retired to his estate in Virginia, and in 1790, removed to New York City. He died on the tenth of April, 1806, aged seventy-eight years. (Lossing,





nf Captain Benjamin Warren

Friday 5th. Received intelligence that Gen. Lincoln³¹ had six or eight thousand men marched to Fort Ann⁸² and Skenesborough.⁸⁸

Saturday 6th. Preparation was made for a march.

Sunday 7th. Attended divine service in the evening; received orders to strike our tents at four o'clock to morrow morning and march at gun-firing.

Monday 8th. We accordingly struck our tents and loaded our baggage at gun-firing; marched and forded the Sprouts; marched eight miles and pitched our tents.

Tuesday 9th. At gun-firing struck our tents and marched for still water; arrived there at 9 o'clock A. M. drew provisions and tarried there; was informed Gen Burgoin's34 principle force was at Saratoga and that Gen. Lincoln had got Fort Ann and Skenesborough in possession.

Wednesday 10th. This day Col. Baldwin³⁵ with his carpenters built a floating bridge across the river, so that they drove over a great number of cattle and sheep from the other side upon it before night. This bridge was a rod wide and fifty six rods long.

Thursday 11th. Fatigue men were employed heaving up works, as we were to tarry there; received orders at night to march to morrow morning at sunrise.

Friday 12th. Marched at sun-rise towards saratoga three miles on a grand eminence not far from the river; was joined by Gen. Arnold's division, so that we had at least nine thousand men.

Saturday 13th. Scouts that went out to spy the enemys encampment,

*Fort Ann was built by the English in 1757, during the French and Indian War. It stood at the junction of Halfway Creek and Mud Creek, near the present village of Fort Anne, New York. It was a small stockaded fortress and never was the scene of Port Anne, New York. It was a small stockaded fortress and never was the scene of any fierce hostility. On July 8, 1777, after an engagement near the fort between a party of British and a detachment of Americans under Colonel Long, the fort was set on fire by that officer on his retreat to Fort Edward. (Stone, History Washington County, New York, p. 145; Lossing, Field Book, Vol. I, p. 139.)

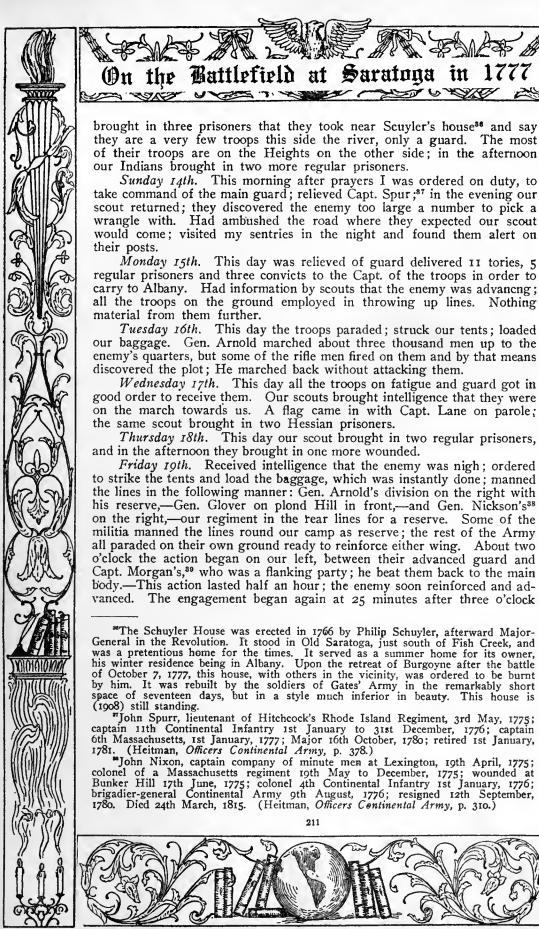
The present Whitehall, New York, situated at the lower end of Lake Champlain, seventy-eight miles north of Albany. There was an American garrison stationed here during the Revolution, and the vessels commanded by Arnold in the action on the lake below. Crown Point, were constructed and partially armed here. The British

the lake below Crown Point, were constructed and partially armed here. The British encamped at Skenesborough for several weeks while on the march to Saratoga. Major Skene, after whom the place was named, was made prisoner at the surrender of Burgoyne's Army.

"John Burgoyne entered the army at an early age. In 1762 he served in Portugal with the English Army in the defense of that kingdom against the Spaniards, in which he greatly distinguished himself. After his return to England, he became a privy councillor and was elected to a seat in Parliament. He came to America in 1775 and was in Boston at the time of the Battle of Bunker Hill. The same year he was sent to Canada, but early in 1776 returned to England. In the spring of 1777, he was appointed to the command of the Northern British Army in America. After some successes, he was captured with all his army in October, 1777. He was sent to Cambridge, Massachusetts as a prisoner of war, and after some delay was allowed to return to England. From the conclusion of peace, until his death, he devoted his time to pleasure and literary pursuits. He died of an attack of gout, August 4, 1792. (Lossing, Field Book, Vol. I, p. 37, note; Fonblanque, Life of John

**Burgoyne.)

**Sjeduthan Baldwin, captain-assistant-engineer Continental Army, 16th March, 1776; colonel-engineer 3rd September, 1776; retired 26th April 1782; he was also colonel Artillery Artificer Regiment, 3rd September, 1776 to 29th March, 1781. Died 4th June, 1788. (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p 72.)



they are a very few troops this side the river, only a guard. The most of their troops are on the Heights on the other side; in the afternoon

Sunday 14th. This morning after prayers I was ordered on duty, to take command of the main guard; relieved Capt. Spur;87 in the evening our scout returned; they discovered the enemy too large a number to pick a wrangle with. Had ambushed the road where they expected our scout would come; visited my sentries in the night and found them alert on

Monday 15th. This day was relieved of guard delivered 11 tories, 5 regular prisoners and three convicts to the Capt. of the troops in order to carry to Albany. Had information by scouts that the enemy was advancing;

Tuesday 16th. This day the troops paraded; struck our tents; loaded our baggage. Gen. Arnold marched about three thousand men up to the enemy's quarters, but some of the rifle men fired on them and by that means

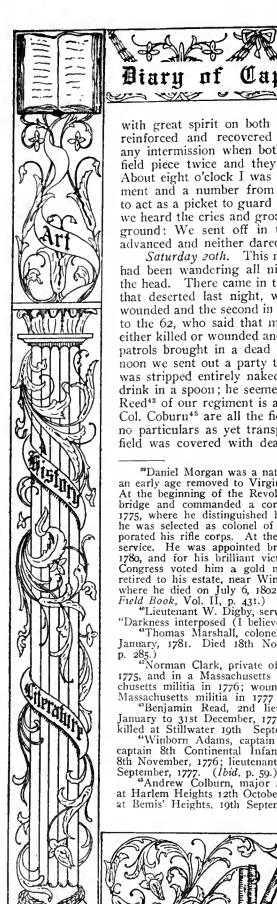
Wednesday 17th. This day all the troops on fatigue and guard got in good order to receive them. Our scouts brought intelligence that they were on the march towards us. A flag came in with Capt. Lane on parole;

Thursday 18th. This day our scout brought in two regular prisoners.

to strike the tents and load the baggage, which was instantly done; manned the lines in the following manner: Gen. Arnold's division on the right with his reserve,—Gen. Glover on plond Hill in front,—and Gen. Nickson's³⁸ on the right,—our regiment in the rear lines for a reserve. Some of the militia manned the lines round our camp as reserve; the rest of the Army all paraded on their own ground ready to reinforce either wing. About two o'clock the action began on our left, between their advanced guard and Capt. Morgan's, 89 who was a flanking party; he beat them back to the main body.—This action lasted half an hour; the enemy soon reinforced and advanced. The engagement began again at 25 minutes after three o'clock

The Schuyler House was erected in 1766 by Philip Schuyler, afterward Major-General in the Revolution. It stood in Old Saratoga, just south of Fish Creek, and was a pretentious home for the times. It served as a summer home for its owner, his winter residence being in Albany. Upon the retreat of Burgoyne after the battle of October 7, 1777, this house, with others in the vicinity, was ordered to be burnt by him. It was rebuilt by the soldiers of Gates' Army in the remarkably short space of seventeen days, but in a style much inferior in beauty. This house is

"John Spurr, lieutenant of Hitchcock's Rhode Island Regiment, 3rd May, 1775;



Captain Benjamin

with great spirit on both sides, we beat them back three times and they reinforced and recovered their ground again, till after sunset without any intermission when both parties retired and left the field:40 we took a field piece twice and they retook it again and carried it off with them. About eight o'clock I was called out with twenty four men from our regiment and a number from the rest to make a hundred from the brigade to act as a picket to guard near where the action was; we were so nigh that we heard the cries and groans of the wounded all night that was left on the ground: We sent off in the night to bring them off, but both guards

advanced and neither dared to take the field.

Saturday 20th. This morning early a wounded man of the militia, who had been wandering all night, came to our guard; he was shot through the head. There came in two men that was taken at night and one regular, that deserted last night, who informed that Gen. Burgoyn was mortally wounded and the second in command killed on the spot; the soldier belonged to the 62, who said that most of their regiment officers and soldiers were either killed or wounded and he thought the safest way to desert to us. Our patrols brought in a dead serjeant of Col. Martial's41 regiment. In afternoon we sent out a party that brought in Capt. Clark42 of the militia, who was stripped entirely naked; he was wounded in the head; they gave him drink in a spoon; he seemed to have some sense though speechless. Lieut. Reed⁴³ of our regiment is among the dead. Col. Adams⁴⁴ of Hamsher and Col. Coburn⁴⁵ are all the field officers that I hear of that are killed, though no particulars as yet transpire. The loss of the enemy is very great; the field was covered with dead almost for several acres. The hottest battle

³⁹Daniel Morgan was a native of New Jersey, where he was born in 1737, and at an early age removed to Virginia. He was a private soldier under Braddock in 1755. At the beginning of the Revolution he joined the army under Washington at Cambridge and commanded a corps of riflemen. He was with Arnold at Quebec in 1775, where he distinguished himself, and was taken prisoner. In November, 1776, he was selected as colonel of the Eleventh Virginia Regiment in which was incorporated his rifle corps. At the Battle of Stillwater, September 19, 1777, he did great service. He was appointed brigadier-general in the Continental Army, October 13, 1780, and for his brilliant victory over Tarleton at the Cowpens January 17, 1781, Congress voted him a gold medal. He served to the close of the war, when he retired to his estate, near Winchester, Virginia. In 1800 he removed to Winchester where he died on July 6, 1802. (Graham, Life of General Daniel Morgan; Lossing,

⁴Lieutenant W. Digby, serving in Burgoyne's Army says in his *Journal*, page 289: "Darkness interposed (I believe fortunately for us) which put an end to the action."
"Thomas Marshall, colonel 10th Massachusetts 6th November, 1776; retired 1st January, 1781. Died 18th November, 1800. (Heitman, Officers Continental Army,

p. 285.)

⁴²Norman Clark, private of a company of minute men at Lexington, 19th April,

Massa-1775, and in a Massachusetts regiment, June to December, 1775; lieutenant Massachusetts militia in 1776; wounded at Harlem Plains, 16th September, 1776; captain Massachusetts militia in 1777 and 1778. (*Ibid.* p. 125.)

**Benjamin Read, 2nd lieutenant and adjutant 13th Continental Infantry 1st

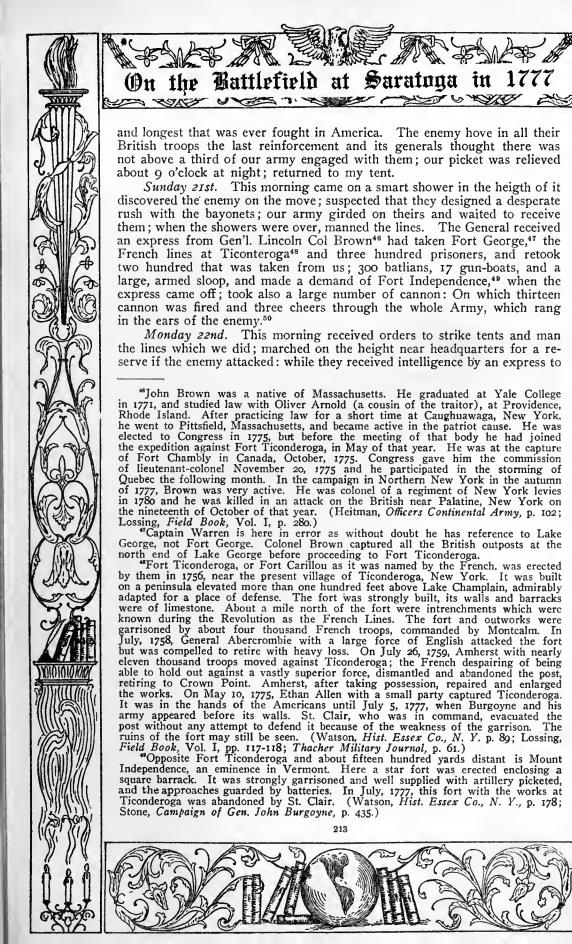
"Winborn Adams, captain 2nd New Hampshire 23rd May to December, 1776; lieutenant 15th January, 1777; captain 8th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; major 2nd New Hampshire 8th November, 1776; lieutenant-colonel 2nd April 1777; killed at Bemis' Heights 19th

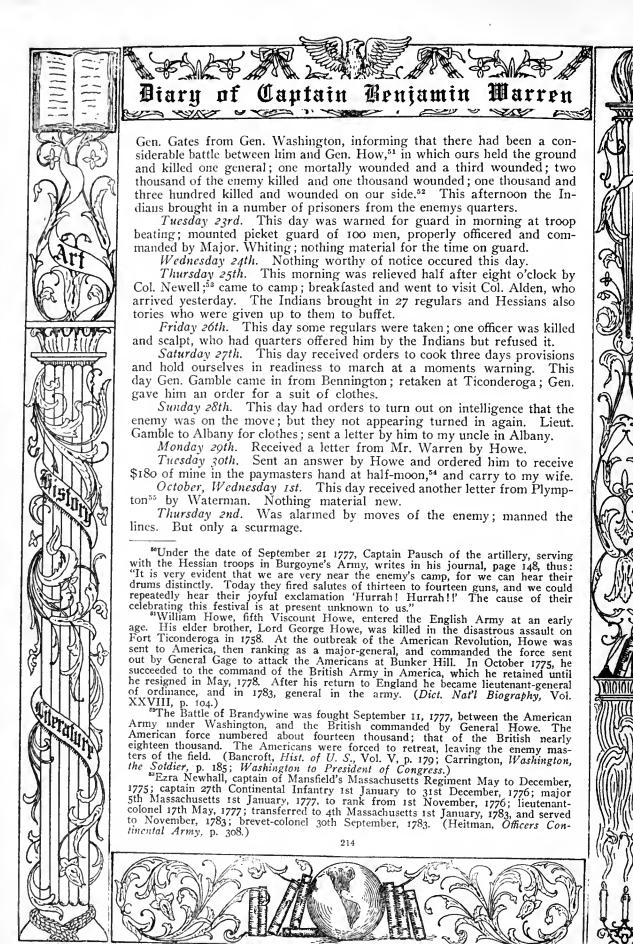
September, 1777. (*Ibid.* p. 59.)

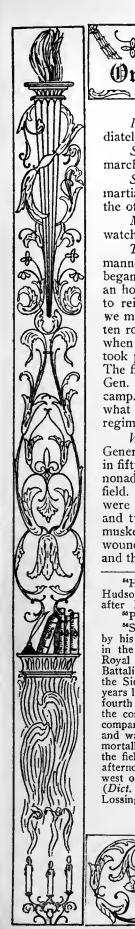
*Andrew Colburn, major 4th Continental Infantry 1st January, 1776; wounded at Harlem Heights 12th October, 1776; died 20th September, 1777, of wounds received

at Bemis' Heights, 19th September, 1777. (Ibid. p. 130.)









Battlefield at Saratoga in

Friday 3rd. Drew three days provision had orders to cook it immediately and be ready to march at a moments warning.

Saturday 4th. A small scurmage between our picket and theirs; marched 700 men on scout up the river.

Sunday 5th. This day I was warned to attend as President of court martial at nine o'clock at my tent tried two; one for selling his clothes and the other for quarrelling and stabbing his messmate with a knife.

Monday 6th. This day discovered enemy on move; sent out scouts to watch them.

Tuesday 7th. This day about 12 o'clock was alarmed; turned out and manned the lines.—waited till half past three o'clock when a cannonade began on our left in the woods; soon after a smart musketry; in about half an hour, the Gen. came up and ordered our regiment to march immediately to reinforce; we marched up just as they retreated into their own lines; we marched up on the right of Col. Morgan's riflemen to their lines within ten rods of a strange fort; fought them boldly for better than half an hour when they gave way; left the fort and fled. Our people marched in and took possession of their cannon and 600 tents, standing with baggage &c. The fire was very hot on both sides. The fields are strowed with the dead. Gen. Fraseir⁵⁶ is amongst the dead; and the devil took Burgoyn's aid de camp. Their loss is by their own confession 1500 killed and wounded; what our loss is I cannot tell, but 17 are killed and wounded in our regiment.

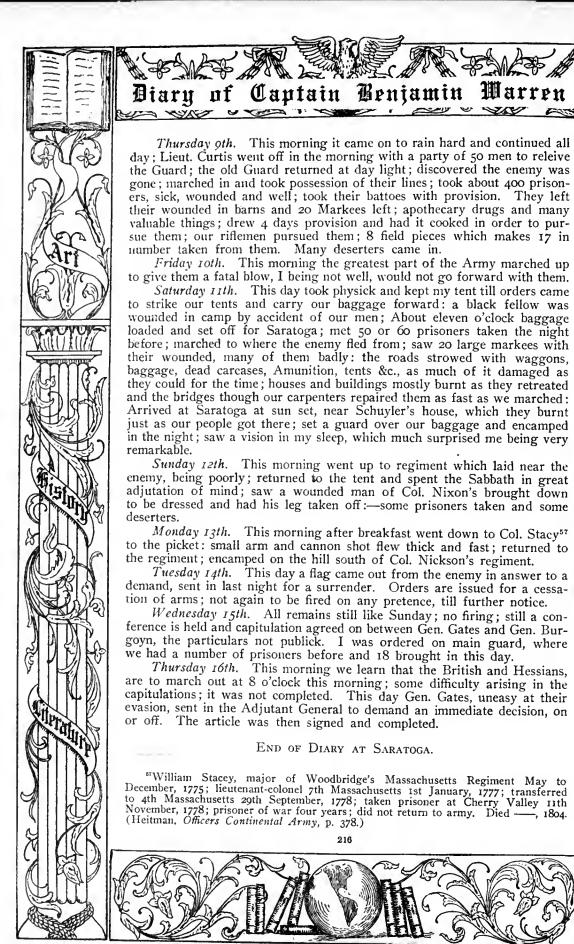
Wednesday 8th. This morning turned out to the alarm posts. The General came and marched us up the road in the low land, till we came within fifty rods of the enemy's lines. Formed on the great height; a smart cannonade ensued on both sides. They being in their, lines, and we in the open field. Their Indians ordered to rip up bridge over the river under which were 60 battoes with provision in them; we brought up our brass sixes and twelves and briskly played on them, which soon drove them off; the musketry from the heights continued till after sun set; we had a man wounded and two killed on the fly and Gen. Lincoln had his leg broke and three more wounded on the heights; this day returned to our quarters.

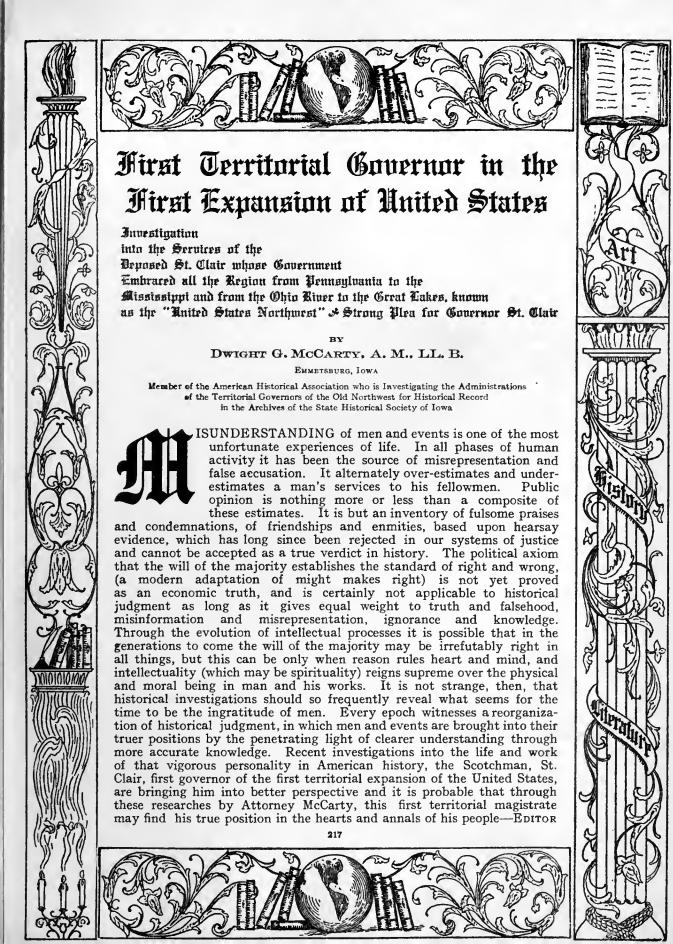
Half-Moon, now Waterford, New York, situated on the west bank of the Hudson River, opposite the upper end of Troy. The early name (Half-Moon) was

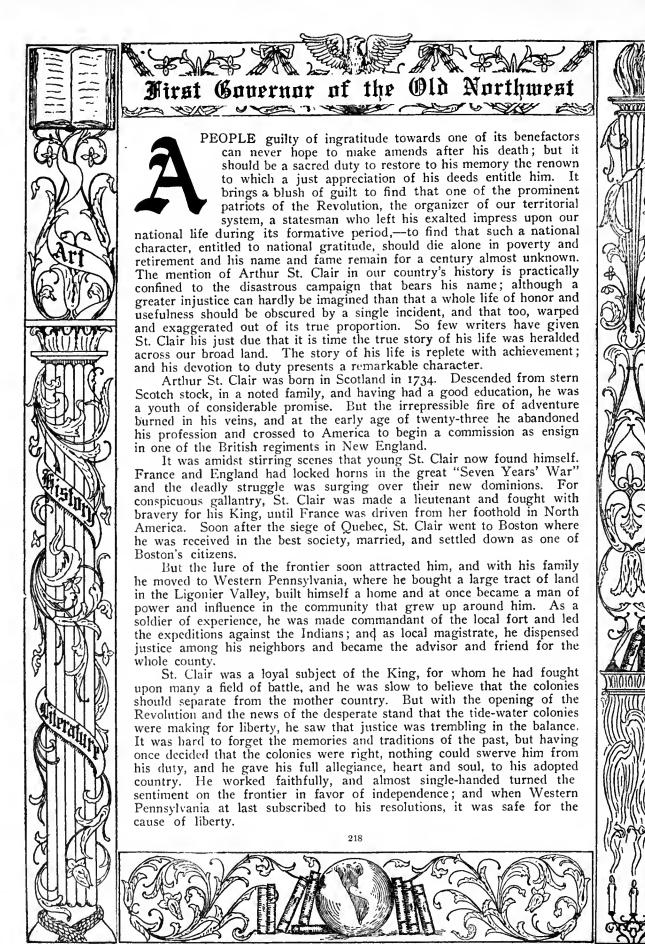
after Henry Hudson's ship.

88 Plympton, Massachusetts.

⁵⁶Simon Fraser was the youngest son of Hugh Fraser of Balnain, Inverness-shire, by his wife, a daughter of Fraser of Forgie. In 1755 he was appointed lieutenant in the Sixty-second Royal Americans, which later became known as the Sixtieth Royal Rifles. In January, 1757, he became captain-lieutenant of the Second Highland Battalion; he was promoted to be captain in 1759. He fought in this battalion at the Siege of Louisburg, Cape Breton, and served under Wolfe at Quebec. Several years later he returned to England. In 1776 he accompanied his regiment (the Twenty-fourth Foot), then holding the rank of colonel, to Canada. He was appointed to the command of a brigade composed of his regiment and the grenadiers and light companies of the army. He was attached to Burgoyne's Army of Invasion in 1777, and was present at the first Battle of Saratoga. In the action of October 7 he fell mortally wounded by a rifleman in Morgan's command. Removed to a house near the field of battle, he expired at about eight o'clock the next morning. Late in the afternoon of that day, he was buried with all the honors of war on top of a hill west of the Hudson within one of the intrenchments known as the "Great Redoubt." (Dict. Nat'l Biog. Vol. XX, p. 222; Fonblanque, Life of John Burgoyne, p. 241., note; Lossing, Field Book, Vol. I, pp. 65-66.)







The Truth About the Deposed St. Clair

The Continental Congress commissioned him to raise a regiment in Pennsylvania, which he did, and marched them to the front, taking an active part in the opening campaigns of the war. St. Clair was close to Washington and took part in the military councils of the Continental Army. Whole hearted in his loyalty, he gave freely of his money and credit to aid the cause. Always in the forefront he fought valiantly and suffered patiently throughout the varied campaigns of that remarkable struggle for independence. And when the war was at last ended, Major-General Arthur St. Clair, though his private fortune was gone, had yet a record for ability and heroism that placed his name among the foremost patriots in our country's history. It is to our Nation's shame that the funds advanced and credit extended during the dark and trying hour of need were never refunded. It is a tardy recompense to record his achievements now.

His compatriots, however, were quick to recognize his worth. In 1786 he was elected a member of the Continental Congress and later was chosen president of that illustrious body. This was a position of power, almost first in prominence in the country that was then just beginning to take the first halting steps that were to lead on towards the fullness of strength in a united nation. Although the Congress as then constituted was fundamentally impotent, and although it has been overshadowed by the more famous constitutional convention, yet it filled an important place in the government of the colonies, and St. Clair's influence was more

extended than is generally recognized.

The most important act of this Congress under the Confederation and one that ranks with the Declaration of Independence in History, was The Ordinance of 1787,—"An ordinance for the government of the territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio." This was an unalterable compact between the original states and the people of the new territory, ordained for the purpose of "extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis whereon these republics, their laws and constitutions, are erected; to fix and establish these principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions, and governments, which forever hereafter shall be formed in the said territory."

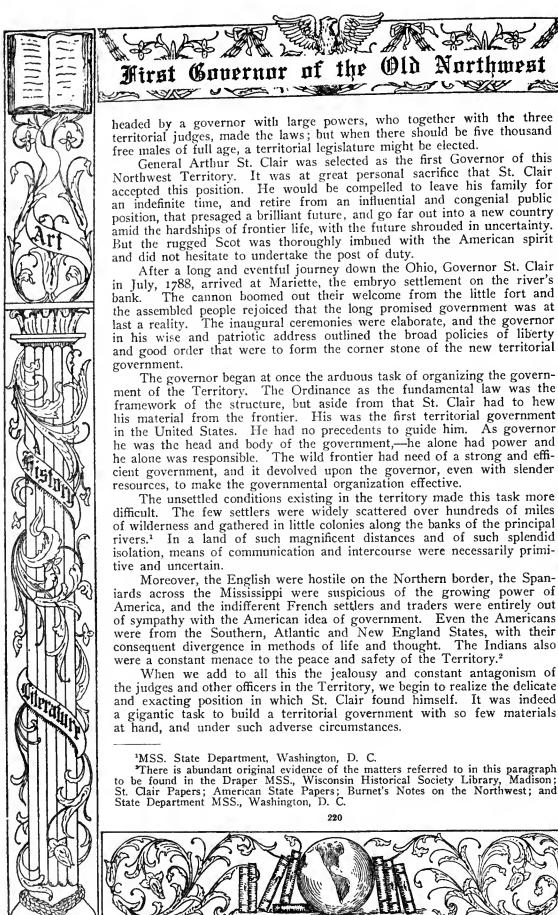
This great enactment was in effect a complete constitution for the Northwest Territory. That territory embraced all the region from Pennsylvania to the Mississippi and from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes; and from it the great states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and

Wisconsin were afterwards formed.

At the time of the passage of the Ordinance, this vast area was practically a wilderness, unrecognized, unappreciated, waiting only for the hand of civilization to develop the marvelous resources upon its fertile plains. This territory had come to us as a result of the conquest of George Rogers Clark, aided by the skillful negotiations of the American Peace Commissioners. The times were ripe for expansion westward and the new domain was waiting to be developed. It therefore, required little argument for the agents of the New England land company known as the "Ohio Company" to present to Congress the need of government for the western country. Congress had tried before unsuccessfully to pass laws for the territory, but here were settlers from New England ready to go west and found their homes if they could be guaranteed a stable government. The result was that the Ordinance of 1787 provided for a government







First Covernor of the Old Northwest

headed by a governor with large powers, who together with the three territorial judges, made the laws; but when there should be five thousand

General Arthur St. Clair was selected as the first Governor of this Northwest Territory. It was at great personal sacrifice that St. Clair accepted this position. He would be compelled to leave his family for an indefinite time, and retire from an influential and congenial public position, that presaged a brilliant future, and go far out into a new country amid the hardships of frontier life, with the future shrouded in uncertainty. But the rugged Scot was thoroughly imbued with the American spirit

in July, 1788, arrived at Mariette, the embryo settlement on the river's The cannon boomed out their welcome from the little fort and the assembled people rejoiced that the long promised government was at last a reality. The inaugural ceremonies were elaborate, and the governor in his wise and patriotic address outlined the broad policies of liberty

The governor began at once the arduous task of organizing the government of the Territory. The Ordinance as the fundamental law was the framework of the structure, but aside from that St. Clair had to hew his material from the frontier. His was the first territorial government in the United States. He had no precedents to guide him. As governor he was the head and body of the government,—he alone had power and he alone was responsible. The wild frontier had need of a strong and efficient government, and it devolved upon the governor, even with slender

The unsettled conditions existing in the territory made this task more difficult. The few settlers were widely scattered over hundreds of miles of wilderness and gathered in little colonies along the banks of the principal rivers.1 In a land of such magnificent distances and of such splendid

Moreover, the English were hostile on the Northern border, the Spaniards across the Mississippi were suspicious of the growing power of America, and the indifferent French settlers and traders were entirely out of sympathy with the American idea of government. Even the Americans were from the Southern, Atlantic and New England States, with their consequent divergence in methods of life and thought. The Indians also were a constant menace to the peace and safety of the Territory.2

When we add to all this the jealousy and constant antagonism of the judges and other officers in the Territory, we begin to realize the delicate and exacting position in which St. Clair found himself. It was indeed

There is abundant original evidence of the matters referred to in this paragraph to be found in the Draper MSS., Wisconsin Historical Society Library, Madison; St. Clair Papers; American State Papers; Burnet's Notes on the Northwest; and State Department MSS., Washington, D. C.





The Truth About the Deposed St. Clair

But St. Clair set resolutely to work. He laid out a county, and appointed justices of the peace, sheriffs, clerks, coroners and the necessary military officers, and thus arranged temporary machinery for the conduct of the government. The Ordinance provided that the Governor and the Judges of the Territory were to make all laws, and it soon appeared that the practical common sense of St. Clair was a needed ballast for the theories of the judges. From the start St. Clair took an active and important place in the law-making branch of the territorial government. No law could be passed without him and a study of the early statutes shows that he exercised his power with moderation and wisdom in spite of the antagonism of the judges. Courts were also established, and the system devised is noteworthy for the simplicity and ease with which it could be used in a frontier community. The local government was further developed by the creation of townships and the necessary local officers.

With this machinery of government in operation, the governor next turned his attention to Indian affairs. He made treaty after treaty, spent time and money in attempting to keep peace between the Indians and the settlers, and was continually vigilant and alert to protect the settlers from Indian depredations and to see that justice was done to the friendly tribes who were not connected with the outrages that stirred the settlements to their very depths. He organized the militia into bands of mounted rangers who gave the greatest measure of protection possible to the scattered settlements. He also personally planned and conducted expeditions against the Indians when their hostility became too marked. St. Clair was one of the first to perceive the baleful influence of the British agents on the northern border, and repeatedly warned the government of the dangers of English presents and English influence upon the Indians.

The governor also assumed a heavy burden in caring for the needy Revolutionary soldiers who had come to the territory in small bands and were wholly unprepared for the rigors of a western winter. He also gave needed assistance to the French in the Wabash and Mississippi settlements. saving many from the want and starvation during severe winters and hard times by his judicious use of government stores and provisions.

This sort of work required arduous trips about the territory. The governor "made repeated journeys from one part of the territory to another, sleeping upon the ground or in an open boat, and living upon coarse and uncertain fare. At one time he travelled in this manner a distance of five thousand miles, without the means of protection against inclement weather, and without rest."

He also spent much time and energy trying to straighten out the almost inexplicable tangle of land titles inherited from the different sovereignties that had controlled the country during the preceding centuries. Even the Americans under Colonel Todd and his successors had made grants of land in the County of Illinois that could not be reconciled with the existing conditions. After a laborious and painstaking investigation, the governor reported to the government that the various titles were irreconcilable and recommended that they be quieted on the basis of actual settlement.⁵ St. Clair was the first to grapple with the land title problem,

^{51791.} American State Papers, Public Lands I, 18-22.



^{*}Chase, Statutes of Ohio. *St. Clair Papers I-192.



irst Covernor of the Old Northwest

but the question was bequeathed to those who followed; and governors, commissioners and legislators in after years, in the later divisions of the Northwest Territory, wore themselves out in a vain endeavor to find a method of equitable adjustment, and finally were compelled to come back to the basis suggested by St. Clair. It is noteworthy that the final disposition was made in accordance with St. Clair's early recommendation6. This is surely an effective tribute to the thoroughness and sound judgment of the first territorial governor.

St. Clair was zealous in this promotion of education, and repeatedly recommended the establishment and maintenance of schools and colleges and vigorously guarded and preserved the land laid out by Congress for educational purposes. He also enforced the clause of the Ordinance against slavery by sternly preventing the importation of slaves into the territory even though this attitude made him many enemies. Indifference would have been easier and more politic, but the rugged integrity of his character prompted the fearless discharge of his duty.

This was thoroughly characteristic. He always hewed to the line of duty and let the chips fall where they might. Indeed, throughout his whole administration he was independent, honest and tireless in his work. He scorned to use his high office for his personal aggrandizement, and resolutely refused to speculate in land. The result was that he retired from office a poor man, while men were making fortunes all around him.

The multitude of administrative details which the large and newly organized territory forced upon him constituted a heavy burden, but the conscientious governor never shirked a single duty nor failed to perform any task that he believed would be for the benefit of the Territory. His voluminous correspondence and reports to the general government⁷ are filled with evidences of solicitude for the Territory and his earnest endeavors to promote its welfare. Instead of being the clannish aristocrat that he is often pictured, St. Clair threw his whole soul into the work of building up the Territory. Jacob Burnet, one of the territorial judges, describes St. Clair as being "plain and simple in his dress and equipage, open and frank in his manners, and accessible to persons of every rank."8

With the weight of the territorial government resting almost wholly upon his own shoulders, it is not strange that the intrepid governor accepted the responsibility, and strong in the consciousness of the rectitude of his intentions, pressed forward without fear or favor towards the goal he sought. It was this strong personality and his fearlessness in doing what he believed to be right, regardless of advice or criticism that caused him to be often misunderstood and tended to incur the enmity of many whose designing schemes were thwarted by the governor's steadfast position. But on the whole the contemporary writings show that he was deservedly popular during the first period of territorial history.

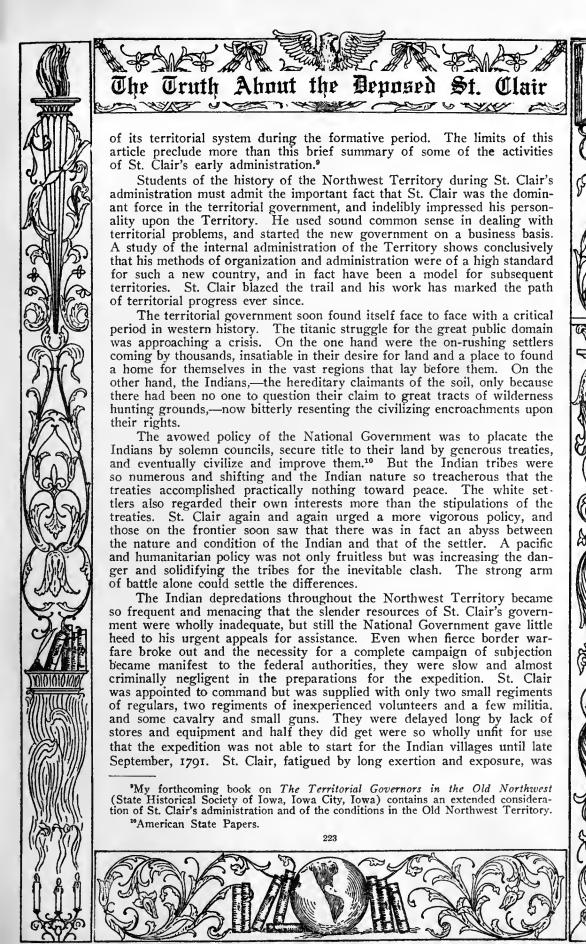
St. Clair gave the best and maturest years of his eventful life in tireless and unselfish devotion to the territory with which his name is so indissolubly associated. If he erred it was on the side of honesty and His acts bear out the picture of the man, and the country was indeed fortunate in having a governor of such attainments at the head

^{&#}x27;St. Clair's Papers, American State Papers, and Department of State MSS. Notes on the Northwest Territory, 375.





^{&#}x27;American State Papers, Public Lands.





First Covernor of the Old Northwest

sick and scarcely able to proceed but continued pluckily, thus throwing much of the command upon subordinate officers. The miserable commissariat caused dissatisfaction, and insubordination and desertion weakened the efficiency of the troops. Racked by pain and worried over incessant troubles and the failures of others, St. Clair was in no condition to command, and his officers appear to have been, with few exceptions, inferior.

Under those circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that these insufficient troops were ambushed and defeated by the Indians in a battle that has gone down in history as "St. Clair's Defeat." St. Clair strove valiantly to turn the tide of battle, riding up and down the lines with his gray hair streaming out from under his cocked hat. Twice his horse was shot out from under him and eight bullets tore through his clothing, fortunately only grazing his skin, but he was powerless against such heavy odds, and the fearful slaughter was only terminated by the savage love of plunder which drew them back to the camp, and saved the fleeing remnants of the army.

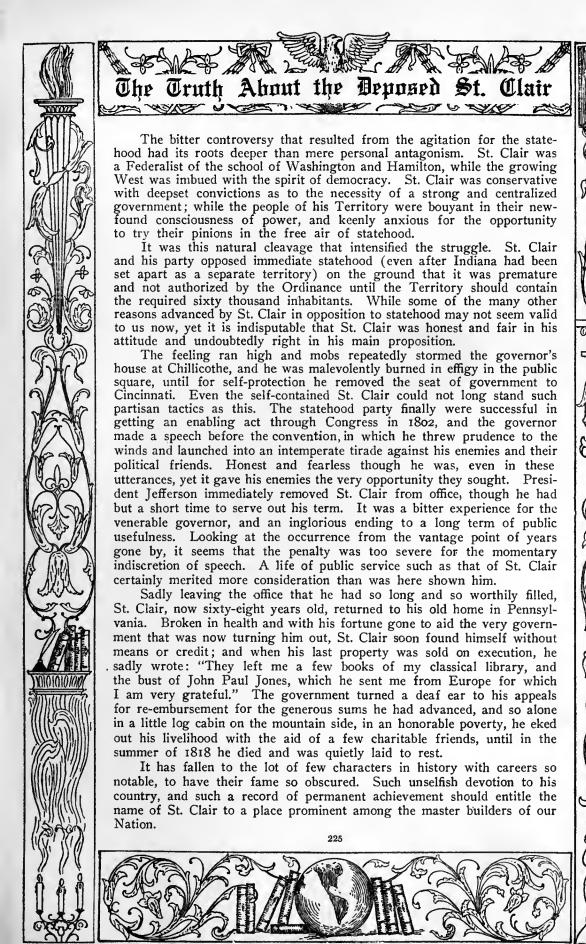
The first torrent of blame and abuse naturally fell upon St. Clair, the commander of the ill-fated expedition; and he was jeered at by the populace as he passed through the towns on his way home. But time tempered the first hasty judgments with justice, and a committee of the House of Representatives after a careful investigation completely exonerated St. Clair from blame, and placed the responsibility for the disaster upon others, where it rightfully belonged.¹¹ It is easy to criticise the general-ship of such a battle from the safe security of subsequent years, but it is hardly just to measure the life services of St. Clair by this one failure, which was caused by the fault and failure of others for whom he was not responsible. It is time that this historical injustice be remedied and St. Clair restored to his rightful place among the founders of our Nation.

The later decisive victory of Wayne broke the Indian resistance and restored peace and security to the western country. St. Clair returned to the task of administering the Territory and for the years that followed exercised his dignified statesmanship with gratifying results. With peace and security assured, and the verdant West calling to new and wondrous opportunities, the settlers poured into the country in great numbers and the wilderness began to blossom as the rose.

With the increase of population came the second stage of government, and in 1799 the first legislature of the Territory met at Cincinnati. Here again the strict ideas of the governor did not harmonize with the boom measures of the legislators and their townsite speculators, and many were the governor's vetoes and many the bitter clashes between these two branches of the government. But on the whole, the governor's influence was wholesome and a very necessary check on the assertiveness of the young legislature.

The feelings of bitterness thus engendered, though held in abeyance for a while, burst out anew upon the question of statehood. St. Clair's enemies had persistently tried to undermine his influence with the National Government. But the authorities at Washington understood too well the value of his services and the soundness of his administration to countenance any charges against him.

[&]quot;American State Papers XII, 38.







America—The Invincible Republic

WILLIAM WATSON

LONDON, ENGLAND

America! I have never breathed thy air, Have never touched thy soil or heard the speed

And thunder of thy cities-yet would I Salute thee from afar-not chiefly awed By wide domain, mere breadth of governed

Nor measuring thy greatness and thy power

Only by numbers: rather seeing thee As mountainous heave of spirit, emotion huge,

Enormous hate and anger, boundless love.

And most unknown, unfathomable depth Of energy divine.

In peace to-day Thou sit'st between thy oceans; but when

Was at thy making, and endowed thy soul With many gifts and costly, she forgot To mix with these a genius for repose. Wherefore a sting is ever in thy blood, And in thy marrow a sublime unrest. And thus thou keepest hot the forge of life Where man is still reshapen and remade With fire and clangor.

And as thou art vast, So are the perils vast that evermore In thy own house are bred; nor least of

That fair and fell Delilah, Luxury, That shears the hero's strength away, and brings

Palsy on nations. Flee her loveliness, For in the end her kisses are a sword. Strong sons hast thou begotten, natures rich

In scorn of riches, greatly simple minds.

No land in all the world hath memories Of nobler children; let it not be said That if the peerless and the stainless one,

The man of Yorktown and of Valley Forge, Or he of tragic doom, thy later born-

He of the short plain word that thrilled the world

And freed the bondman-let it not be said That if to-day these radiant ones returned They would behold thee changed beyond all thought

From that austerity wherein thy youth Was nurtured, those large habitudes of

But who are we, to counsel thee or warn, In this old England whence thy fathers

Here, too, hath Mammon many thrones, and here

Are palaces of sloth and towers of pride. Best to forget them! Round me is the wealth.

The untainted wealth, of English fields, and all

The passion and sweet trouble of the spring

Is in the air; and the remembrance comes That not alone for stem and blade, for flower

And leaf, but for man also, there are times Of mighty vernal movement, seasons when Life casts away the body of this death.

And a great surge of youth breaks on the world.

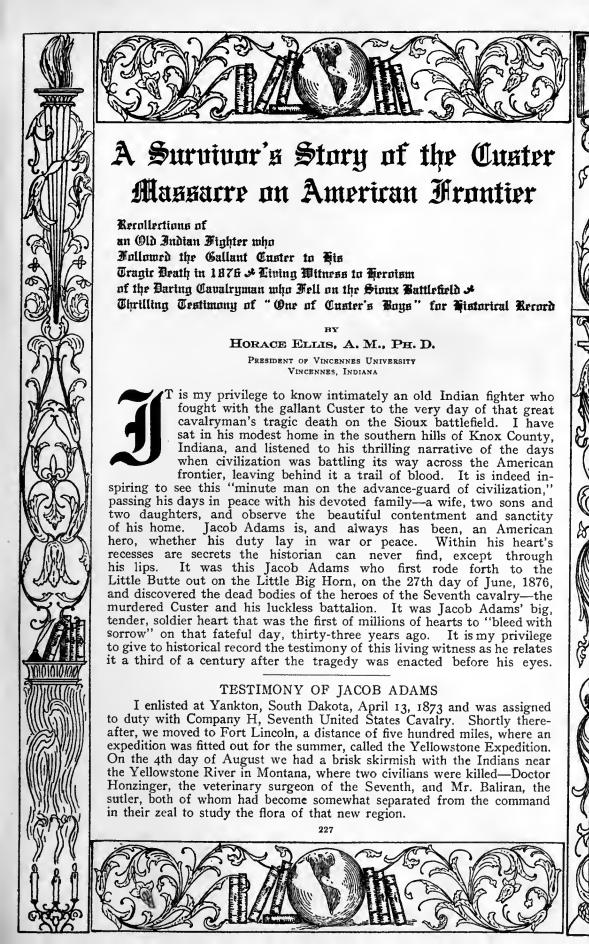
Then are the primal fountains clamorously Unsealed; and then, perchance, are dead things born

Not unforetold by deep parturient pangs. But the light minds that heed no auguries, Untaught by all that heretofore hath been, Taking their ease on the blind verge of fate, See nothing, and hear nothing, till the hour

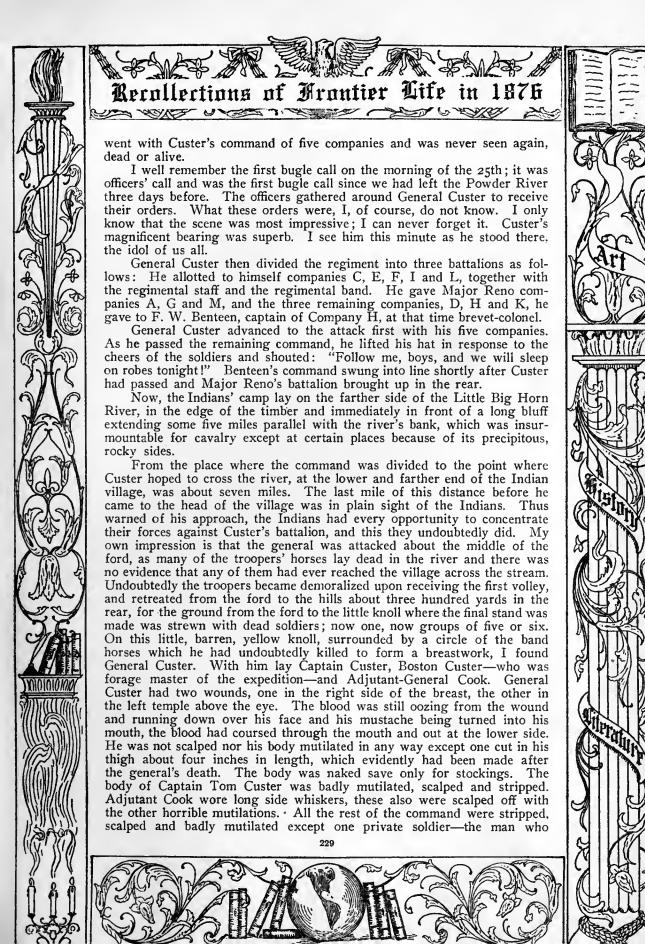
Of the vast advent that makes all things new.

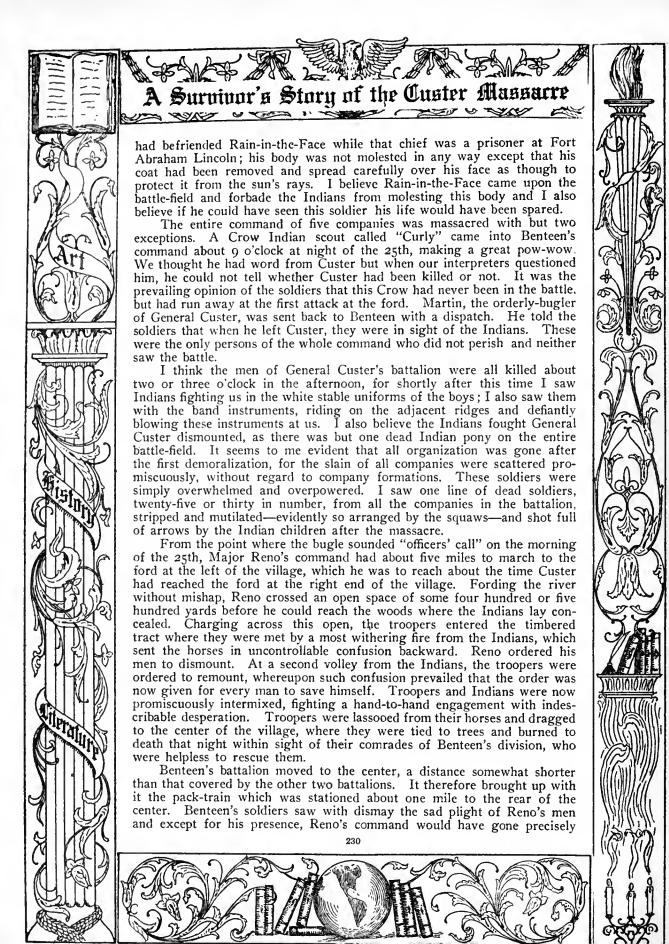
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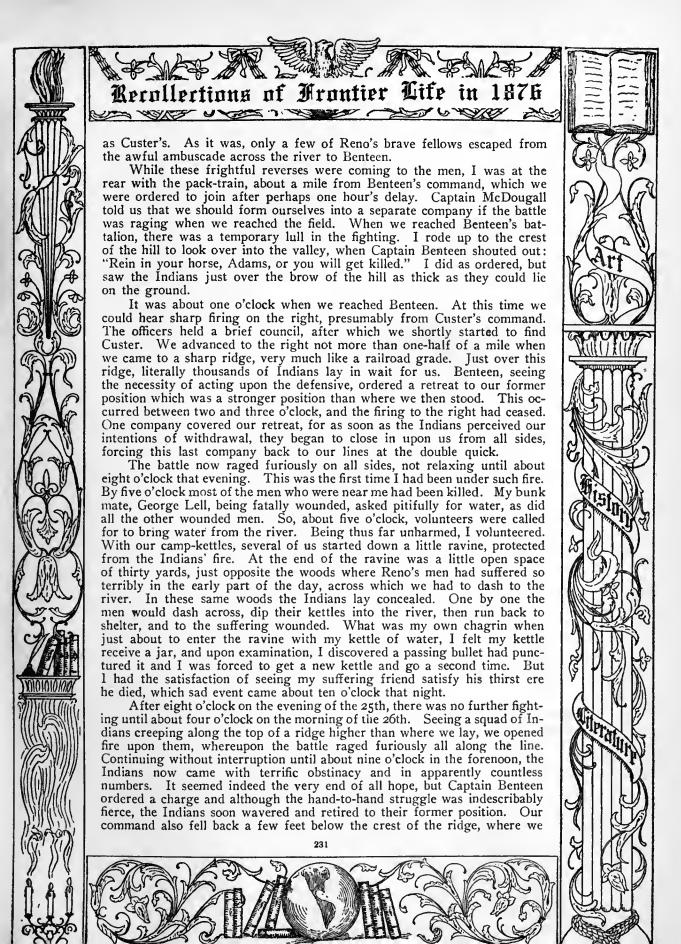


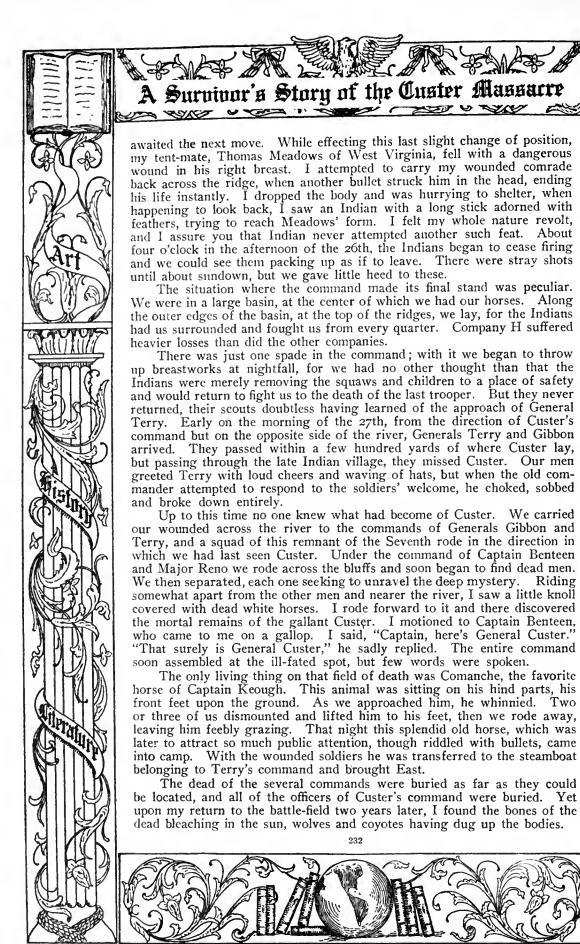


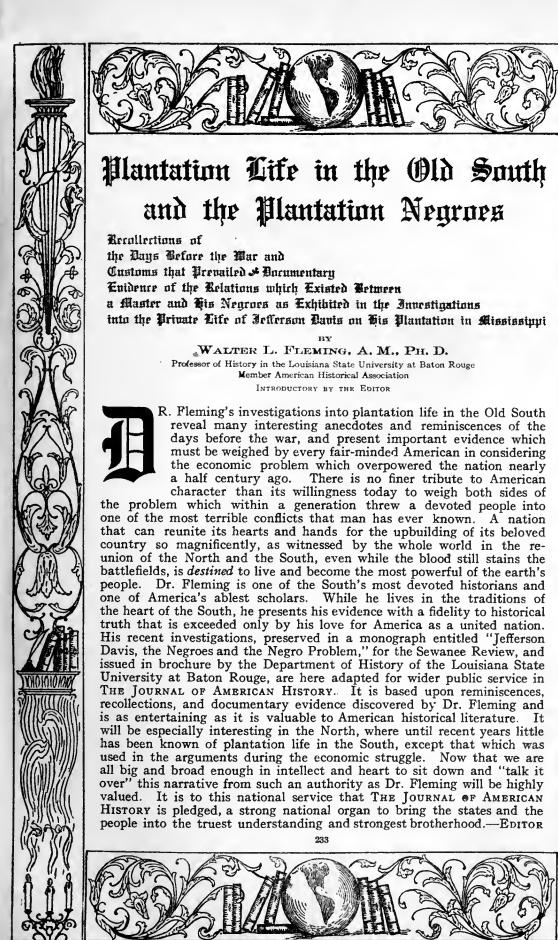
Survivor's Story of the Custer Massacre In the winter of 1874, while the Seventh was stationed at Fort Abraham Lincoln, a scout came in and reported to General Custer that a Sioux chief. Rain-in-the-Face, was boasting down at Standing Rock Agency, seventy-five miles from Fort Abraham Lincoln, that he had murdered Honzinger and Baliran. The general instantly sent a detail of fifty men under the command of Captain Tom Custer, to Standing Rock Agency to capture Rain-in-the-Face. I was a member of this detail. We reached the agency on ration day, and there were large numbers of the Sioux present. It so happened that not one of the command knew Rain-in-the-Face, but a scout at the agency gave Captain Custer a description of the wily Sioux and also informed him that Rain-in-the-Face had just gone into the sutler's store where he might be found. Captain Custer went immediately to the store and, with two or three men, entered. Rain-in-the-Face had just stepped to the counter to make a purchase when Captain Tom seized him. An unusual commotion among the Indians followed this arrest, but no one was hurt and Rain-in-the-Face was landed safely in the guardhouse at Fort Abraham Lincoln to await the charge of murder. Later on, two civilians who were also incarcerated with the Sioux murderer, made their escape from prison, and Rain-in-the-Face, taking advantage thus afforded, likewise escaped. During his incarceration, Rainin-the-Face had a very close friend in the person of a private soldier who had been locked up for some minor garrison offense. This private soldier often furnished Rain-in-the-Face with tobacco and kilikinnick, and showed him many other favors. I relate this incident because of its intimate connection with another incident associated with the massacre. After his escape, Rain-in-the-Face joined Sitting Bull, the chief of the hostile Sioux. In the spring of 1876, an expedition was fitted out at Fort Abraham Lincoln, called the Yellowstone and Big Horn Expedition, with gallant General George A. Custer in command of the Seventh Cavalry. I was a member of Company H, of this command. We marched from Fort Lincoln to the Powder River, a distance of five hundred miles, and there we went into camp for some time. During our stay here, Major Reno, with six companies, while scouting, suddenly found a large Indian trail and hurried back to report to the commanding officer, General Terry. On the 22nd day of June, 1876, General Terry fitted out a pack train, consisting of two men from each company of the Seventh Cavalry. I was a member of this detail, under Captain McDougall. We packed our mules on the morning of the 22nd, broke camp about midday, marched about twelve miles and went into camp again about four o'clock in the afternoon. At five o'clock on the 23rd, we resumed our march and covered about thirtythree miles that day. On the 24th we marched twenty-eight miles. That night all fires were extinguished and no bugle sounded. Captain Tom Custer, Captain McDougall, and a citizen-scout by the name of Charles Reynolds, with a half-breed Sioux scout who had deserted the hostiles and joined Custer, reviewed the Indian camp, got the situation and came back to report to General Custer. Among the soldiers the story was current at this time that Sitting Bull was offering one hundred head of horses for the scalp of this half-breed deserter. The story also went the rounds that this same half-breed had advised General Custer strongly against attacking Sitting Bull at that time and in that place, as the number of the Indians was too great but that Custer called him a coward. This brave scout



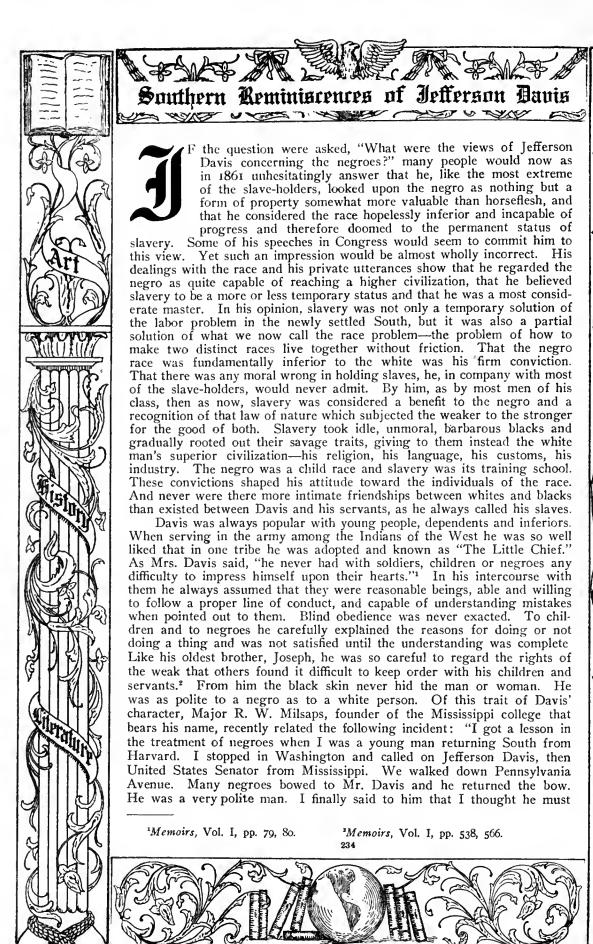


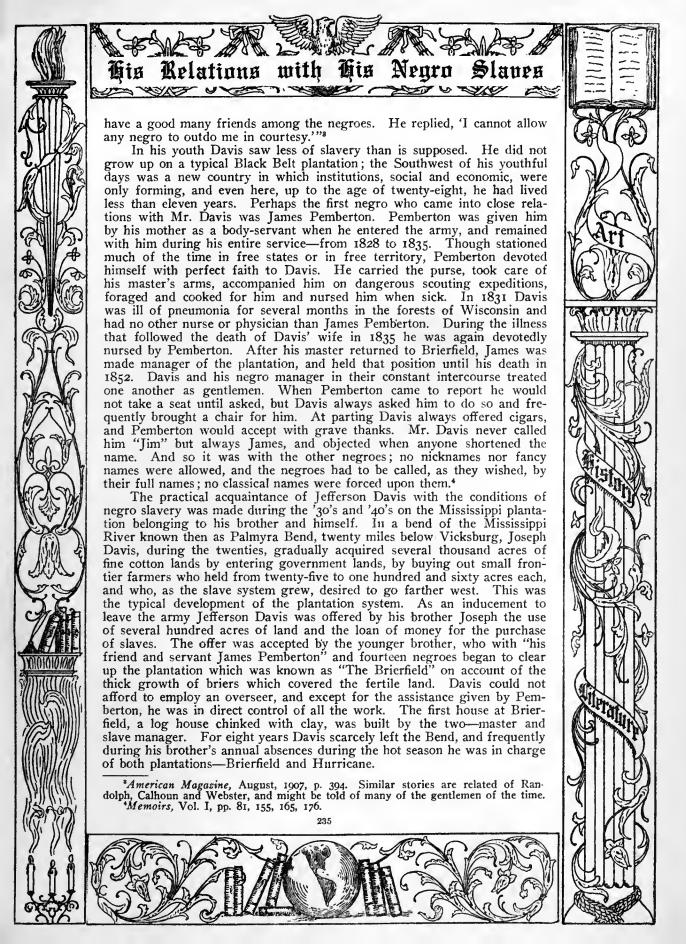














Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Bavis

One of the most interesting experiments ever made with negro slaves was that initiated by Joseph Davis and carried out by the two brothers on the Hurricane and Brierfield plantations in Warren County, Mississippi. In the management of his own slaves, Jefferson Davis was influenced to a considerable extent by the opinions and example of his brother Joseph. It was the theory of the latter that the less the negroes were disciplined by force the better they would conduct themselves. So he tried to train them into habits of self-government. If one could make money for himself he was allowed to do so, paying to his master the wages of an unskilled laborer. Some of Joseph Davis' slaves set up in business for themselves. Notable among these was Ben T. Montgomery, who, with his sons, later purchased both the Davis plantations. Other planters and overseers laughingly spoke of "Joe Davis' free negroes," and when hoopskirts came in, assumed that the Davis negroes were to get them and predicted that "Joe Davis will have to widen his cotton rows so that the negro women can work between them. From his brother Joseph, Jefferson Davis adopted the negro self-government plan. No negro was ever punished except after conviction by a jury of blacks. This jury was composed of "settled" men; an old negro presided as judge; there were black sheriffs or constables; witnesses were examined as in white courts, and the punishments were inflicted by negroes. The negro took great delight in the workings of the court and showed no disposition to be too lenient with criminals. Davis retained the right to modify the sentence or to grant pardon. Mrs. Davis relates an incident which illustrates the workings of the system:

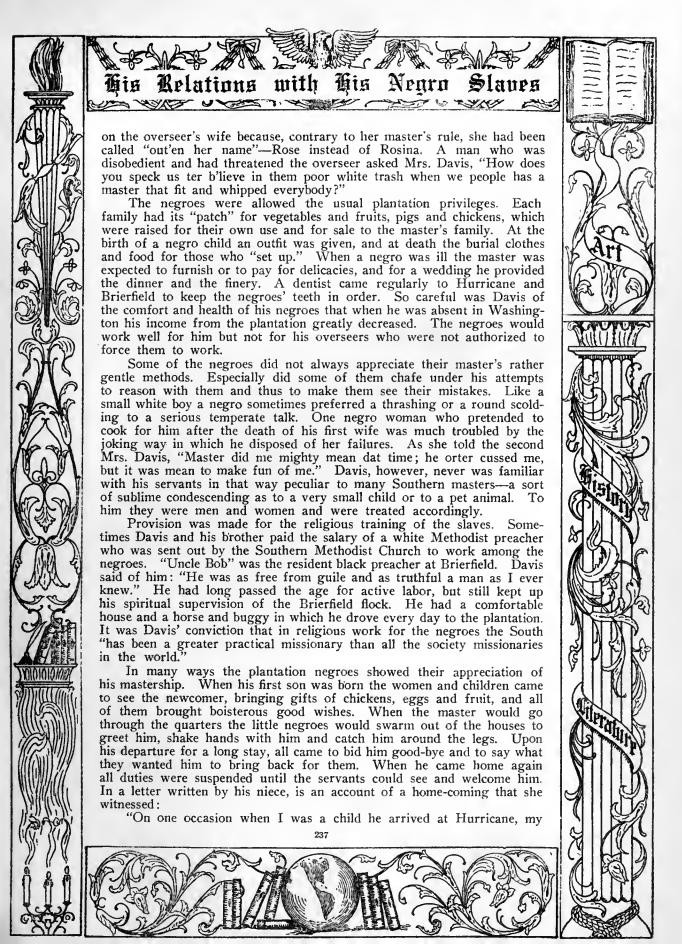
A fine hog had been killed and it was traced to the house of a negro who was a great glutton. Several of the witnesses swore to a number of accessories to the theft. At last the first man asked for a private interview with his master, and in a confidential tone said: "The fact of the matter is, master, they are all tellin' lies. I had nobody at all to help me. I killed the shote myself and eat pretty near the whole of it, and dat's why I was so sick last week." . . Davis pardoned the thief but the jury were much scandalized at master's breaking up "dat Cote, for fore God, we'd a cotch de whole tuckin' of 'em, if he had let we alone.

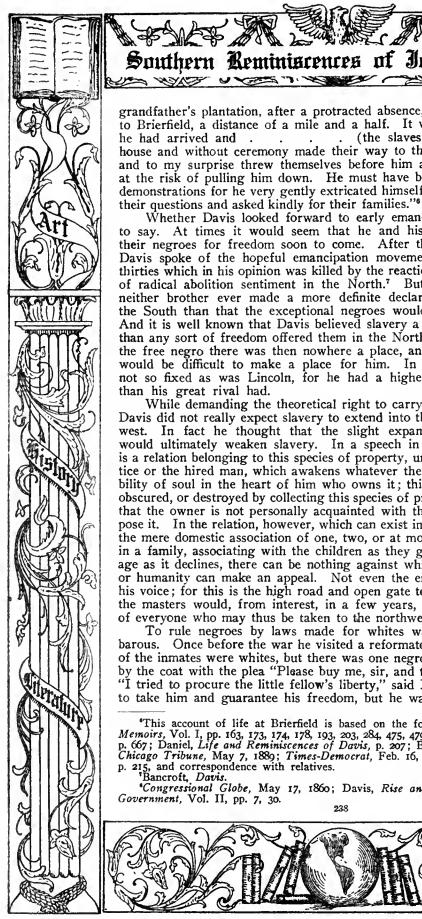
After the death of Pemberton in 1852 Davis employed white overseers, some of whom did not approve of his system of managing negroes. They were not allowed to inflict punishment—only to report offenses. One of them left because of his objection to the negro court. The Davis system which was practiced until 1862 had vitality enough to survive for a while after the Federals had occupied the plantations, and a year later a Northern officer who saw what remained of the self-governing community and knowing nothing of its origin took it for a new development, and an evidence of how one year of freedom would elevate the blacks.8

It is quite likely that Davis could not have understood the mental makeup of such a negro as Frederick Douglass, but he did understand the ins and outs of the average negro's nature. Instinctively the negroes knew this and since he used his understanding for their good his servants were devoted to him. When one was charged by a white person with misconduct, Davis always insisted on hearing the negro's side of the story. To him the slaves would appeal from decisions of the overseer and the latter often found it difficult to exact any kind of obedience, so accustomed were the negroes to take all their disputes to their master. One negro girl refused to wait

See John Eaton, Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen, p. 165.







Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Bavis

grandfather's plantation, after a protracted absence, and took me with him to Brierfield, a distance of a mile and a half. It was at once known that (the slaves) came running to the house and without ceremony made their way to the room where we were and to my surprise threw themselves before him and embraced his knees at the risk of pulling him down. He must have been accustomed to such demonstrations for he very gently extricated himself and patiently answered

Whether Davis looked forward to early emancipation it is impossible to say. At times it would seem that he and his brother were training their negroes for freedom soon to come. After the war when in prison, Davis spoke of the hopeful emancipation movement of the twenties and thirties which in his opinion was killed by the reaction following the growth of radical abolition sentiment in the North.7 But before the Civil War neither brother ever made a more definite declaration about negroes in the South than that the exceptional negroes would emerge from slavery. And it is well known that Davis believed slavery a better state for negroes than any sort of freedom offered them in the North or in the South. For the free negro there was then nowhere a place, and Davis believed that it would be difficult to make a place for him. In this conviction he was not so fixed as was Lincoln, for he had a higher opinion of the negro

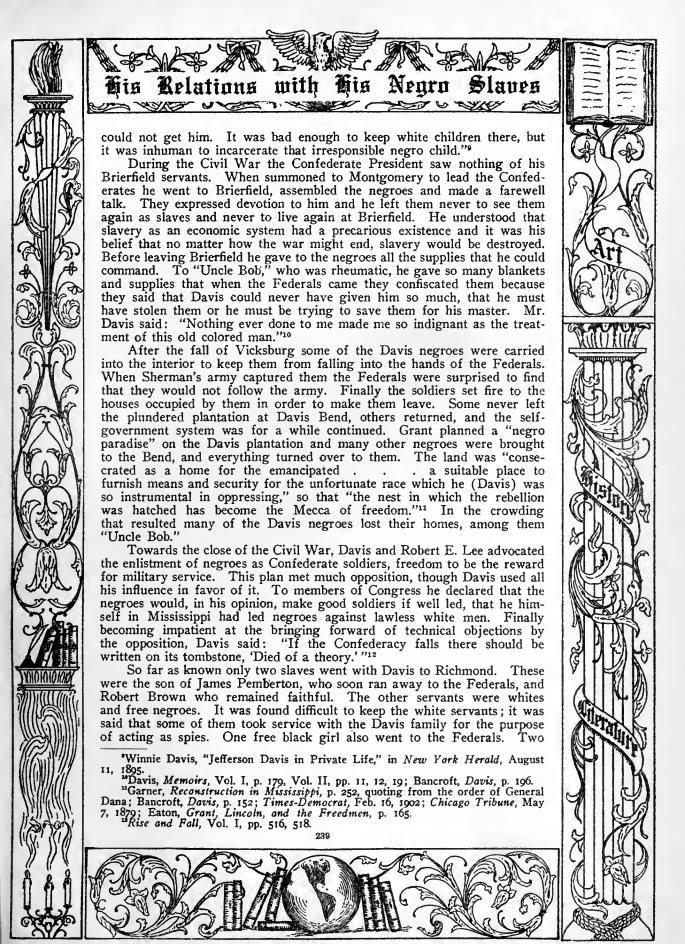
While demanding the theoretical right to carry slaves to all territories. Davis did not really expect slavery to extend into the far West and Northwest. In fact he thought that the slight expansion that would result would ultimately weaken slavery. In a speech in 1860 he said: is a relation belonging to this species of property, unlike that of the apprentice or the hired man, which awakens whatever there is of kindness or nobility of soul in the heart of him who owns it; this can only be alienated, obscured, or destroyed by collecting this species of property into such masses that the owner is not personally acquainted with the individuals who compose it. In the relation, however, which can exist in the northern territories, the mere domestic association of one, two, or at most half a dozen servants in a family, associating with the children as they grow up, attending upon age as it declines, there can be nothing against which either philanthrophy or humanity can make an appeal. Not even the emancipationist can raise his voice; for this is the high road and open gate to the condition in which the masters would, from interest, in a few years, desire the emancipation of everyone who may thus be taken to the northwestern frontier."8

To rule negroes by laws made for whites was, Davis thought, barbarous. Once before the war he visited a reformatory in the North. Most of the inmates were whites, but there was one negro boy who caught Davis by the coat with the plea "Please buy me, sir, and take me home wid you." "I tried to procure the little fellow's liberty," said Mr. Davis, "and offered to take him and guarantee his freedom, but he was in a free state and I

*Congressional Globe, May 17, 1860; Davis, Rise and Fall of the Confederate



This account of life at Brieffield is based on the following authorities: Davis, Memoirs, Vol. I, pp. 163, 173, 174, 178, 193, 203, 284, 475, 479; Jones Memorial Volume, p. 667; Daniel, Life and Reminiscences of Davis, p. 207; Bancroft, Davis, p. 156, 167; Chicago Tribune, May 7, 1889; Times-Democrat, Feb. 16, 1902; Craven, Prison Life,





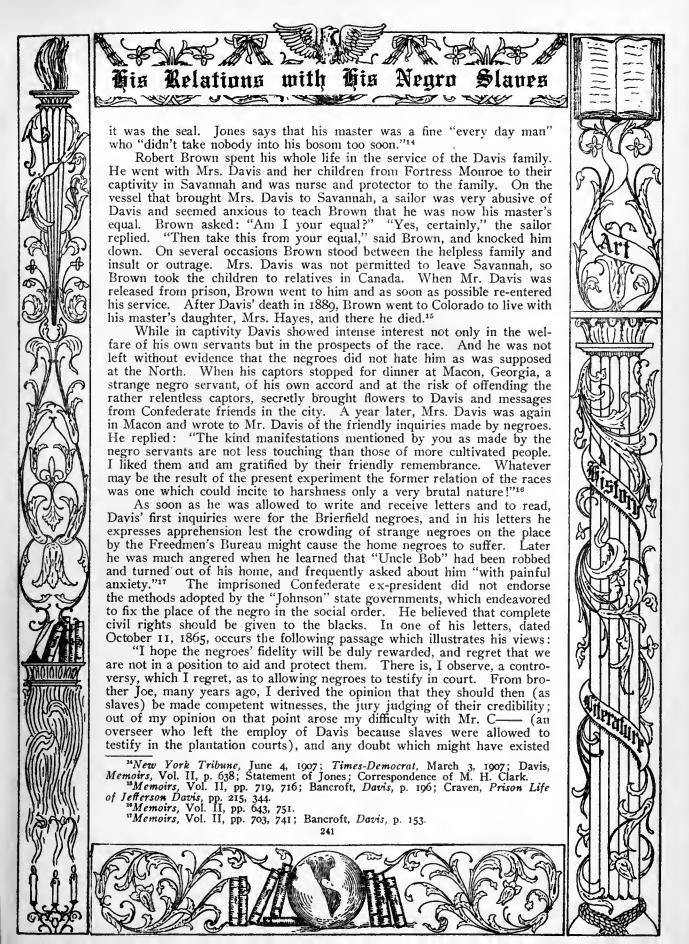
Southern Reminiscences of Jefferson Bavis

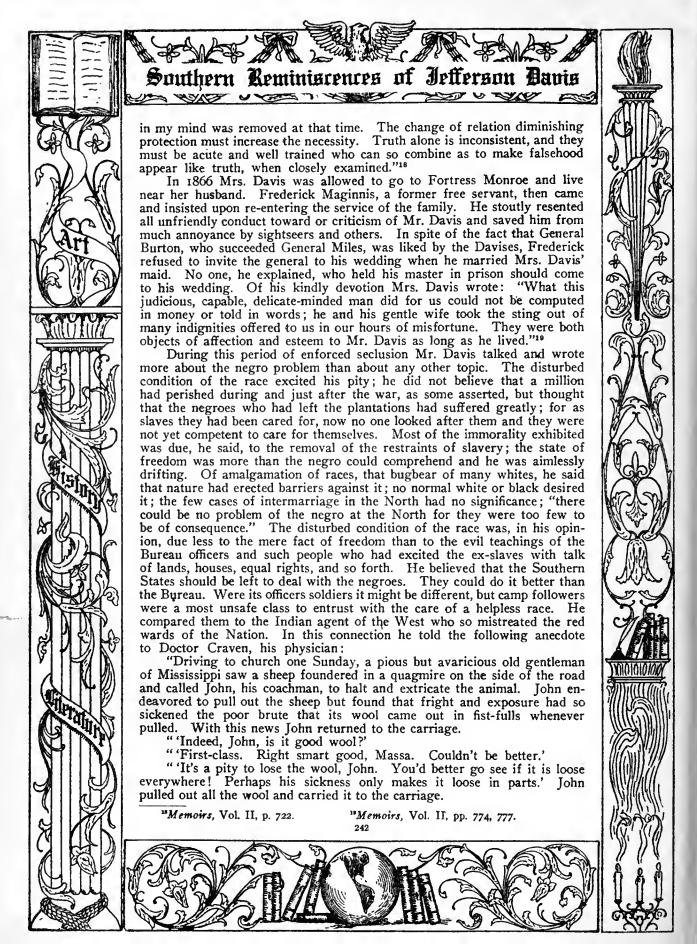
other free blacks were connected with the Davis establishment-James H. Jones and James Henry Brooks. The latter was a little negro boy rescued by Mrs. Davis from a drunken mother who was beating him. Mr. Davis went to the mayor of Richmond, had free papers made out for the boy and took him home as a playmate for the children who spoiled him completely. He took part in their games and fights also, and once got a broken head in a clash between the "Hill Cats," or wealthy children, and the "Butcher Cats," or working men's children. He was fighting as a "Hill Cat." President Davis, seeing his injury, went down the hill and endeavored to persuade the "Butcher Cats" to make friends, but though they expressed respect for him they refused to make peace with the "Hill Cats." After the collapse of the Confederacy, the Brooks boy went with the Davis family in their flight toward the Southwest and was captured with them in Georgia. He saw the soldiers forcibly separate Mr. and Mrs. Davis, and long after he declared to some Northern teachers that when grown he intended to kill the officer who took hold of Mrs. Davis. One of the captors named Hudson, who Mrs. Davis thought was a bad character, threatened to adopt the boy. So, when on the way to prison at Fortress Monroe a stop was made at Port Royal, South Carolina, Mrs. Davis sent the boy to General Saxton, an old friend who was stationed there. The boy fought furiously to keep from going. General Saxton turned him over to a New England school marm then teaching the Sea Island blacks. She reported that he was constantly fighting other negro children who made slighting references to Davis, or sang "We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree." He was later sent North to school where he had other fights. A few years before Mr. Davis' death someone sent him a Massachusetts paper containing an account of young Brooks in which it was stated that the man would bear to the grave the marks of beatings inflicted by the Davises.13

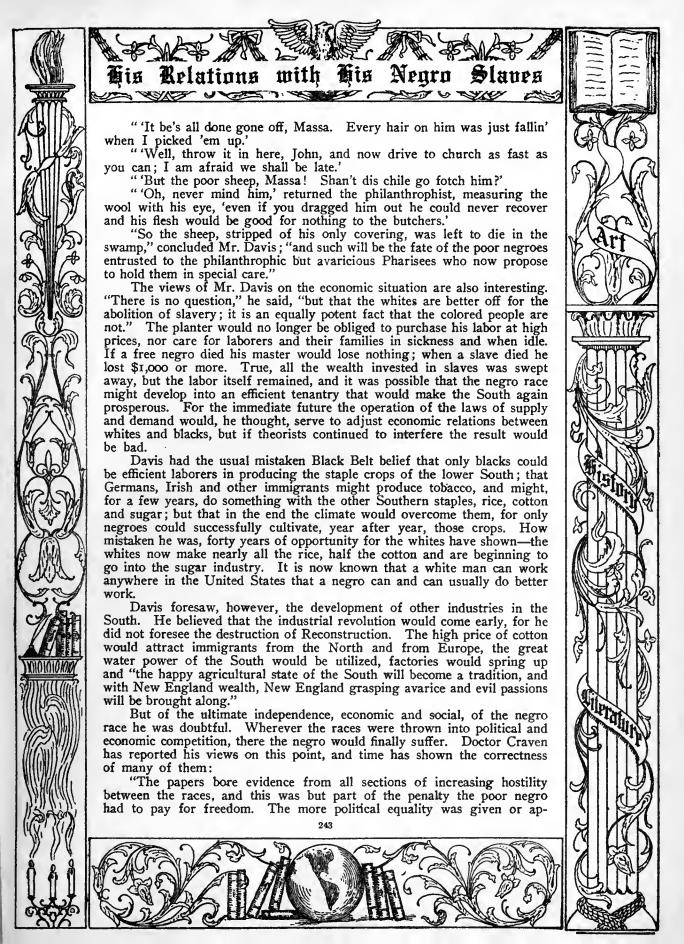
Two trusted servants were James H. Jones, a free negro, and Robert Brown. Jones was Davis' valet and coachman; Brown was Mrs. Davis' servant. Both gave faithful service during the war, and in 1865, just before the collapse of the Confederacy, they were sent South with Mrs. Davis. On May 10, 1865, Mr. Davis overtook his wife in the pine woods of Georgia, and that night was captured. It was Jones who had the President's horse saddled and ready, and hearing the coming of the enemy, waked Mr. Davis and threw over his shoulders the famous rain-coat which Mr. Stanton's imagination and ingenuity magnified into a female costume. After accompanying the Davis family to Fortress Monroe, Jones went to live in Raleigh, North Carolina. Some years later when Mr. Davis was in North Carolina, Jones called and his old master excused himself to a distinguished company in order to see "my friend, James Jones." Jones, now employed in the Stationery Room of the United States Senate, is full of reminiscences of his master, and nothing makes him more indignant than to hear the story about Mr. Davis' disguise when captured. Among his treasures are letters and pictures from the Davis family and a stick that Mr. Davis once used. Jones claims that on the retreat through the Carolinas Mr. Davis gave him the Great Seal of the Confederacy to hide, and that for a while he had charge of the coin of the Confederacy treasury. While it is certain that Davis gave him something to hide, it is doubtful whether

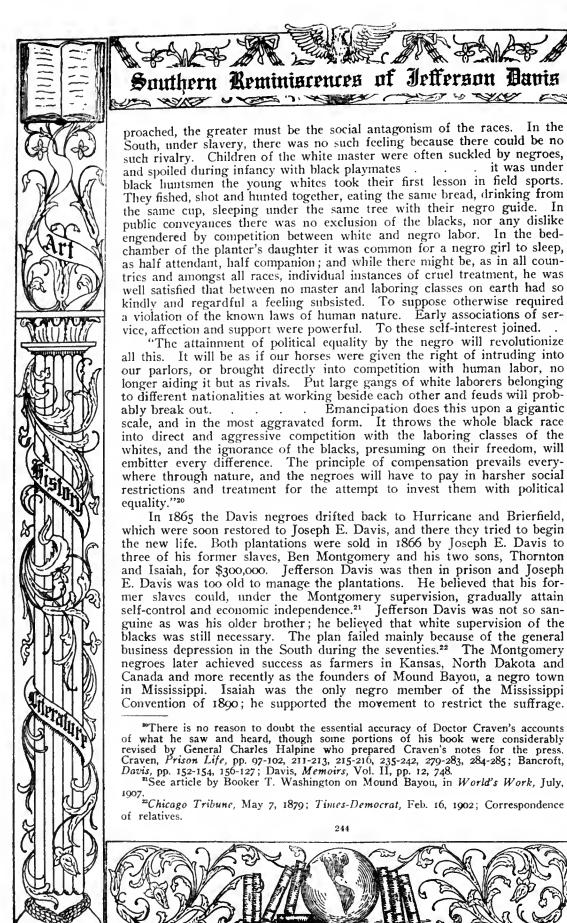
¹⁸Davis, Memoirs, Vol. II, pp. 199, 645; Bontume, First Days with the Contrabands pp. 183.

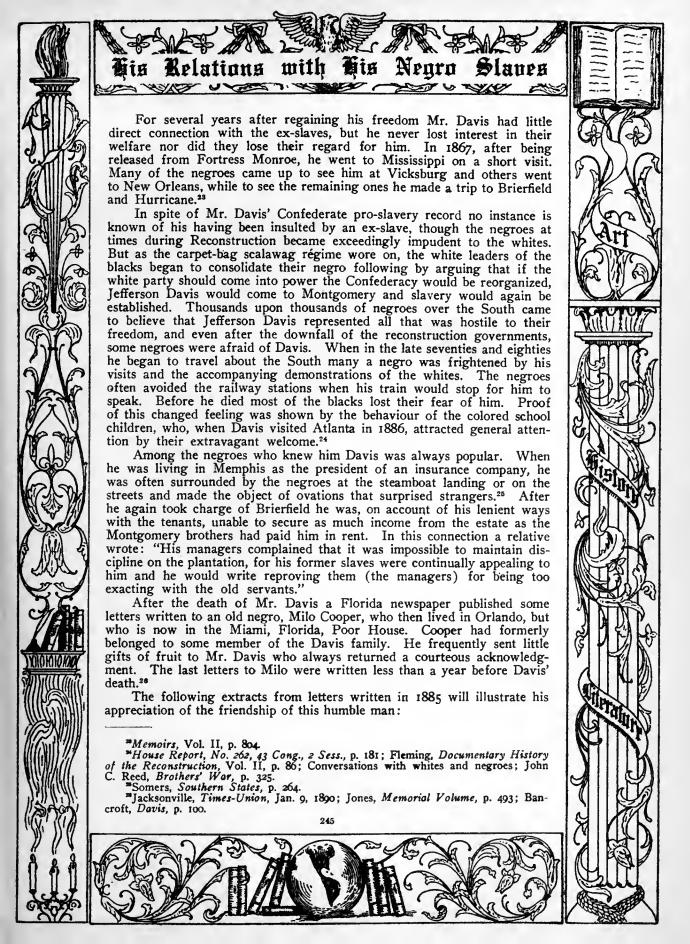


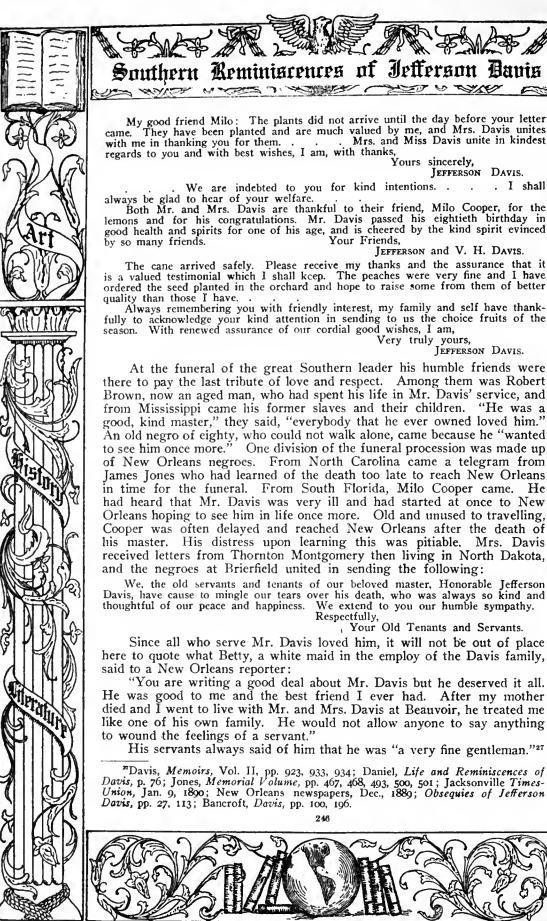












They have been planted and are much valued by me, and Mrs. Davis unites Mrs. and Miss Davis unite in kindest

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Davis are thankful to their friend, Milo Cooper, for the lemons and for his congratulations. Mr. Davis passed his eightieth birthday in good health and spirits for one of his age, and is cheered by the kind spirit evinced

JEFFERSON and V. H. DAVIS.

The cane arrived safely. Please receive my thanks and the assurance that it is a valued testimonial which I shall keep. The peaches were very fine and I have ordered the seed planted in the orchard and hope to raise some from them of better

Always remembering you with friendly interest, my family and self have thankfully to acknowledge your kind attention in sending to us the choice fruits of the

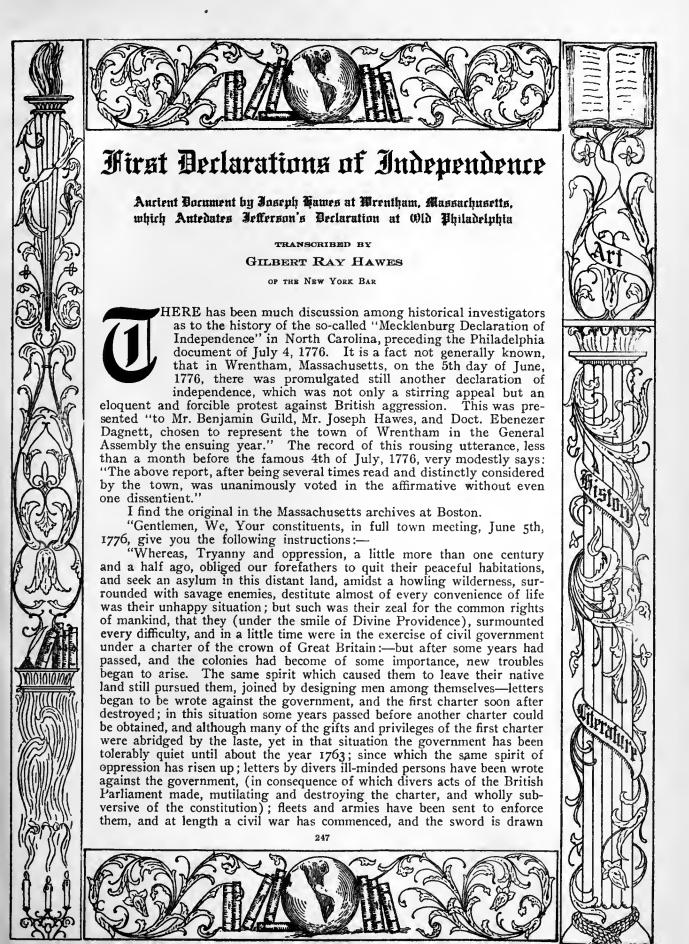
At the funeral of the great Southern leader his humble friends were there to pay the last tribute of love and respect. Among them was Robert Brown, now an aged man, who had spent his life in Mr. Davis' service, and from Mississippi came his former slaves and their children. "He was a good, kind master," they said, "everybody that he ever owned loved him." An old negro of eighty, who could not walk alone, came because he "wanted to see him once more." One division of the funeral procession was made up of New Orleans negroes. From North Carolina came a telegram from James Jones who had learned of the death too late to reach New Orleans in time for the funeral. From South Florida, Milo Cooper came. He had heard that Mr. Davis was very ill and had started at once to New Orleans hoping to see him in life once more. Old and unused to travelling, Cooper was often delayed and reached New Orleans after the death of his master. His distress upon learning this was pitiable. Mrs. Davis received letters from Thornton Montgomery then living in North Dakota,

We, the old servants and tenants of our beloved master, Honorable Jefferson Davis, have cause to mingle our tears over his death, who was always so kind and thoughtful of our peace and happiness. We extend to you our humble sympathy.

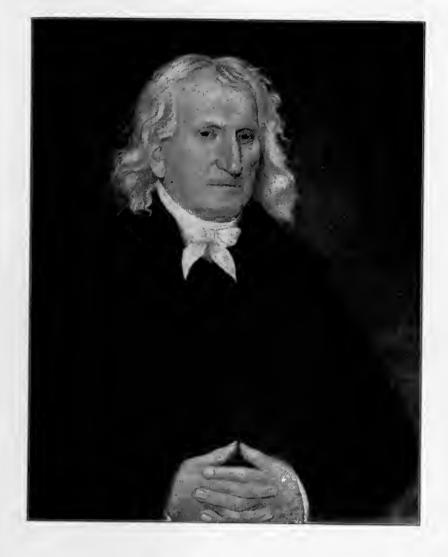
Since all who serve Mr. Davis loved him, it will not be out of place here to quote what Betty, a white maid in the employ of the Davis family,

"You are writing a good deal about Mr. Davis but he deserved it all. He was good to me and the best friend I ever had. After my mother died and I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Davis at Beauvoir, he treated me like one of his own family. He would not allow anyone to say anything

^mDavis, Memoirs, Vol. II, pp. 923, 933, 934; Daniel, Life and Reminiscences of Davis, p. 76; Jones, Memorial Volume, pp. 467, 468, 493, 500, 501; Jacksonville Times-Union, Jan. 9, 1890; New Orleans newspapers, Dec., 1889; Obsequies of Jefferson



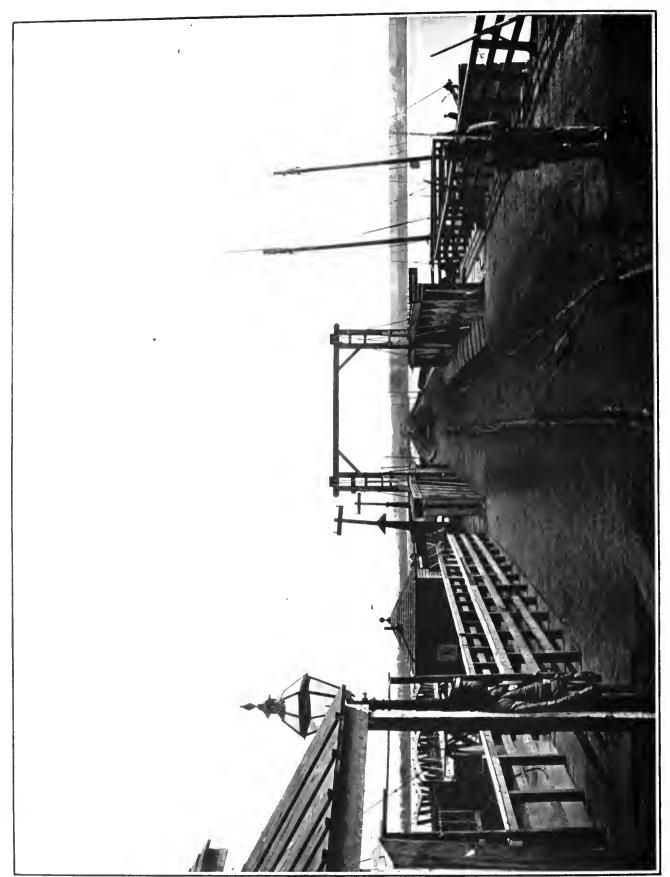
he Kirst Beclarations of Independence in our land, and the whole united colonies involved in one common cause; the repeated and humble petitions of the good people of these colonies have been wantonly rejected with disdain; the Prince we once adored has now commissioned the instruments of his hostile oppression to lay waste our dwellings with fire and sword, to rob us of our property, and wantonly to stain the land with the blood of its innocent inhabitants; he has entered into treaties with the most cruel nations to hire an army of foreign mercenaries to subjugate the colonies to his cruel and arbitrary purposes. In short, all hope of an accomodation is entirely at an end, a reconciliation as dangerous as it is absurd, a reconciliation of past injuries will naturally keep alive and kindle the flames of jealousy. We, your constituents, therefore think that to be subject or dependent on the crown of Great Britain would not only be impracticable, but unsafe to the state; the inhabitants of this town, therefore, in full town meeting, Unanimously instruct and direct you (i. e. the representatives) to give your vote that, if the Honorable American Congress (in whom we place the highest confidence under God,) should think it necessary for the safety of the United Colonies to declare them independent of Great Britain, that we your constituents with our lives and fortunes will most cheerfully support them in the measure." By comparing the two documents, it is evident that the 4th of July Declaration of Independence borrowed some of its phraseology, as well as sentiments, from this "Report," which so cogently sets forth the situation and breathes defiance to the mother country. The author of it was Joseph Hawes, who is thus described in Edward Hawes, the Emigrant, and some of His Descendants: "Wrentham was alive with patriots who were protesting against the Stamp Act, and Taxation without representation, and other oppressive measures of the British Crown. Their vigorous action inspired others with hope and courage. Joseph Hawes assisted in raising the first band of Minute Men in Massachusetts. When it became evident that a collision with the mother country was imminent, Wrentham, like other towns, diligently drilled its militia and organized its two corps of Minute Men who were to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning, whenever called. The movement of the British troops to seize some military stores of the Province at Concord in April, 1775, gave the first opportunity to try the alacrity of these Minute Men. Joseph Hawes was Ensign or Lieutenant of Capt. Asa Fairbank's Company, which, with four other companies, 'marched from Wrentham on the 19th day of April, 1775, in the Colony service." Historic day and occasion, never to be forgotten! These five companies all took part in the battles of Lexington and Concord, and afterwards at Bunker Hill and other battlefields of the Revolution. The muster rolls have all been preserved, and among the members of the Hawes family who rallied at the first alarm, are found, besides Joseph, Benjamin Hawes, who commanded another company; Moses Hawes, Abijah Hawes, Joel Hawes, Asa Hawes, Matthias Hawes, Jonathan Hawes. All these were brothers or cousins of Joseph, and fought side by side. Joseph Hawes was one of those farmers who left his plow and shouldered his flint-lock musket to resist the advance of the British on Concord. Paul Revere spread the alarm, and instantly the whole country was in a blaze. 948



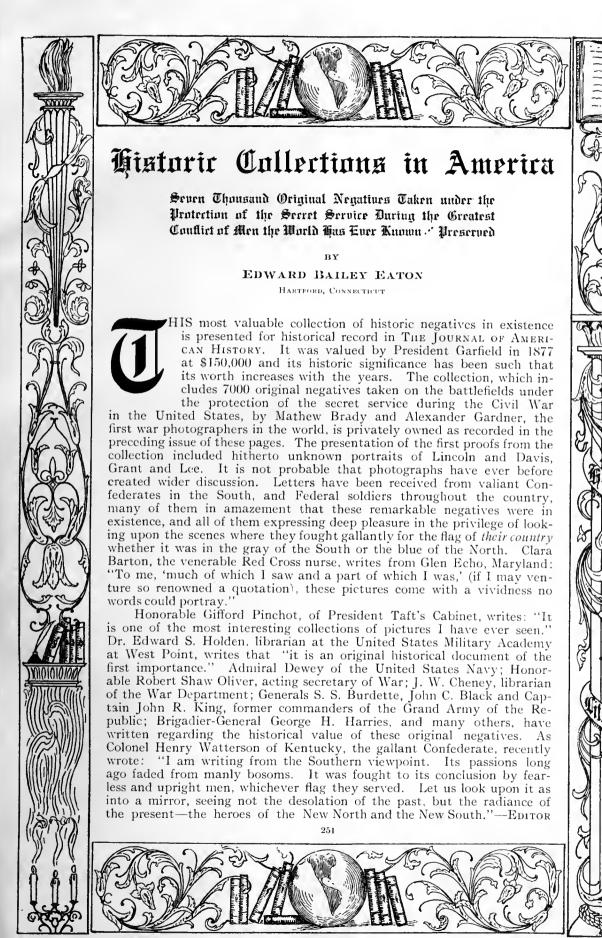
WRITER OF THE WRENTHAM DECLARATION OF INDEPEND-ENCE WHICH PRECEDED THE FAMOUS DECLARATION BY JEFFERSON AT PHILADELPHIA

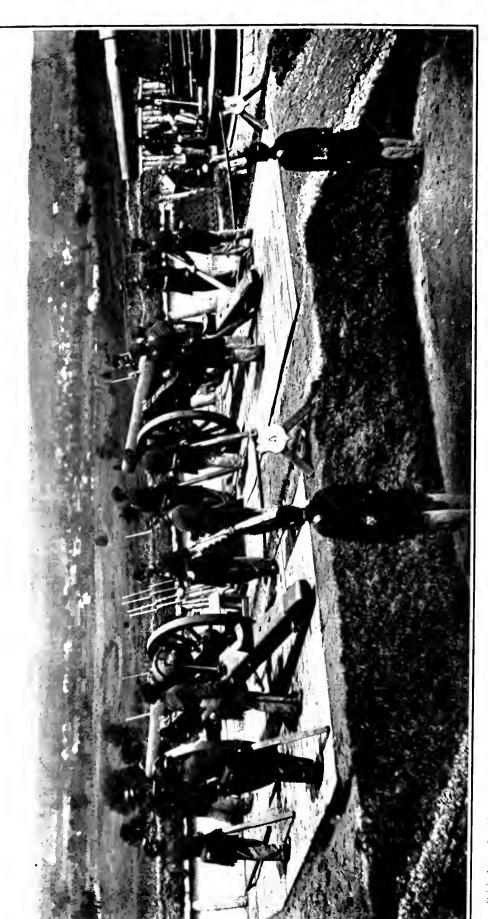
Joseph Hawes (1727-1818) Lieutenant in Massachusetts Militia, 1775-78
Minute Man at 'Lexington Alarm,' Bunker Hill and Siege of Boston
Representative to the General Court in 1778-81

Painting by Eliab Metcalf in Possession of Gilbert Ray Hawes of New York



Original negative taken at famous Long Bridge connecting National Capital with Alexandria, Virginia, the gateway of the Confederacy, and over which all the Federal armies marched

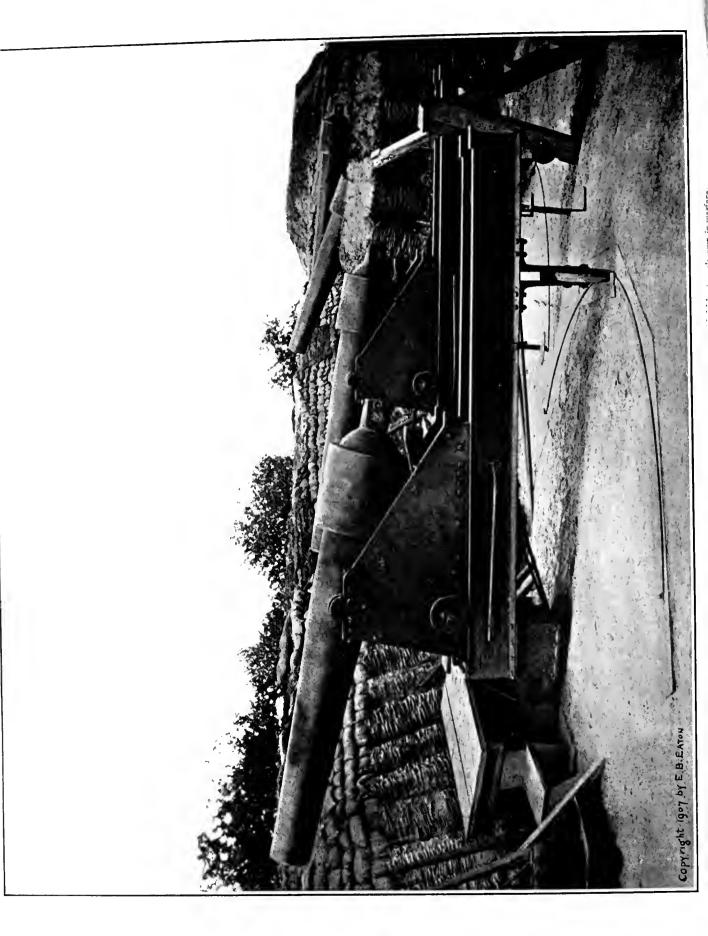




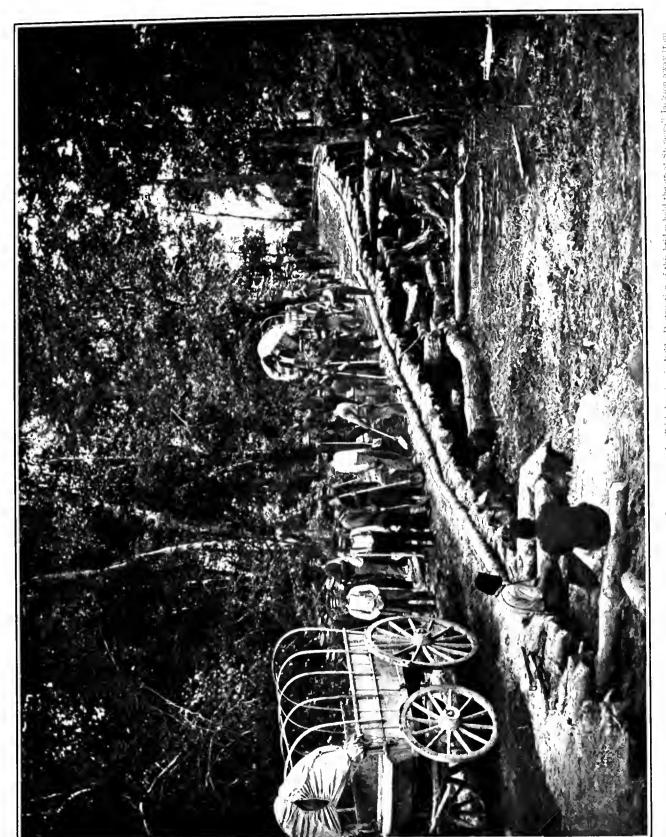
Original negative taken behind breastworks at Fort Lincoln, in protection of the National Capital, in 1861-Now in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut



Original negative taken in 1862 while the Military Telegraph Corps were following the Federal Army



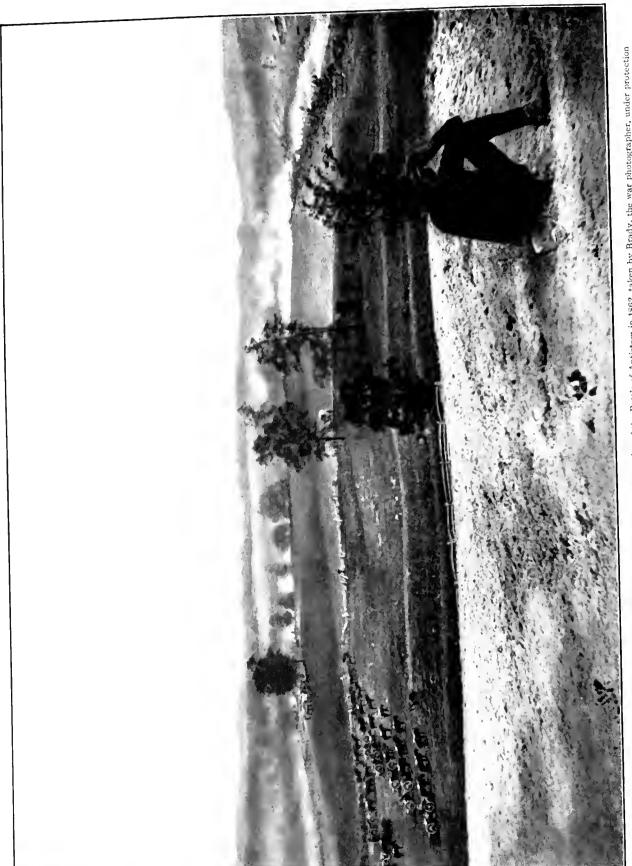
Original negative taken at ruins of Manassas Junction, Virginia, in 1862—This negative was taken by Brady, the war photographer, immediately after a during cavalry raid on the Federal depot of supplies by the gallant "Jeb" Stuart with 500 Confederate Infantry



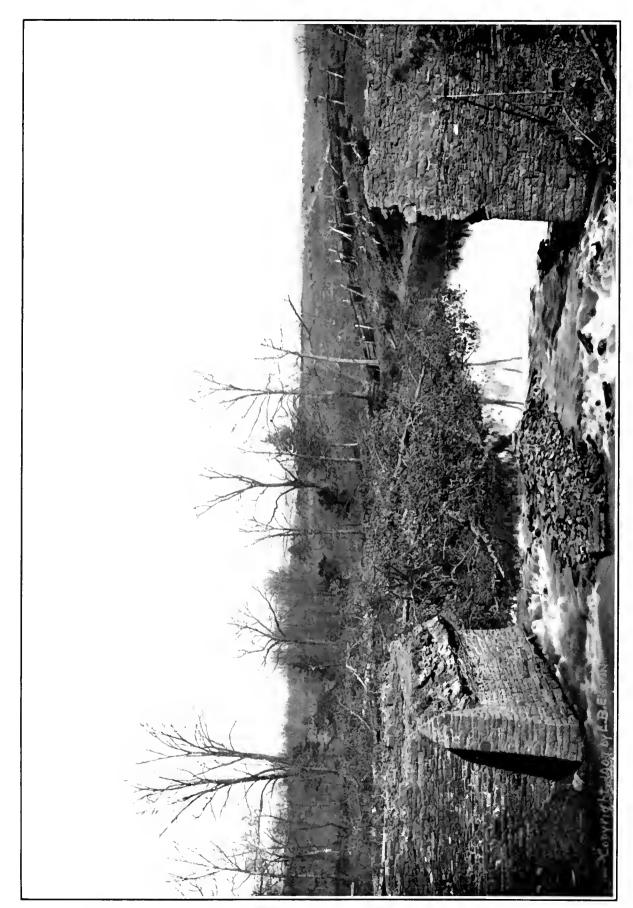
Original negative taken while McClellan was passing the Army of the Potomac over the Chickahominv in 1862—Destruction of this bridge held the great Stepowall Jackson away from Gaines' Mill, which undoubledly saved the Army of the Potomac from capture—Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut



3.57



First photograph ever taken by armies in battle on the Western Continent—Original negative of the Battle of Antietam in 1862, taken by Brady, the war photographer, under protection of the Secret Service, and now in the \$150,000 collection of 7,000 original negatives owned by Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut

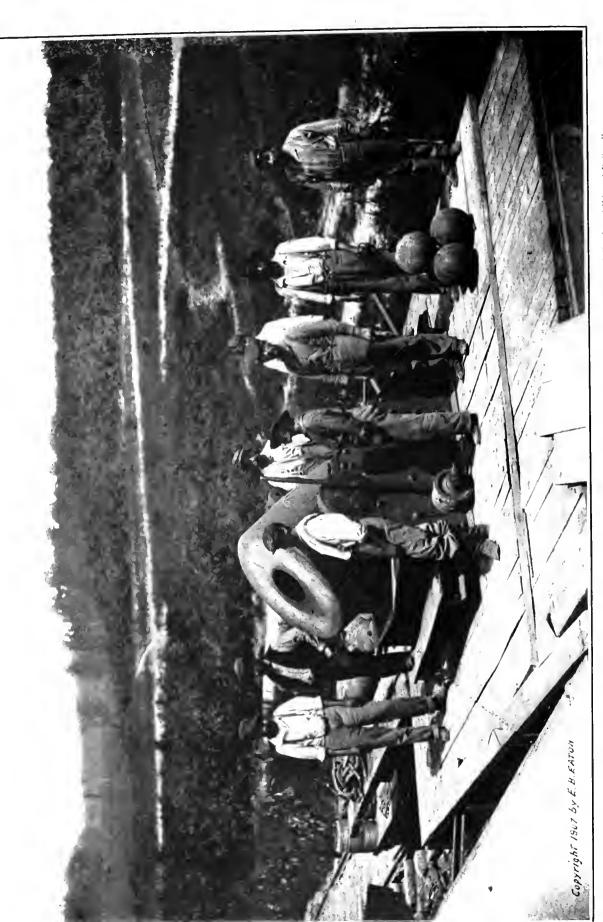


Original negative taken at Ruins of Stone Bridge over Bull Run, in 1862, in wake of retreating Federal army, which destroyed their bridges behind them to the matter the National Capital at Washington





Original negative taken over ruins of Knoxville, Tennessee, in 1863, irom Fort Sanders



Original negative taken on Grant's Military Railroad when the 13-inch Mortar, "Petersburg Express," was throwing shells into Petersburg in 1864. Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton



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Original negative taken behind the parapets at Fortress Monroe, the base of the Government operations in 1861-Now in collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut



in 1881. rian's Erb's recent facsimile.

The Kirst Book Printed in New York

of Keith's book, and since the Almanac would not be considered a book, it seems altogether probable that the FIRST BOOK printed in New York was "A Letter of Advice to a Young Gentleman Leaving the University." The known history of the copy in the Library of Columbia University is brief but interesting. The most authoritative records refer to it as the only known copy of the edition printed in New York in 1696. On the fly leaf in the back of the book is an inscription in ink which shows that this copy was presented to Johannis Robinson by Domini Clap in 1701. The book passed into the possession of Mr. E. B. Corwin of New York, and at his death was sold for twelve dollars and fifty cents, in 1856. It was bought for Mr. William Menzies of New York, and sold in 1876 for two hundred and forty dollars, and came to Columbia Library with the Phænix Collection in 1881.

Librarian Erb finds that Dr. Lingard, the author of this first book printed in New York, was probably an Englishman, born about 1598, educated at Cambridge, and for a time Archdeacon and Professor of Divinity in Dublin University. He died November 13, 1670 and was buried in the chapel of Trinity College, Dublin. The printer of this first book printed in New York, is given this biographical record:

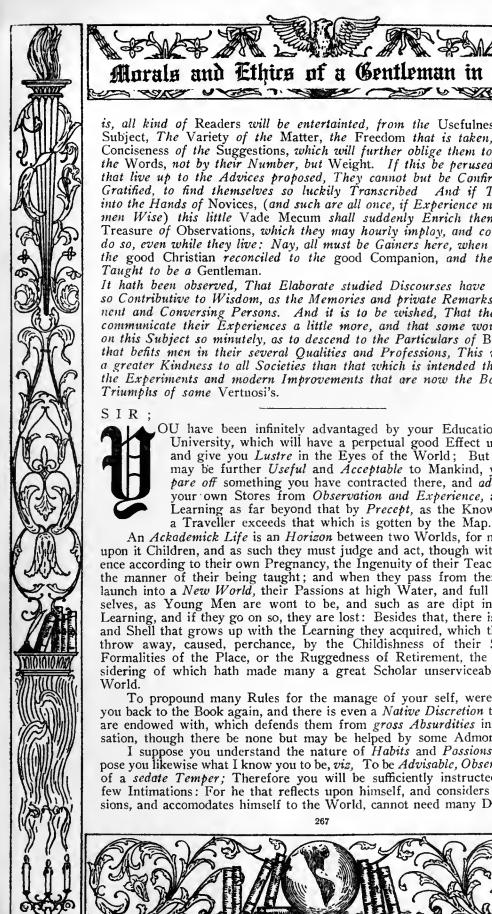
William Bradford was born in Leicestershire, England, May 20th, 1663, and came to America in 1682, probably with William Penn and his company in the ship "Welcome" which arrived at a small place called New Castle. He was printer to this government in Philadelphia and New York for upwards of fifty years. He printed the first newspaper in New York, entitled *The New York Gazette*, in October, 1725. He served as a member of the Vestry of Trinity Church from 1703 to 1710. Mr. Bradford died May 13, 1752 and was buried in Trinity Churchyard. The "Sign of the Bible," the place where Bradford's first printing press was set up in New York, is marked by a bronze tablet on the outside of a building in Pearl Street near Hanover Square.

The moral tone and quality of this first book printed in New York is of sufficient worth to admit it to the distinguished "five book shelf" selected by the eminent Dr. Charles William Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard, and which he states will give any modern American who reads them a "liberal education." Librarian Erb has reproduced the text as nearly as possible in its facsimile form, and elucidated with an introductory and notes that make it an essential accessory to every public and private library in America. The original sermon of Dr. Lingard is here given historical record in The Journal of American History and all historical collectors are advised to obtain an original copy of Librarian's Erb's recent facsimile.

He Gentleman concerned in this Paper being assured, That he is not the only One that needs these Instructions, and that the Benefit he reaps by them, would not be the less by their being Publick, has so far befriended the World as to Expose them to the View of all: But it being the peculiar Fate of Letters, to be at the Dispose of those to whom they are sent, This has not, perhaps, those Advantages and Accessions which would have been given it, had the Inditer been the Publisher: Yet as it

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Morals and Ethics of a Gentleman in 1696

is, all kind of Readers will be entertainted, from the Usefulness of the Subject, The Variety of the Matter, the Freedom that is taken, and the Conciseness of the Suggestions, which will further oblige them to measure the Words, not by their Number, but Weight. If this be perused by Men that live up to the Advices proposed, They cannot but be Confirmed and Gratified, to find themselves so luckily Transcribed And if This falls into the Hands of Novices, (and such are all once, if Experience must make men Wise) this little Vade Mecum shall suddenly Enrich them with a Treasure of Observations, which they may hourly imploy, and continue to do so, even while they live: Nay, all must be Gainers here, when they find the good Christian reconciled to the good Companion, and the Scholar

It hath been observed, That Elaborate studied Discourses have not been so Contributive to Wisdom, as the Memories and private Remarks of Eminent and Conversing Persons. And it is to be wished, That they would communicate their Experiences a little more, and that some would insist on this Subject so minutely, as to descend to the Particulars of Behaviour, that befits men in their several Qualities and Professions, This would be a greater Kindness to all Societies than that which is intended them from the Experiments and modern Improvements that are now the Boasts and

OU have been infinitely advantaged by your Education in the University, which will have a perpetual good Effect upon you, and give you Lustre in the Eyes of the World; But that you may be further Useful and Acceptable to Mankind, you must pare off something you have contracted there, and add also to your own Stores from Observation and Experience, a way of Learning as far beyond that by *Precept*, as the Knowledge of

An Ackademick Life is an Horizon between two Worlds, for men enter upon it Children, and as such they must judge and act, though with Difference according to their own Pregnancy, the Ingenuity of their Teachers, and the manner of their being taught; and when they pass from thence, they launch into a New World, their Passions at high Water, and full of themselves, as Young Men are wont to be, and such as are dipt in unusual Learning, and if they go on so, they are lost: Besides that, there is a Husk and Shell that grows up with the Learning they acquired, which they must throw away, caused, perchance, by the Childishness of their State, or Formalities of the Place, or the Ruggedness of Retirement, the not considering of which hath made many a great Scholar unserviceable to the

To propound many Rules for the manage of your self, were to refer you back to the Book again, and there is even a Native Discretion that some are endowed with, which defends them from gross Absurdities in Conversation, though there be none but may be helped by some Admonitions.

I suppose you understand the nature of Habits and Possions: I suppose you likewise what I know you to be, viz, To be Advisable, Observant and of a sedate Temper; Therefore you will be sufficiently instructed with a few Intimations: For he that reflects upon himself, and considers his Passions, and accomodates himself to the World, cannot need many Directions.



The Kirst Book Printed in New York

I suppose you also to be principl'd with Religion and Morality, which is to be valued before any Learning, and is an ease and pleasure to the Mind, and always secures a firm Reputation, let the World be never so Wicked. No man ever gains a Reverence for his Vice, but Virtue commands it. Vicious Men indeed have been Popular, but never for being so, but for their Virtues annexed: They administer their Imployments well and wisely, They are civil and obliging, They are free and magnanimous, They are faithful and couragious. It is always some brave Thing that recommends them to the good Opinion of the World.

The Advices I here lay down are rather Negative than Positive; For though I cannot direct you where you are to sail throughout your whole Course, yet I may safely shew you where you must not split your self.

And the first Rock I discover, on which Young Scholars shipwrack themselves, is vaunting of the Persons and Places concerned in their Education. I therefore advise you to be sparing in your Commendations of your University, Colledge, Tutor, or the Doctor you must there admire; for either all is taken for granted, or you only betray your Affection and Partiality, or you impose your Judgment for a Standard to others: You discover what you think, not what they are. An early kindness may make you as blind as an unjust Prejudice, and others will smile to see you confident of that which it may be, they know they can confute. This holds in all kinds of Commendations, which should be modest and moderate, Not Unseasonable, not Unsuitable, not Hyperbolical; for an Excess here creates Envy to the Person extoll'd, and is a virtual Detraction from others you converse with, and your own Understanding is measured by it. Nay, it is a presumption in some to commend at all; for he that praises another, would have him valued upon his own Judgment.

Therefore it is a disparagement to be commended by a Fool, except he concurs with the Vogue, or speaks from the Mouth of another; you must indeed, when you speak of mens Persons (which without provocation should never be) represent them candidly and fairly, and you are bound to give your Friend his due Elogy, when his Fame is concerned, or you are required to do it, or may do him a kindness in it. But remember, that when you give a Person a particular Character, it receives its estimate from your

Wisdom, be Temporate therefore as well as Just.

When you come into Company, be not forward to show your Proficiency, nor impose your Academical Discourses, nor glitter affectedly in Terms of Art, which is a vanity indesent to Young Men that have Confidence, and heat of Temper. Nor on the other hand must you be morose or difficult to give an Account of your self to Inquisitive or Learned Men; let your Answers be direct and concise. It is both your Wisdom and your Kindness to come to the point at first, only in Conferences or Debates, speak not all you have to say at once, in an entire Harangue, but suffer your self to be broached by degrees, and keep an Argument for reserve. What you say at first may perhaps give Satisfaction, however you gain Respite for Recollection; and when all is out at last you will be thought to have more in store.

And because the Mouth is the Fountain of our Weal or Wo, and it is the greatest Instance of Prudence to rule that little Member, the Tongue, and he indeed is a Perfect Man that offends not in a word; for all our Follies and Passions are let out that way. There are many things to be observed in the managing of Discourse, I only say in general, That you

Morals and Ethics of a Gentleman in 1696 must not speak with Heat and Violence, nor with Reflection upon mens Persons, nor with Vanity and Self-praise. No Man therefore should be his own Historian, that is, Talk of his own Feats, his Travels, his Conferences with great Men, &c nor boast of his Descent and Alliance, nor recount his Treasure, or the manage of his Estate, all which wearies out the greatest Patience, and without a Provocation expresses an intollerable Vanity and implyes a believing that others are affected and concerned in these things as much as himself. The like weakness is in talking of ones Trade or Profession to those that neither mind nor understand it. Indeed, if the Company be all of one piece, their debating any thing that relates to all, may be *Useful*; but it is impertinent in mixt Company to betray your *Skill* or Inclination. In like manner, he is not to be brook't, that over a Glass of Wine will turn States-man or Divine, perplex good Fellows with Intreagues of Government, Cases of Conscience, or School Controversies, which are too serious and too sacred to be the Subjects of Common Talk. Let no Mans Vice be your Theam, nor your Friends, because you love him; not your Enemy's because he is so, and in you it will be expounded Partiality and Revenge; not of any other, because you are certainly unconcerned in him, and may possibly be mistaken of him. Let not the Lapses or ridiculous Accidents or Behaviours of Men in Drink, or in Love be taken Notice of after, or upbraided to them in jest or earnest; for no man loves to have his Folly remembred, nor to have the consequence of Wine or Passion imputed to him; and he cannot but like you worse, if he finds they have left an Impression upon you. Every Mans Fault should be every Mans Secret, as he sins doubly that publishes his own shame, for he adds scandal to the sin, so does every Man increase the Scandal that is the propogator of it. When you carve out Discourse for others, let your Choice be rather of Things than of Persons, of Historical matters, rather than the present Age, of things distant & remote, rather than at Home, and of your Neighbors; and do not, after all these Restrictions, fear want of Discourse; for there is nothing in the World but you may speak of it Usefully or Pleasantly. Every thing (says Herbert) is big with jest, and has Wit in it, if you can find it out. As for Behaviour, that is certainly best, which best expresses the Sincereity of your heart. I think this Rule fails not, that that kind of Conversation that lets men into your Soul, to see the goodness of your Nature, and Integrity of your Mind is most acceptable; for be assured, every man loves another for his *Honesty*; To this every *Knave* pretends, and with the show of this he deceives; nay, the sensual love of bad men is founded upon this. Nothing loves a Body but for a Soul, nor a Soul, but for such a Disposition as answers to that Idea of goodness which is in the Mind. This is that, that reconciles you to some men at the first congress; for usually you read mens Souls in their faces, if they be young & uncorrupted, and you forever decline some Countenances which seem to declare, that some Vice or Passion has the predominacy; and though sometimes you are deceived yet you persist in your pre-possession till the behaviour doth signally confute what the Countenance did threaten. This makes a starcht formal Behaviour Odious, because it is forced, and unnatural, and assum'd as a disguise and suffers not the Soul to shine clearly and freely through the outward Actions.





The First Book Printed in New York

First then, your Actions must discover you to be your own Master; for he is a miserable Slave that is under the Tyranny of his Passions: And that Fountain teeming pair, Lust and Rage must especially be subdued. That of Love (to give it the milder Name) so far as it is vitious, I take to be seated principally in the Fancy, and there you must apply your Cure; for I ascribe its vehemence not so much to the Constitution as to the pampering the Body, and mens letting loose their Eyes, Tongues and Imaginations upon amourous Incentives, and not keeping a sence and awe of Religion upon them. For if you live in an Age and Place where Shame and civil Penalties have no force, you must have recourse to Religious means, and the Grace of God for Restraint. Lust is more distinctly forbidden by our Christianity, than any other thing; therefore it ought more sacredly to be avoided.

If you grow Troublesom to your self, in Gods name make use of that honourable Remedy he has provided; and in the intrim, if you can allay your Fancy, and keep your inclinations undetermined, I think a promiscuous Conversation is the safest; for many that have lived in the Shade and Retirement, when they came abroad were ruined by doting on the first Thing they met with. And this is oft the effect of Distance and

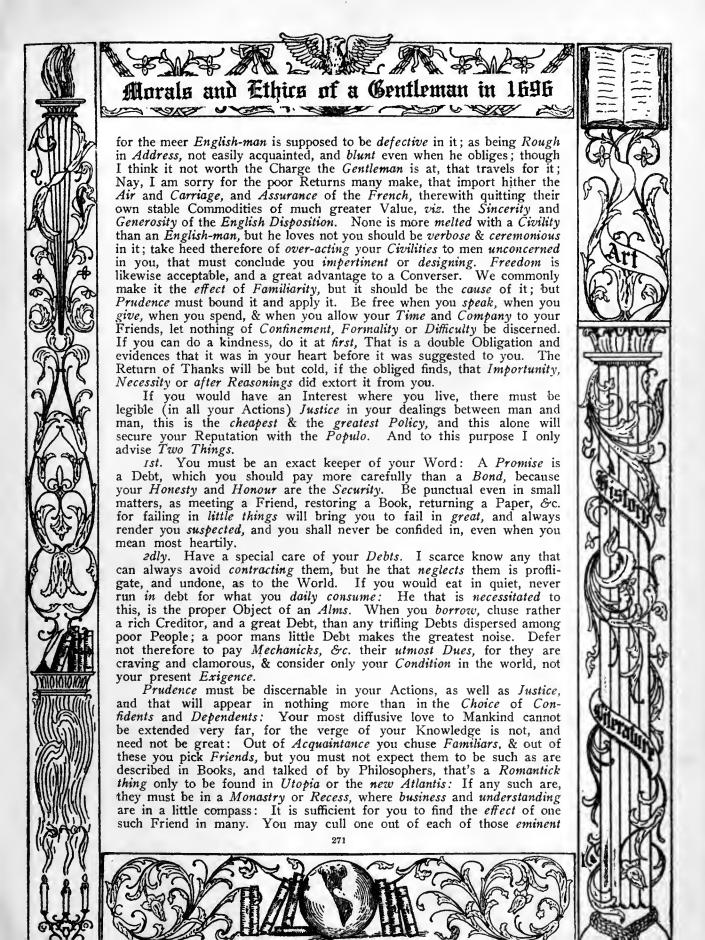
Caution.

The other spring of Mischief is Anger, which usually flames out from an untamed Pride and want of Manners, and many other untollerable infirmities, so that there is no living in the world without quenching it, for it will render you both Troublesom and Ridiculous, and you shall be avoided by all, like a Beast of Prey. The Stoicks pretend to be successful Eradicators of this Passion, and their Books may be usefully read for Taming it. But themselves have retained many ill humors behind, which are worse than a transient Rage, and are most abhorrent from all Society, as Moroseness, Fastidious Contempt of others, Peevishness, Caption, Scurrility, Willfulness, &c. which issue from some Tempers and some Principles which men are apt to suck in, to feed their natural Dispositions with; whereas the World is not to be entertained with Frowns and dark Looks. Be as severe ad intra as you will, but be wholly complaisant ad extra, and let not your strictness to your self make you Censorious and Uneasie to others; thus many mortified men have been very unruly, to the great scandal of what they professed.

Avoid therefore going to Law at your first setting out, for that will teach you to be litigious before your temper is well fixed, and will contract an habit of wrangling with your Neighbours, and at last delight in it, like a Sophister, with arguing in the Schools: You may observe many who have entered upon entangled Estates to become Vexatious, and have quite lost the Debonari ess of their Dispositions. Be always mild and easie to those that are about you, your Relations & Servants, not only for their sakes, but your own. If you are displeased at every Piccodillo, you will become habitually Froward, which you cannot put off when you appear abroad. And remember that if you be easie to your self, you will so to every Body else,

and you will be wellcome everywhere.

This produces Comity and Affability, which is a great Ornament of Behaviour; This argues you are well within, and that you are a Lover of Mankind. It is a mixture made up of Civilities and Freedom, suited to the Condition of the Person you converse with, a Quality as to Modes and Circumstances, we fetch from beyond the Seas;





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Professions that you may be concerned in, and make them your Confidents in their several Sphears. You go not to a Lawyer for Physick, not to a Merchant to be resolved in a case of Conscience, though both do love you

and serve you in what they may.

Make no Man your Friend twice, except the Interruption was through your own Mistake, and you have done Penance for it. Every Well-wisher is not capable of being made your Friend, nor every one that you think is honest and faithful; there must be a suiting your humor, and a mutual serviceableness and ability to give Advice and take it; and such a proportion of Temper as that he shall not, through vanity, or levity, or uncertainty betray himself or you. He that is not stanch in preserving of Secrets cannot be a Friend, such is a Talkative Man, that uses his Mouth for a Sluce to let out all that's in him. This argues a great weakness in the Head; for a shallow Understanding presently judges, and passes Sentence, and is positive in it.

Never tell any man you have a Secret, but dare not tell it; you should either go further, or not have gone so far; and press no man vehemently to keep concealed what you have committed to him; for that implyes you suspect what you have done, and that you diffide in his Prudence: It discovers your value of Things, and provokes him to Incontinence & breach of Trust; for there is an Itch in Mankind to be greedy of those Fruits that are most zealously forbidden; and some Prohibitions do even

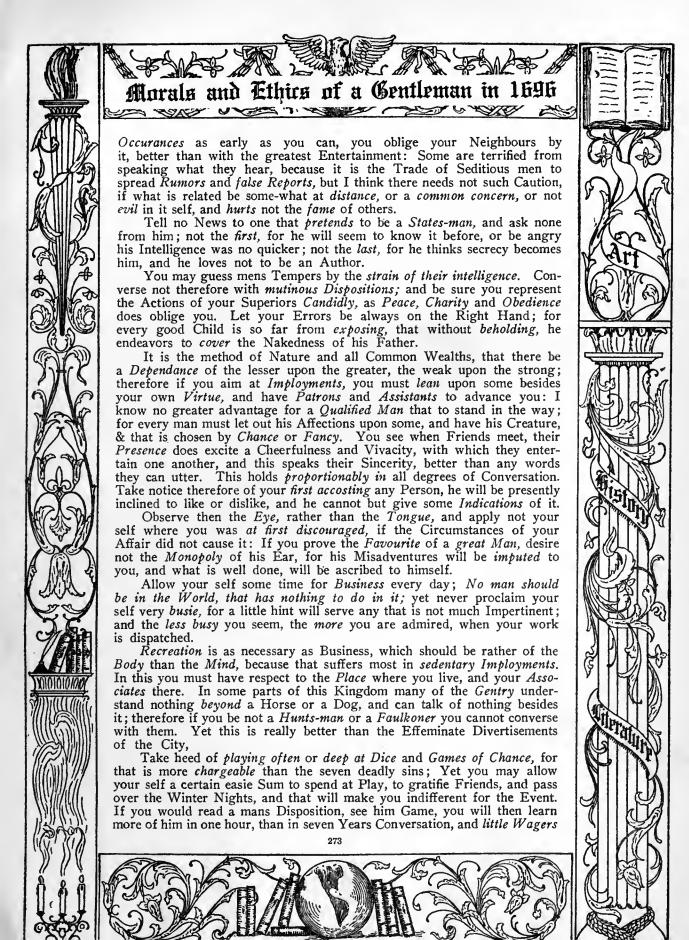
excite desire.

Reservedness, by some, is accounted an Art and a Virtue, but I think it is a fault, and the symptom of a sullen or stupid Nature, and I know it to be unwellcome to all Societies: I like a plain Communicative man, he is useful and acceptable to the World; and be assured, that a dark close reserved Man shall never have Friends. No man will take you into his heart, that cannot get into yours, let your Intentions be never so sincere. And I know not what a good man need be afraid of, if no hurt

be in him, no hurt will come out of him.

It is true open heartedness has a Latitude, and discretion must bound it, and assign its degrees, according to your kindness to them, or their nearness to you; & none should see all within you, for it may be Infirmity, Vice or Discontent lies at the bottom. Nor is it fit to rush into Discourse before Superiors, This is a greater Rudeness than to deny them their Place and Respect. The like Reverence must be had to to the Aged, and the most Experienced, and such as speak out of their own Profession. Neither would I have a man lie open to the Scrutinies and Pumpings of every Pragmatical Inquisitor: Such Assaults must be managed by Art. You must put by the Thrusts by slight, rather than strength; for no force must be discerned in such cases: He that drolls best, evades best. But when a man demurs at an easie Question, and is shie of speaking his Mind, and passes into another Shape, when the matter enquired for is common to all, or prejudicial to none, and when he delivers any thing it must be received as a great secret, though not fit or worthy to be kept; It argues him weak and formal; and by his Rarities he lays up, you may guess at all his Closet.

From all this you may infer how far the reporting of News may be convenient. If you would be Popular, you must indulge this humor of Mankind, though the Young man is not so much the Athenian in this as the Aged. If you live remote from the City, have all publick





The Kirst Book Printed in New York

will try him as soon as great Stakes, for then he is off his Guard. Equanimity at Play, which is not the effect of Use, argues a man Mannageable for any thing; He that Crows and Insults with Success, is Passionate,

and is usually the same that freat and quarrels at Misfortunes.

All Society is linked together with some common thing that entertains them; thus eating and especially drinking is become the Ligament of Conversation. In this you are daily concerned in some degree, let this be with a visible Chearfullness and Pleasantness; for that is wholesom both for Body and Mind, as Physitians and Divines will inform you. It will make you Wellcome to all; and by this many accomplish their ends upon the World.

Be not over Critical about eating, for an Epicure is very Troublesom; though this Luxurious Age hath made it a piece of Learning, yet methinks 'tis much below a brave Man to be anxious for his Palate, and to have his Thoughts and Pleasures confined to a Dish of Meat. Judge rather for Health than Pleasure; and disquiet none with disparaging the Food, or Niceness about it; and be not much afraid of the unwholsomness of what is set before you, except it be your constant Diet; for usually you see nothing but some will commend it; and our common Tables furnish

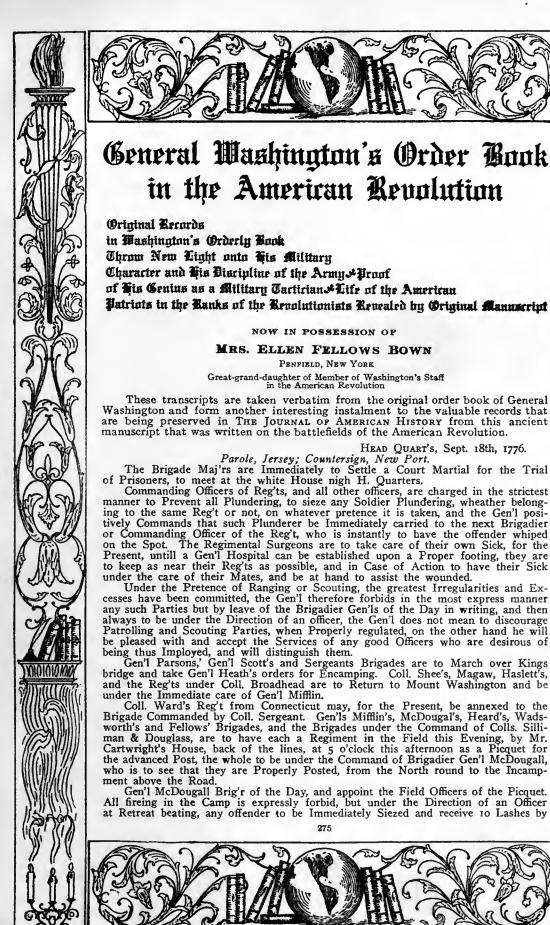
us with nothing that a temperate eater may not eat with safety.

Confine none when you drink to your Measures, and expect not that others should do as you do; 'tis both uncivil and unreasonable to impose on Company; nor yet must you seem to be under any Restraint by them, but be flexible to the Inclinations of the whole, and that with readiness. Every man should keep a stint, he that palliates it, is most pleasant; yet if you publickly declare your Resolution not to Trespass beyond your Measures, when you are found to command your self, you will not be solicited any further. When you have come up to your Standard, recede silently, and do not magisterially oblige the Company to break up with you, much less stay to be an unconcern'd Spectator of their Levities; but give others the same

liberty your self desires to take.

I might extend such kind of Observations to many other Subjects, but I must desist, begging your Pardon for playing the Dictator, and being so Dogmatical in what I utter. I know they will not fit all Men, nor do they pretend to cure all Faults, nor are they designed to express your Needs; but they may prevent Inconveniencies, and help you to read Men, and discover where they fail, and let you see what Relishes with the World. They are obvious and easie in themselves; for Nice and Subtle Things do not guide Mankind, but plain and common Rules. And by Analogy, with these laid down, you may judge of other Matters, as they Occur. And I cannot but acquaint you, that they are the Effect your Worthy Father's Influence on me, who extending his Paternal Care to all Circumstances for your good, engaged me (upon your quitting your Accademical Station) to propound to you some Directions concerning Conversation. And I have pitcht upon such as are grounded on Virtue, yet tend to render you acceptable, even to the worst; and he has done me Honour in judging me capable of speaking to this Subject. If they accomplish not the Utmost I intended, at least, they will do no hurt, but discover my own Private Sence, and be a Testimony of that Kindness which is owing to your Relations, by

Your unfeigned Friend and Servant, R. L.



General Washington's Order Book in the American Revolution

Character and His Discipline of the Army & Proof of Tis Cenius as a Military Tactician & Life of the American Patriots in the Kanks of the Revolutionists Revealed by Original Manuscript

Great-grand-daughter of Member of Washington's Staff in the American Revolution

These transcripts are taken verbatim from the original order book of General Washington and form another interesting instalment to the valuable records that are being preserved in The Journal of American History from this ancient manuscript that was written on the battlefields of the American Revolution.

HEAD QUART'S, Sept. 18th, 1776.

Commanding Officers of Reg'ts, and all other officers, are charged in the strictest manner to Prevent all Plundering, to sieze any Soldier Plundering, wheather belonging to the same Reg't or not, on whatever pretence it is taken, and the Gen'l positively Commands that such Plunderer be Immediately carried to the next Brigadier or Commanding Officer of the Reg't, who is instantly to have the offender whiped on the Spot. The Regimental Surgeons are to take care of their own Sick, for the Present, untill a Gen'l Hospital can be established upon a Proper footing, they are

cesses have been committed, the Gen'l therefore forbids in the most express manner any such Parties but by leave of the Brigadier Gen'ls of the Day in writing, and then always to be under the Direction of an officer, the Gen'l does not mean to discourage Patrolling and Scouting Parties, when Properly regulated, on the other hand he will be pleased with and accept the Services of any good Officers who are desirous of

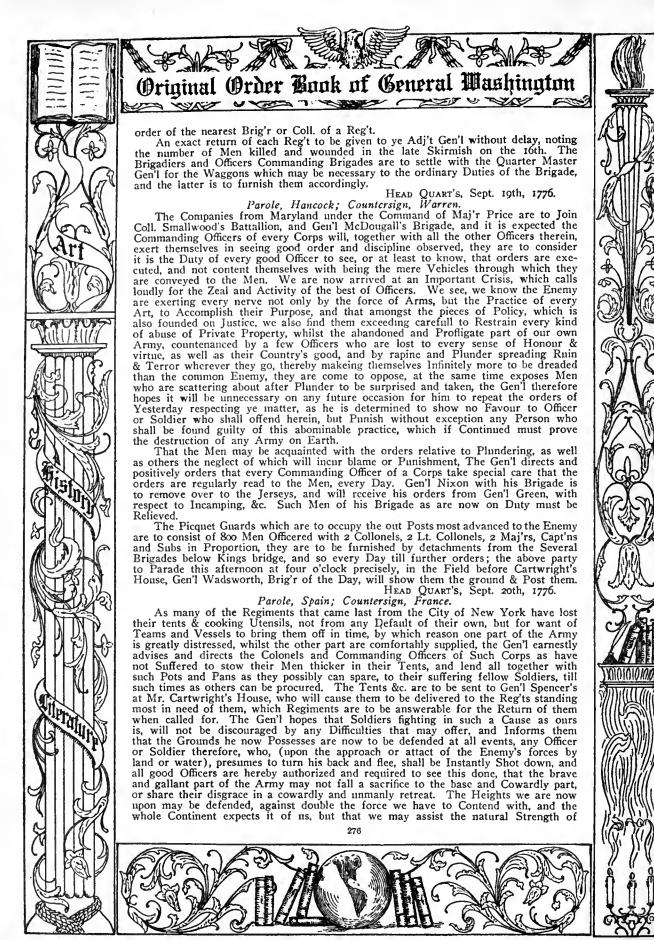
Gen'l Parsons,' Gen'l Scott's and Sergeants Brigades are to March over Kings bridge and take Gen'l Heath's orders for Encamping. Coll. Shee's, Magaw, Haslett's, and the Reg'ts under Coll. Broadhead are to Return to Mount Washington and be

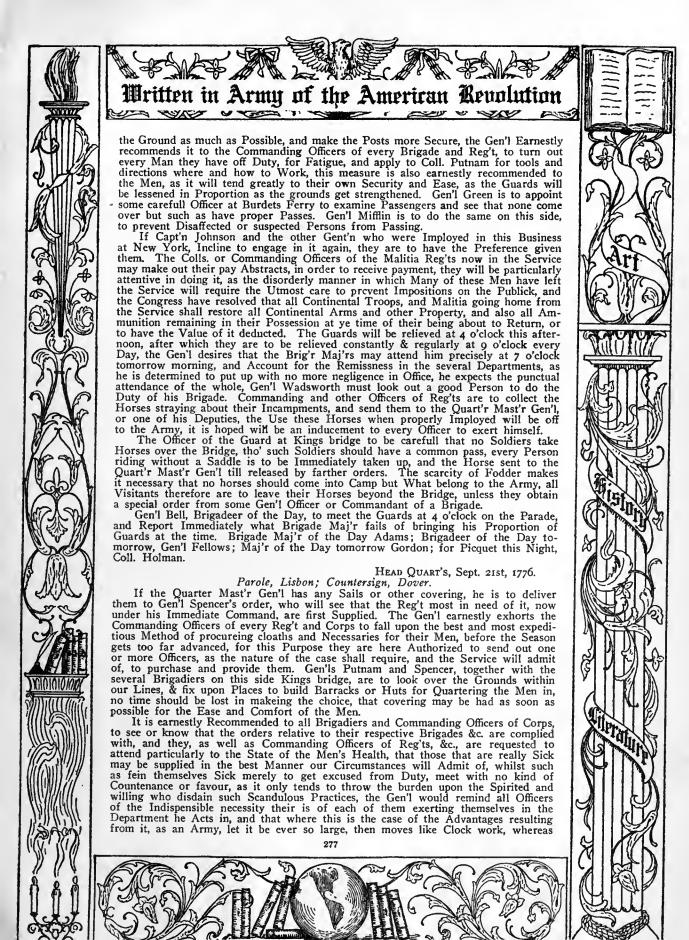
Coll. Ward's Reg't from Connecticut may, for the Present, be annexed to the Brigade Commanded by Coll. Sergeant. Gen'ls Mifflin's, McDougal's, Heard's, Wadsworth's and Fellows' Brigades, and the Brigades under the Command of Colls. Silliman & Douglass, are to have each a Regiment in the Field this Evening, by Mr. Cartwright's House, back of the lines, at 5 o'clock this afternoon as a Picquet for the advanced Post, the whole to be under the Command of Brigadier Gen'l McDougall, who is to see that they are Properly Posted, from the North round to the Incamp-

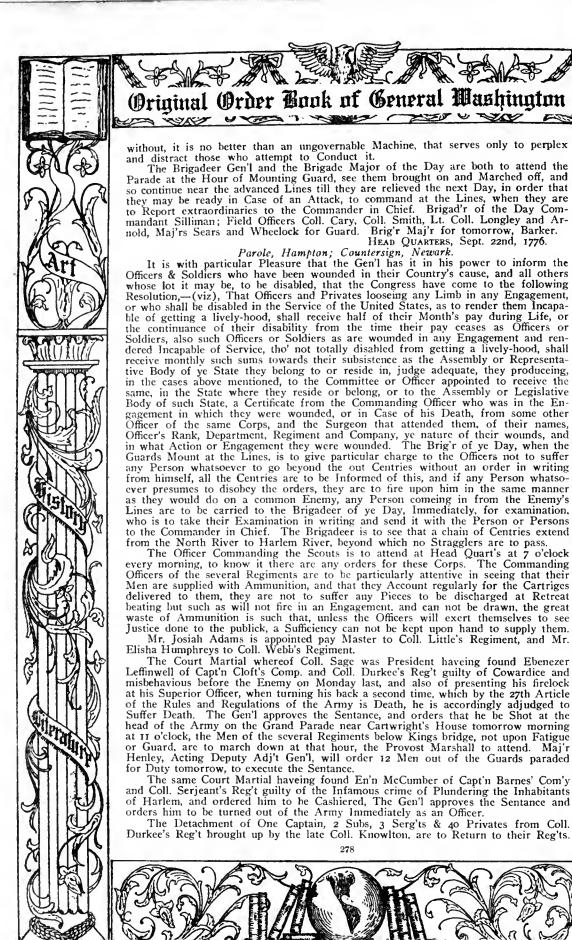
Gen'l McDougall Brig'r of the Day, and appoint the Field Officers of the Picquet. All fireing in the Camp is expressly forbid, but under the Direction of an Officer at Retreat beating, any offender to be Immediately Siezed and receive 10 Lashes by

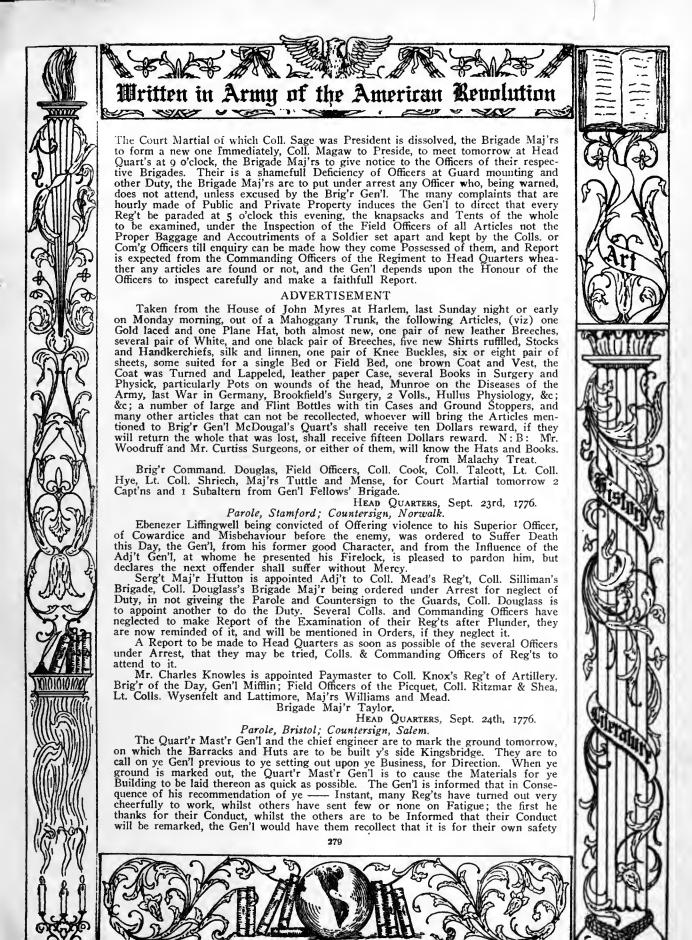


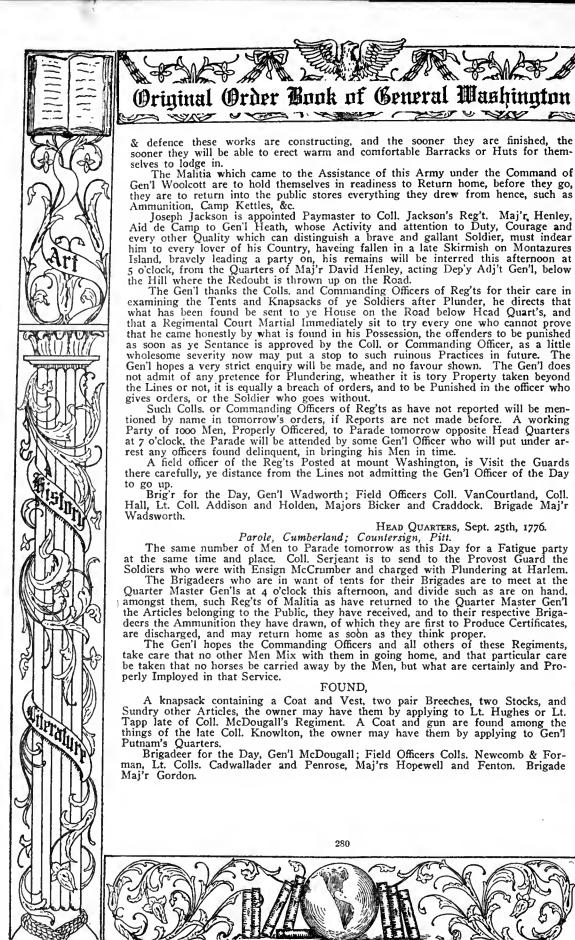


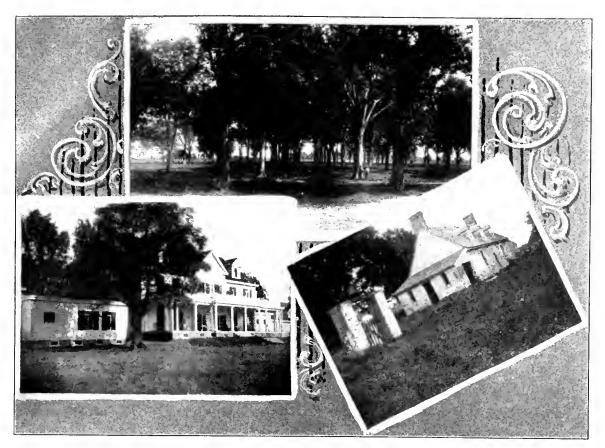












"Warner Hall"—Established in Virginia in 1674 by Honorable Augustine Warner, Speaker of the House of Burgesses



"Elmington," now occupied by Thomas EARLY AMERICAN MANOR- Historic Stairway at "Elminoton"—"The Ex-



Famous old "Abingdon" Church of England—Built in Virginia in 1690



Manor-place "Churchill," established in Virginia in 1658 by William Throckmorton



Historic old "Ware" Church of England-Erected in Virginia in 1679





First Manor-Houses in America and Estates of the First Americans

A Journey to the Historic Mausians along the York River in Old Clourester County, Virginia & Old-time Southern Character and Culture Reflected in the Magnificent Landmarks which Still Withstand the Ravages of More than Two Centuries & Mute Evidence of the Ancient Tombs & Transcribed

BY

R. T. CROWDER

OF GLOUCESTER COUNTY, VIRGINIA

ILL America ever become a nation of manor-houses? Can an aristocracy of family and estate be erected within a pure democracy? If men must struggle through the maelstrom of opportunities, one to arise rich and the other poor, which is the most wholesome: the riches of land or the monopoly of trade? These questions are vital to every American who is following the trend of events. We have recently

observed in Virginia the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the first permanent English settlement in America. We are this year observing the three hundredth anniversary of New York, with its Dutch foundation, and we are now preparing to observe within a few years the three hundredth anniversary of the Puritan foundations in New England. Throughout the domain in which these anniversaries occur there stand today many ancient structures that testify to the transformation of conditions and ideals in America—the decline of the family homestead and estate to make way for the concentration of industrial wealth. In the first years of American civilization the theory of "landed wealth" was enrooted into provincial character and politics. The foundations of American civilization were so laid for nearly two hundred years, and remained undisturbed by the American Revolution. Since then there has been a revolution even more powerful and more vital to American destiny, and it has come within the last generation, a revolution in which the ideals of domesticity and home have surrendered to the great industrial forces which now hold the nation in their power, the abandonment of the farm for the factory, the country for the city, the homestead for the horde. Which has produced the strongest character and the greatest men? Will Americans eventually return to the land and the manor-house? There is no demesne more reminiscent of the land regime in America than the old South. The author of this article has recently journeyed along the historic York River in Virginia where the venerable family tombs of the ancient estates still bear witness. This journey is recorded in The Journal of American History as evidence of the old days to be weighed with modern conditions.







Nation."

Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South

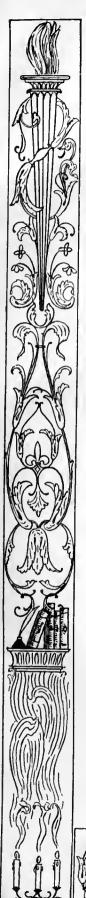
F in the following pages, the writer tells of matters which may not seem relative to the greater narrative of our Continent—I trust that the reader will attribute the defect to my zeal in allowing my pen to run away with me in describing the events which long ago transpired around the site of my present home. I believe, though, that all that may be chronicled will be of interest to all genuine Americans, and if a part of these pages does not seem to bear directly on events nationally historical. I feel that the reader will soon realize the truly historical relations existing between the most fragmentary parts of it and the builders of Virginia and American History. The illustrations here given are of homes owned, many of them, before the Revolution by men who figured conspicuously in Colonial history; and the inscriptions on the tombs take us to the very records of men who assisted in shaping the building of "Our

I will invite you then to come with me to the old County of Gloucester, down in old Virginia. Colonel Hugh Gwinne and Francis Willis first represented it in the House of Burgesses in 1652 and thus is first recognized as a County at that date, though, according to other authorities it existed ten years prior to 1652. Whatever its ancient lineage it is one of our oldest American counties and were all the events which rendered it so famous in history, narrated, the compilation would fill a very large volume full of rich'y flavored interest to every student of American history. And aside from historical record we find that it has for many generations held a social status equaled by few and surpassed by no other section of our country. One has but to give a passing glimpse, even at the present time, to the large estates with their quaint Colonial names, as he rides or drives over the "plantations"—to recall historical and social events related in books of fiction by Tucker, Dabney, John Ester Cooke, and a host of other American authors.

It is here that we may visit the site of Powatan's Capital village, Werowocomico, at which place John Smith was rescued by the daring Pocahontas, on the York River at that time known as the Pamunkey. It is here that the first rebellion of America terminated, by the death of 'ts general—Nathaniel Bacon, the younger—1676. Here Sir William Berkeley fled when pursued by Bacon. The Speaker of the House of Burgesses at that time—Augustine Warner of Warner Hall, whose daughter married the grandfather of General George Washington—lived here. It is said that the coronation robe of Charles the First was made of silk produced in old Gloucester. In this county was born the father of the celebrated Bishop of London—Robert Porteus. Lord Dunmore of the Revolution fled from Norfolk to "Gwynn's Island," then a part of Gloucester, from which place he was driven by General Andrew Lewis.

The celebrated Duke of Lauzun of Revolutionary fame, made himself the hero of an engagement at the conjunction of the "York and Severn Roads" in Gloucester. The granddaughter of Henry IV, the cousin of Louis the Fourteenth, married Count de Lauzun. Madam Savigne gives us the following ecstatic description of this wedding, written about the middle of the 17th Century: "I will tell you of a thing the most astonishing, of a thing the most surprising, the most wonderful, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most unheard of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unexpected, the greatest,





First Estates of Hereditary Americans



EARLIEST TYPE OF HOUSES IN FIRST ENGLISH GENERATION IN AMERICA—"Goshen," Seat of the Tompkins in Historic old Gloucester, Virginia

the smallest, the most striking, until to-day the most secret, the most brilliant, the most to be envied, a thing of which one finds only an example in past centuries, a thing hardly to be believed in Paris, a thing which makes the whole world astonished."

General Weedon, General Choisé, Mercer and Lauzun, were all encamped at the Court House of Gloucester, the headquarters of the allied forces of the Continental Army on this side of the York River, in the summer of 1781. I cannot undertake to record here all the historical personages who have moved from time to time in Gloucester, but will recall to the reader the names of a few of the old homes from which "culture and elegance have never departed" even though some of them have withstood the ravages of time and war all the way from Bacon's Rebellion in 1676, to the present time.

Of the old residences whose stately halls echoed to the footfall of men whose historical records have given Virginia its hospitable and chivalrous name; and whose descendants are Americans of worth all over these United States, we have but to name the following few of the many which are scattered throughout Gloucester: Warner Hall, Church Hill, Carter's Creek, Sarah's Creek—bearing the name of the famous Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, for whom it is called—Timber Neck, Elmington, Belleville, Newington, Violet Bank, Rosewell, Hesse, North End, White Marsh, White Hall, Toddsbury, Airville, Mount Pleasant, Goshen, Eagle Point, Seaford, Wareham, Isleham, Gloucester Place, Belle Farm, Wilson's Creek, Hail Western, The Rectory, Dunham Massic, Burgh Westra, Green Plains, Auburn, Newstead, Waverly, Midlothian, Lowland Cottage, High



Ancient Manor-Houses in the Old South

Gate—the Washington homestead—and many others, which my limited pages do not permit me to name. Of some of the occupants of these early American estates let us write the following names: Colonel John Washington, Augustine Warner, Thomas Curtis, John Jones, James Whiting, Thomas Seawell, Lewis Burwell, George Reade, Richard Kemp, Francis Willis—all these previous to 1650—John Smith, Henry Singleton, William Armistead, John Page, Thomas Todd—these before 1654. Later we have the family names of Rowe, Thomas, Taliaferro, Wyatt, Haywood, Corbell, Bernard, Lewis, Graves, Chapman, Billups, Roane, Thornton, Walker, Buckner, Lightfoot, Tomkins, Peyton, Fox, Clements, Pryor, Beverley, Cooke, Tabb, Thruston, Root, Throckmorton, Nicolson, Vanbiber, Page, Byrd, Corbin, etc. Among the civil and military officers in Gloucester in 1680, we may mention Lawrence Smith, Matthew Kemp, Thomas Ramsey, John Armistead, Philip Lightfoot, Thomas Pate, John Mann, Thomas Walker, Richard Young, Lewis Burwell, Henry Whiting, John Smith, Augustine Warner, Francis Burwell, Richard Booker, Robert Peyton and Symond Bueford.

If the reader will bear with me a moment longer in this record of true-blooded Americans I will give—for the benefit of genealogists—a list of those from Gloucester who served in the Continental Army during the Revolution:

Warner Lewis, County Lieutenant—Sir John Peyton, Baronet, Colonel—Thomas Whiting, Lieutenant-Colonel—Thomas Boswell, Gent., Major. Captains: Gibson Cluverius, John Camp, Richard Mathews, George Booth, Jasper Clayton, John Herbard, John Whiting, John Billups, Benjamin Shackelford, John Willis, Robert Mathews, William Buckner, John Dixon, Richard Billups, William Smith. Lieutenants: Samuel Cary, Richard Hall, John Foster, James Baytop, Thomas Buckner, George Green, William Sears, James Bentley, Edward Mathews, John Billups, Dudley Cary, Hugh Hayes, Churchill Armistead, Philip Tabb, John Foster and Robert Gayle. Ensigns: Henry Stevens, William Davis, William Haywood, Thomas Baytop, John Fox, James Laughlin, William Bentley, Christopher Garland, Peter Bernard, John Hayes, Samuel Eddins, Thomas Tabb, Richard Davis, Josiah Foster, George Plummer and John Gale.

As we look about this birthplace of American character and seek its spiritual environment we find the "Established Church of England." Two of the ancient structures are still standing in a good state of preservation—Abingdon and Ware. "Old Petsworth Church," so long noted for its beautiful frescoes and gorgeous paintings, has long since fallen to decay; and its once beautiful walls have for decades been a pile of weather stained bricks—"Petsworth exists only on paper." Abingdon and Ware, whose grounds are enclosed within heavy brick walls, have been preserved and they now seem to bid defiance at "Old Father Time." Both of these churches, once altars of the British Government, belong to-day to the Protestant Episcopal Church and bear testimony to the historic separation of church and state in America during the American Revolution. The chancel of Ware Church has thrice been removed for repairs—1854,1894, 1908—during the last sixty years and revealed many interesting tombs, inscriptions of which I am privileged to here record. Inscriptions of various old tombs in Gloucester have been transcribed by many distinguished antiquarians: Bishop Meade's "Old Churches and Families of

Estates of Hereditary Americans



TYPICAL SOUTHERN MANOR-PLACE DURING THE BRITISH REGIME IN AMERICA-"White Marsh," Estate of the Whitings, Prossers, Rootes, and Tabbs in Virginia

Virginia," "Genealogy of the Page Family in Virginia" by Dr. R. C. M. and Dr. Lyon G. Tyler's "William and Mary Quarterly." In some instances, however, I believe that we are here recording inscriptions which have not hitherto been registered. The writer has pursued researches throughout old Gloucester, and frequently found the tombs so badly worn and broken that he either had to consult friends or obtain information from the above quoted authorities. For assistance in collecting the following material, I am especially indebted to Mrs. Harry Sanders of "Dunham Massie" and Mrs. Fielding Lewis Taylor of "Rosewell."

Probably every reader of The Journal of American History is familiar with the historical worth of the tombs at "Warner Hall" and if he is not already aware of the associations of these and others, the explanation we hope will be very clear when he reads these inscriptions, noting especially the dates which make them among the oldest tombs of the white race in America:

"Here lyeth ye body of Coll: Augustine Warner who was borne ye 3d of June

1642, and died ye 19th. of June 1681."
"Augustine Warner deceased ye 24th of December 1674, aged 63 years 2 mos.,

"Here lyeth interr'd Augustine Warner, ye son of Coll: Augustine & Mildred Warner born ye 17th of January 1666/7 and deceased ye 17th of March 1686/7."

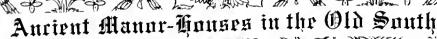
"Here lyeth inter'd ye body of Elizabeth Lewis, the daughter of Col: Augustine Warnor and Mildred his wife, and late wife of John Lewis Esq. She was born at Chesoke the 24th. of Novembr 1672, aged 47 years 2 monts and 12 days, and was a tender mother of 14 children. She departed this life the 5th. day of February 1719/20."











"Here lyeth interrd the body of Collo: John Lewis, son of John and Isabella Lewis and one of his majesty's Honble: Councill this Colony, who was born ye 30th. Nov, or of 1669 & departed this life on ye 14th. of Nov b. 1725.

"Mary Lewis first wife of Warner Lewis Esqr., daughter of John Chiswell Esqr., of Williamsburg and Elizabeth Randolph, daughter of William Randolph Esqr., of

Turky Island. Died the 1st, of November 1776. Aged 28 years.

"Warner Lewis eldyt., son of Warner Lewis Esqr., and Eleanor Loek, widow of William Lock Esqr., and daughter of James Bowles Esqr., of Maryland. Died the 30th of December 1791. Aged 44 years."

And now let us pass to old "High Gate," the family estate of the Washingtons. Here, under the coat-of-arms of the Whitings, we read:

"Underneath this stone lyeth interr'd the body of Mr Catherine Washington, wife of Major John Washington, and daughter of Coll: Henry Whiting by Elizabeth his wife, born May the 22d, 1694. She was in her several stations, a loving and obedient wife, a tender and an indulgent Mother, a kind and compassionate mistress, and above all an examplary Christian. She departed this life February ye 7th 1743, aged 49 years, to the great loss of all that had ye happiness of her acquaintance."

Another ancient stone bearing the arms of the Washingtons bears this inscription:

"In a well grounded certainty of an immortal resurrection, here lyes the remains of Elizabeth, the daughter of John and Catherine Washington. She was a maiden virtuous without reservedness, wise without affectation, beautiful without knowing it. She left this life on the fifth day of Febr, in the year MDCCXXXVI in the twentieth year of her age.

We leave historic old "High Gate" and now enter the ancient manor-place of "Toddsbury," on the North River. Just how old Toddsbury house is, it is very difficult to ascertain, but the house of brick and also the brick wall around the garden show extreme age. We have evidences that the Todds patented lands in Gloucester as early as 1652. It is supposed by many that the present Toddsbury house was built about 1658. Among the records of Baltimore County, Maryland, there is a letter written by Thomas Todd, in 1676, and filed in support of his will. He is on the ship Virginia bound for Virginia, "very Sicke," and mentions property on North River, Gloucester County, Virginia, The house is of English brick and beautifully willed to his son Thomas. panelled inside. It was for generations in possession of the Todds and Tabbs, who gave the place the reputation of being one of the most hospitable manors in all Virginia. It is now occupied by the Mott family. Among the prominent members of the Todd line, may be mentioned Thomas Todd of Kentucky, Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He was born in King and Queen County which adjoins Gloucester. Of the Tabbs also we find them occupying positions of trust all over Virginia, from the early part of the 17th century up to the present time. Augustine Tabb, during the Revolution was Captain of the State Line, (See W. & M. Quarterly vol. 111—2.)

Let us pass along the rows of old tombs at Toddsbury and harken to their story of the first homes in America:

"Here lyes the body of Capt., Christopher Todd, who was born the 2d day of April in the year of our Lord 1690, and departed this life the 26th of March 1745.

"Here lyes Interred the body of Francis Todd, who was born April 12, 1692,

and departed this life November the 5th. 1703."

"Here lyes the body of Capt., Thomas Todd, Sen., who was born in the year of our Lord 1660 and Departed this life the 16th, day of January 1724/5."



First Estates of Hereditary Americans



MANSION OF THE EARLY AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY IN THE OLD SOUTH—"Burgh Westra," Home of the Taliaferros in Virginia, which was used as a hospital during the Civil War

"Thomas Todd, son of Elizabeth Todd, born December 26th. 1728, departed this life 22d day of July 1780."

"Here lies the body of Mary Booth, daughter of George W. and Lucy B. Booth, who departed this life on the 12th. of September, 1818, in the eighteenth year of her age."

her age."

"Here lies the body of George Wythe Booth, who departed this life Decr., 20th.

1808. in the 36th, year of his age."

1808, in the 36th, year of his age."
"Edward Tabb, son of John Tabb and Martha his wife, born 3d. day of February, 1719, departed this life 29th, day of January 1782."

And here is "Timber Neck," bearing witness to its part in founding America:

"Here lyeth ye body of John Mann of Gloucester County in Virginia. Gent: aged 63 years, who departed this life ye 7th. day of January Anno Domini 1694".

(Arms)

"Here lyeth interred the body of Mrs. Mary Mann of the County of Gloucester in the Collony of Virginia, Gentlewoman who departed this life the 18th. day of March 1703/4 aged 56 years."

(Arms—On a lozenge a cross engrailed, right corner a conch shell.) "Here lyeth ye body of Elizabeth Page daughter of Mathew Page, who departed this life ye 15th day of March, Anno Domini 1693."

Pass along with me to that magnificent old plantation of Carter's Creek, or "Fairfield" as it was formerly called. Its large "manor house" has long since been destroyed and given over to a mere pile of bricks around which have grown innumerable saplings and bushes. Its massive tombs have become unhinged and the greater part of them lie in broken bits over the entire surface of the graveyard. Only four of the tombs are decipherable and one of these is broken in halves; one half, when the writer visited the place, was lying face down. With the help of a friend and a strong lever the stone was turned into its proper place and the epitaph of the wife of Major Lewis Burwell was discovered. She was a descendant and heiress of the Honorable Nathaniel Bacon, President of Virginia;







Ancient Manar-Houses in the Old South

died 1672. These tombs like many other old ones have been broken into by ghouls and in other ways destroyed.

Fairfield was the original seat of the Burwells, and is just two miles from "Rosewell"—the Page mansion. In speaking of these old American homes I cannot resist revealing something of their occupants. The following letter of Colonel Nathaniel Burwell to his brother, is recorded in Dr. Tyler's historical treasury, "The William and Mary College Quarterly," July, 1898:

"Brother:

"I'm very much concern'd for ye occasion of your Sending & more to See how insensible Lewis is of his own Ignorance, for he can nither read as he ought to do nor give one letter a true Shape when he writes nor spell one line of English & is altogether ignorant of Arithmetick, so that he'l be noways capable of ye management of his own affairs & unfit for any Gentleman's conversation, & therefore a Scandalous person & a Shame to his Relations, not having one single qualification to recommend him; if he would but apply himself heartily one year, to write well, learn ye Mathematics & Consequently arithmetick of M. Jones, & to Translate Latin into English of M. Ingles to learn him to spell well. I would then take him home & employ him 'till he comes of age in my Office & Plantation Affairs that he might the better be capable to manage his own, & to my knowledge this will be no disservice to him, & a greater than any other method he'l fall into through his own inclination; for my part, tis no advantage to me whether he be a Blockhead or a man of parts, were he not my Brother, but when I have to do with him, to schoole he shall go, & if he don't go till I can go over, he then Shall be forced to go whether he will or not & be made an example off (while I stand by) before ye face of ye whole College; as for ye pretence of Liveing in ye College, ye last meeting has taken such care as will effectually provide better eating for y° Boys, so that need not Scare him, & therefore he had better go by fare means than fowl, for go he shall, & Send him forthwith, I am,

"Abingdon, June 13. 1718.

"Yor Affectio: Brothry

"Abingdon, June 13. 1718. "Show him this letter. N. Burwell."

And now before leaving Carter's Creek let us glance at its mute witnesses to the centuries:

"To the lasting memory of Major Lewis Burwell, of the County of Gloucester, in Virginia, gentleman, who descended from the ancient family of the Burwells, of the Counties of Bedford and Northampton, in England, who, nothing more worthy

of the Countries of Bedfold and Northampton, in England, who, nothing more worthy in his birth than virtuous in his life, exchanged this life for a better, on the 19th. day of November, in the 33 years of his age, A. D. 1658."

"The daughter of Robert Higginson. She died November 26th. 1675. She was the wife of Major Lewis Burwell."

"Here lyeth the body of Lewis, son of Lewis Burwell and Abigail his wife, on the left hand of his brother Bacon and Sister Jane. He departed this life ye sixteenth day of September, 1676, in the 15th, year of his age."
"Here lyeth the body of Mary, the daughter of Lewis and Martha his wife.
She departed this life in the first year of her age, on the 20th, of July."

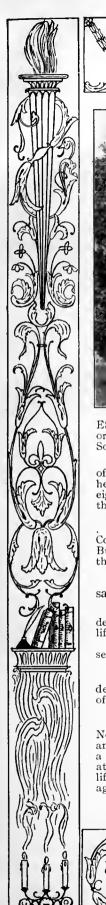
"To the sacred memory of Abigail the loving and beloved wife of Major Lewis Burwell, of the County of Gloucester, gent., who was descended of the illustrious family of the Bacons, and heiress of the Hon. Nathaniel Bacon Esq., President of Virginia, who not being more honourable in her birth than virtuous in her life, departed this world the 12th. day of November, 1672, aged 36 years, having blessed her husband with four sons and six daughters.

(ARMS) "Beneath this tomb lyeth the body of Major Nathaniel Burwell, eldest son of Major Lewis Burwell, who, by well regulated conduct and firm integrity, justly established a good reputation. He died in the 41st. year of his age, leaving behind him three sons and one daughter.* by Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Carter Esq., in the year of our Lord Christ 1721."
*One of these, the daughter, Elizabeth Burwell, married President William Nelson.

and was the mother of General Thomas Nelson.—Meade Old Churches, etc. Vol. 1—353.

(ARMS)

"Here lyeth the body of the Hon. Lewis Burwell son of Major Lewis Burwell and Lucy his wife, of the County of Gloucester, who first married Abigail Smith.



First Estates of Hereditary Americans



ESTATE OF THE OLD CAVALIER DAYS IN THE SOUTH—"White Hall," original seat of the Willis blood in America, later the Corbins and the Byrds of Southern aristocracy

of the family of the Bacons, by whom he had four sons and six daughters; and after her death, Martha, widow of the Hon. William Cole, by whom he had two sons and eight daughters, and departed this life 19th. day of Dec., 1710, leaving behind him three sons and six daughters."

(ARMS)

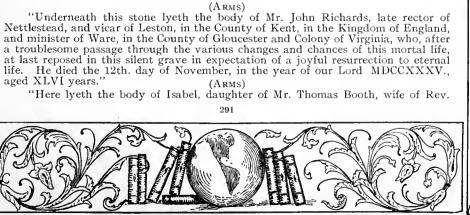
"Sacred to the memory of the dearly beloved . . . Martha, daughter of of Nansemond County, in Virginia, married to Col. William Cole, by whom she had no sons and no daughters. Afterwards married Major Lewis Burwell, by whom she had six sons and three daughters; resigned this mortal life the 4th day of Aug. 1704."

While passing by the old church at Ware, let us rest a moment at its sacred shrine and here we read:

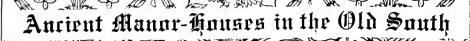
"Underneath this stone lyeth interred the body of Amy Richards, the most dearly-beloved wife of John Richards, minister of this parish, who departed this life 21st. of November 1725, aged 40 years.

"Near her dear Mistress lies the body of Mary Ades, her faithful and beloved servant, who departed this life the 23d of November 1725, aged 28 years."

"Here lyeth the body of Mrs. Ann Willis, the wife of Col. Francis Willis, who departed this life the 10th. of June 1727 in the 32d. year of her age. Also the body of A., daughter of the aforesaid, aged 7 days."







John Fox, minister of this parish; who with exemplary patience having borne various afflictions, and with equal piety discharged her serveral duties on earth, cheerfully yielded to mortality, exchanging the miseries of this life for the Joys of a glorious eternity, on the 13th. day of June, in the year of our Lord MDCCXLII., of her age

XXXVIII."
"Here also lie the bodies of Mary and Susannah daughters of the above-mentioned John and Isabel. The one departed this life on the 5th. day of September, 1742

in the 4th. year of her age; the other on the 8th. of October, in the 3d. year of her age, MDCCXLIII."

"Here lyeth the body of James Clack, son of William and Mary Clack, who was borne in the parish of Marden . . . miles from Devizes, in the County of Wilts. He came out of England in August 1678. Arrived in Virginia upon New Years day following, came into the parish of Ware on Easter, where he continued Minister near forty five years 'till he dyed. He departed this life on the 20th, day of December in the year of our Lord 1723, in hopes of a joyful Resurrection to Eternal Life which God grant him for his blessed Redeemer's sake-Amen.'

This is familiar to you. Whether or not you have been here before, you have heard of old "Rosewell" and the days when America's first tamilies gathered in it. It stands on the placid shores of the grand old York, not far from Yorktown and not far from Williamsburg, and for historic interest and natural grandeur is seldom equaled by any of the old Colonial homes now standing. It is "Rosewell"—like a beacon of bygone days it lifts its proud head high above the clear waters of the York in dignified splendor, and recalling to mind the fragrant social and political echoes of Colonial Virginia,

Its heavy walls and casements three feet thick; its large reception hall in which forty couples may dance; its long, winding stair, leading from hall to second floor, wide enough for eight people abreast to ascend, all suggest to the visitor the luxuriance of other days. The large hall, at one time panelled in richly carved mahogany from floor to ceiling, and the solid mahogany balustrade running from first to second floor, both deeply hand carved in figures representing beautiful flowers and baskets of luscious fruit-send many thoughts through our mind of the old plantation owners and their associates. This hall, long since worn slick by the waltz-glide of dainty Virginia maidens, has often resounded with names of some of the best blood in the colony, and often echoed the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson.

On the second floor we pass through a hall very similar to the first, but not quite so large—at one end of this hall, to the right of the stair, there is a room called the Jefferson room. It contains a high tester bed with other quaint old furniture, and often held the form of Jefferson on his visits to "Rosewell". In this room the mind of the celebrated statesman wrestled with our "Declaration of Independence," and in this room, or in the cupola on the fourth floor, we are told that the original draft was made. Jefferson was an intimate friend of Governor John Page, whom he frequently visited, and from one of these visits went to Philadelphia with his "Declaration."

Ascending two more flights of stairs we reach the roof, where we may get a beautiful view of the York River and surrounding country. Here we see the exact location of "Rosewell," and find it to be situated on the left bank of the York River, and the right bank of Carter's Creek, which

separates it from "Shelly," the present family seat of the Pages in Gloucester. But for the intervention of Carter's Creek, which at low tide well nigh goes dry, the two estates—"Rosewell" and "Shelly"—adjoin; and they were

originally the Page estate, consisting of five thousand acres.



First Estates of Hereditary Americans



HOMESTEAD OF AMERICAN REVOLUTIONISTS IN THE OLD SOUTH—"Timber Neck," abode of the Catletts, of ancient lineage in old Gloucester County, Virginia

"Shelly," formerly called Werowocomico, is supposed by many historians to be the seat of the famous Chief Powatan, and scene of the John Smith rescue by Pocahontas. From the numerous deposits of oyster shells, giving it the name Shelly and its former name Werowocomico—this supposition seems correct, and the present writer inclines toward it; but when we bear in mind the fact that there are similar shell deposits at "Roscwell," and that there is a tradition current that the Rosewell house was built in commemoration of the event—it is difficult to arrive at a very definite conclusion. The harbor at both of these places is excellent for an Indian canoe landing, which fact makes in favor of either idea advanced. Timber Neck Bay, not far distant, claims also to be the site of Powatan, since it possessed the ruins of an old chimney—called "Powatan's Chimney."

Noble old "Rosewell" has suffered many depredations. The lead which covered the roof was stripped off and sold for Revolutionary bullets; the mahogany wainscoting was also torn off and sold; and even the tombs present the appearance of vandalism, although the present owner of the estate is doing much to preserve it. The main building contains two large halls, nine passages, fourteen large rooms, nine small rooms, basement, an attic and a cupola; and was three stories and basement. It had two wings, each containing six rooms, and forming the court. The front of main building and wings was two hundred and thirty-two feet. The wings have been pulled down and bricks sold, as also the garden wall.

As we pass along the tombs at "Rosewell" there is one which attracts particular notice,—that of the Honorable Mann Page. It is an oblong octagon with allegorical figures on sides; the first: a cherub weeping, forget-







Ancient Manur-Houses in the Old South

me-not at his feet, with his fist to his eye and in other hand holding a torch reversed. The second side is a pall looped with scallop shells. The third side represents immortality: the cherub has his left foot on a skull, in his left hand he holds a cherry branch, his right hand points to a flaming lamp, his right foot on a thigh bone, a forget-me-not at his feet. The fourth side, the head of the tomb, bears a cherub's head between two wings expanded, underneath a wreath. The fifth side represents eternity: a cherub with hand raised holding a serpent with its tail in its mouth, a forget-menot at his feet. The sixth side: the pall as the second. The seventh represents resignation: a cherub with hands folded on breast and forgetme-not at feet. And the eighth side, the foot of the tomb: the Crown of the saints, underneath are the archangels' trumpets crossed, surrounded by a wreath of cherry branches.

Let us read: (ARMS)

"Here lieth interred ye body of ye Honourable Collonell Mathew Page Esqr. one of her Majtes most Honourable Councell of the Parish of Abingdon in the County of Gloucester in the Collony of Virginia, son of the Honourable Collonell John & Alice Page of the Parish of Bruton in the County of Yorke in ye aforesaid Collony, who departed this life in the 9th. day of January Anno Dom. 1703 in ye 45th. year of his (ARMS)

"Here lyeth Interr'd the body of Mary Page wife of the Honble Mathew Page Esq., one of Her Majestyes councel of this Collony of Virginia and daughter of John and Mary Mann, of this Collony, who departed this life ye 24th. day of March in ye

year of our Lord 1707 in ye thirty sixth year of her age "
"Near this place lye interred the body of Mathew Page, son of ye Honourable Collonen Mathew Page Esq. and Mary his wife who departed this life ye 31st. day of December ann. Dom. 1702 in ye 5th. month of his age. Allso the body of Mary Page daughter to Collonen Mathew Page Esqr. & Mary his wife who departed this life ye 14th. day of Jan. Ann. Dom. 1702/3 in the 7th. yeare of her age.

(ARMS) "Here lie the remains of the Honourable Mann Page Esq., one of his Majesties Council of this Collony of Virginia, who departed this life the 24th. day of January 1730 in the 40th year of his age. He was the only son of the Honourable Mathew Page Esq who was likewise a member of his Majesties Council. His first wife was Judith, daughter of Ralph Wormley Esq., secretary of Virginia, by whom he had two sons and a daughter He afterwards married Judith daughter of the Honble Robert Carter Esq. President of Virginia, with whom he lived in the most tender reciprocal affection for twelve years, leaving by her five sons and a daughter. His publick trust he faithfully discharged with candour and discretion, truth and justice; nor was he less eminent in his private behavior, for he was a tender husband and indulgent father, a gentle master and a faithful friend, being to all courteous and benevolent, kind and affable. This monument was piously erected to his memory by his mournfully gravitying leder." by his mournfully surviving lady.'

"Here lies the body of Mrs Alice Page, wife of Mann Page Esq. She departed this life on the 11th. day of January 1746, in child bed of her second son in the 23rd year of her age, leaving two sons and one daughter. She was the third daughter of the Honourable John Grimes Esq. of Middlesex County, one of his Majesty's Council in this Colony of Virginia. Her personal beauty and the uncommon sweetness of her temper, her affable deportment and exemplary behavior, made her respected by all who knew the spotless innocency of her life; and her singular piety, her constancy & resignation at the hour of death, sufficiently testified her firm & certain hopes of

a joyfull resurrection. To her sacred memory—this monument is piously erected."
"Here lieth interr'd the body of Tayloe Page, third son of Mann and Ann Corbin Page, who departed this life the 29th. day of November 1760, in the 5th. year of his age.

The Latin inscription on the tomb of Judith Wormeley. "Sacrae et Piae Memoriae Hoc Monumentum positum doloris, ab Honorato Mann Page armigero Charissimae suae conjugis Judithae. In ipso aetatis flore decussae, Ornatissimi Ralphi Wormeley de Agro Middlesexiae Armigeri Nec non Virginiani Secretarii quondam Meritissimi Filiae dignissimae Lectissimae delectissimaeque foeminea Quae vixit in sanctissimo matrimonio quatuor annos totidemque



First Estates of Hereditary Americans



MANSION WHERE JEFFERSON WROTE FIRST DRAFT OF DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—Ancient "Rosewell," established by the Pages in Virginia in 1725, and scene of brilliant assemblages

menses. Utriusque Sexus unum Superstitem reliquit Ralphum et Mariam vera Patris simul et matris ectypa. Habuitque tertium Mann nominatum vix quinque dies videntem Sub hoc Silenti Marmore matre sua inclusum Post cujus partum tertio die mortalitatem pro immortalitate commutavit Proh dolor! Inter uxores amantissima Inter matres fuit optima candida Domina Cui summa comitas cum venustissima suavitate morum et sermonam Conjuncta Obiit duodecimo die Decembris Anno Milessimo Septingessimo decimo Sexto Aetatis Suae vicessimo Secundo."

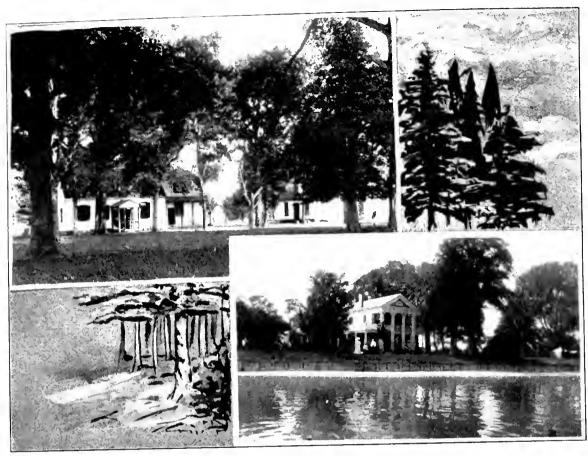
A translation of the foregoing from "The Page Book" is as follows:
"To the sacred and Pious Memory of his most beloved wife, Judith, cut down in the very flower of her age, this Monument of grief was erected by the Honourable Mann Page, Esquire. She was a most worthy daughter of the very illustrious Ralph Wormeley of County Middlesex, Esquire, formerly also a most deserving Secretary of Virginia. She was a most excellent and choice lady who lived in the state of most holy matrimony for four years and as many months. She left one survivor of each sex, Ralph and Maria, true likenesses together of Father and Mother. She also had a third named Mann, who, scarcely five days surviving, under this silent marble was inclosed with his mother. On the third day after his birth she exchanged mortality for immortality. Alas, grief! She was a most affectionate wife, the best of mothers, and an upright mistress of her family, in whom the utmost gentleness was united with the most graceful suavity of manners and conversation. She died on the 12th. day of December in the year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixteenth year and the twenty second of her age."

And so we might spend many days in visiting the ancient manor-houses of the first American families, and many months and years in perusing the quaint records which they left behind them. It is my privilege, however, merely to call your attention to them, and to point them out in passing so that you may have a truer understanding of the quality, the character and the culture of that first social regime in America, and the blood that laid the foundation of upon which one of the most powerful nations of the world is being built.

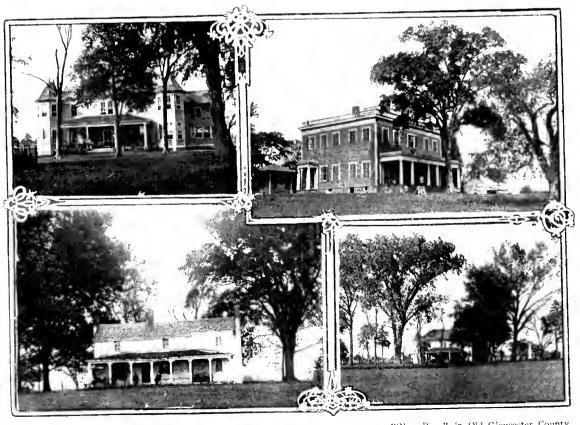
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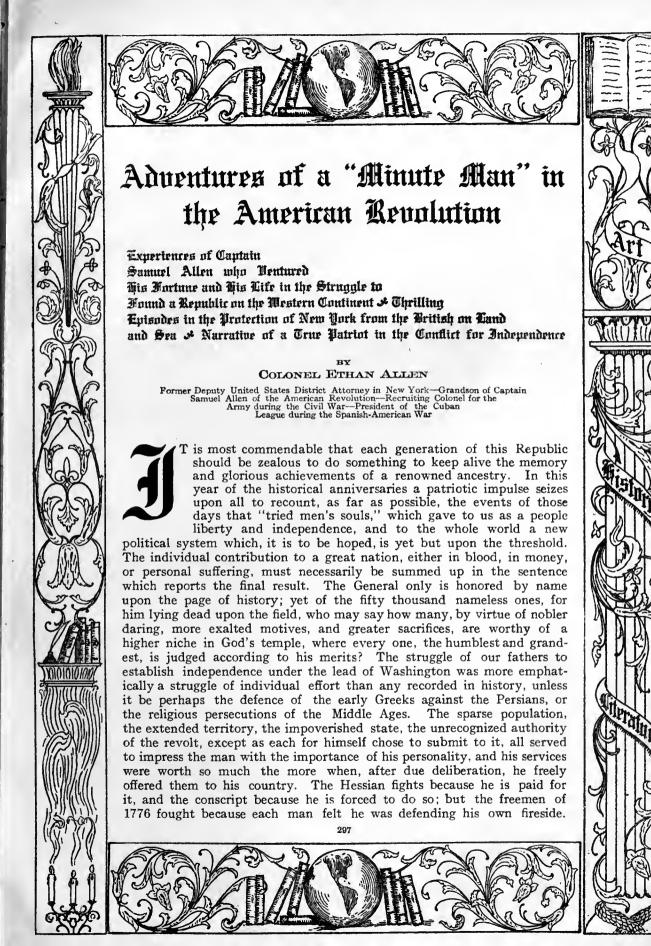




1658—"Belleville," Original seat of the Booths in Virginia—1909



"Hockley" of the Taliaferros in Virginia—"Lowland Cottage," built in 1700 ANCIENT AMERICAN MANOR-PLACES "Glen Roy," in Old Gloucester County, Virginia—"Hockley" and its vast domain



Captain Samuel Allen, the subject of this record, was one of those who, in an humble position, did his whole duty, and who is eminently deserving, at this time, of being remembered with his compeers. No monuments tower to his memory, and yet but few men of the American Revolution passed through more daring and thrilling adventures in behalf of the great cause. Allen was born in 1757, in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and was only eighteen years old when the "shot heard round the world" was fired at Lexington, and re-echoed at Bunker's Hill. He was one of an old and honored family who had crossed the seas and made a home in New England at a period almost as remote as when the Pilgrim Fathers landed, and a descendant of which family, David by name, went over into New Jersey and settled on Manna-Squan, or Squan River, Monmouth County, about the year 1740, and here, in a then wild and unsettled territory, obtained possession of vast tracts of land. David Allen, the emigrant referred to, was a brother of Joseph Allen, who was the father of General Ethan Allen, of Vermont. One son of David, named Adam, long before the Revolution, left New Jersey and located in Virginia, on the James River, and a large family of Allens in the Old Dominion is left to represent him. Another son, Samuel Allen, a Quaker by religious profession, and lame from his birth, father of Captain Samuel Allen, of whom I write, inherited from his father David, on the north shore of Squan River, a tract of land miles in extent, which, being by this time extensively under cultivation, placed the owner among the richest landed proprietors of the country. When the Revolution became rampant, it found Captain Samuel Allen a youth of eighteen and feudal lord among his people because of his vast estate in land-burning with all the fire of adventure which had brought his remote ancestors from England to the weird coast of Massachusetts, and those less remote from New England to New Jersey. The home of our hero was greatly favored by nature in the picturesque beauty which surrounded it, and was situated on the banks of Squan River, about three miles inland from the ocean, and about ten miles south of what is now Long Branch. Monmouth County was then, as now, one of the gardens surrounding the great city of New York which drew from it many of the luxuries for its tables. In those early days, before time and space had been annihilated by the telegraph and the steam-car, those acres which lay near at hand were mostly depended upon by the metropolitan city to furnish whatever the palate might crave. This county at this time was more thickly populated because of its proximity to New York, and the ready demand for all the produce of the soil, than most counties in the nation that did not include incorporated cities or large towns. Even at that early day, bordering and around Captain Allen's land and homestead, were extensive and rich farms, and these followed by others, and each fringed with smaller settlements—all extending back nearly across the state, giving support and employment to what was then regarded as a thickly populated district.

The Flemings and Osborns were, with the Allens, the leading families of the county, and were all related to each other by descent or intermarriage. Captain Allen, of whom I write, in 1776 married Elizabeth Fleming, of a family of ancient Scotch renown. His brothers-in-law, Stephen Fleming and Jacob Fleming, were captains of United States troops, and served with distinction through the entire war. After peace was declared Stephen Fleming settled in Kentucky, a compatriot



Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

of Daniel Boone, and a large and flourishing county of that state now bears his name. While the first wave of excitement was rolling over the land in 1775, Captain Allen was too young to act other than as a private soldier, and rather than do this he believed he could be of more service at home. His uncles, his cousins, his relatives of maturer years, in numbers were enlisting for the fight, and since home could not in that day be left unprotected, Allen was condemned to take the part of "home guard" in behalf of those called away. As the sequel proved, this was a duty of no less danger than to serve with the regular army. The American Revolution was emphatically a civil war; that is, in a divided sentiment often at your own fireside, your next door neighbor became your enemy. The foe who assails you from without may be guarded against, but the terrible trials of the American conflict arose from those enemies within, who, in the secrecy and intimacy of social life, planned for your destruction-accepted your hospitality only to watch for opportunitywho broke your bread with one hand and struck for your heart's blood Such is war! consequently the Tories of 1776, are with the other. often charged with conspiracy for remaining loyal to the British Being born upon the soil, they knew how most effectively to injure those who rebelled against its authority. A large number of this class swarmed through the coast district of Monmouth County. They were in part the overflow of the rapidly growing city of New York, added to the native working class of the county, and corrupting many with the idea of plunder from the homes of the absent patriots. Besides this, the British army, while in possession of New York, was constantly sending out foraging parties, and these predatory bands, prowling by night and day, piloted by Tories and neighbors against the homes of the wealthy and the absent, spread consternation everywhere. It was the mission of Captain Samuel Allen to stand as guard against this invasion.

It was early in the history of the war, that the state of things of which we have just spoken, made it necessary to organize what was known as the "Minute Men." On the 3d day of June, 1775, an act providing "a plan for regulating the militia of the colony," was passed in the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, then in session at Trenton, and this act was amended August 16th, 1775, which recited that "Minute Men having been raised in the counties of Morris, Sussex and Somerset, in obedience to the recommendation of the Continental Congress, the several counties of the State" "are ordered to furnish them in proper proportions." Monmouth County was required to supply six companies. According to an "Official History of the Officers and Men of New Jersey in the Revolutionary War," on pages 332 and 333, published for the state by William S. Stryker, Adjutant-General, these "Minute Men were held in constant readiness, on the shortest notice, to march to any place where assistance might be required for the defence of this or any neighboring colony." In case of alarm, "the Minute Men were directed to repair immediately to their captain's residence, and he was to march his company instantly to oppose "Company of light horse was ordered to be raised among the militia." The requirements of the regular army soon became such that these "Minute Men" were absorbed, and we learn from the authority quoted above, on page 334. that "many of the Minute Men as such having entered the Continental Army, the battalions thereof became so reduced

that on the 29th day of February, 1776, they were ordered to be dissolved and incorporated in the Militia of the districts where they resided." Thus the "Minute Men" called into existence for local defence at the beginning of the war, were turned into State troops, under arms, and liable at any moment to be ordered into distant states. Local protection, however, was just as much needed as before, and then it was, that self-organized, volunteer "Minute Men" took the place of those disbanded or claimed for other service. Captain Samuel Allen was one of these volunteers—the leader of a band of young men gathered by his own energy, commanded by him as captain, and whose self-imposed duty it was to guard the Jersey shore from Sandy Hook to Cape May. A bold, dashing dare-devil, a boy not yet of age at the opening of the war, of commanding influence because of his wealth and his overbearing will, he was, while the conflict lasted, the General-in-Chief in all Military movements pertaining to his district, and the sole judge of all prisoners brought before him. He was a sturdy and uncompromising patriot. His fortune as well as his life were ventured in the cause of his country. His name became a terror to his foes, and very early his deeds had spread such consternation among the Tories throughout the county and the coast district (who gave up hope when once they fell in Samuel Allen's hands), that urgent appeals were forwarded to the British lines to send parties of soldiers to secure his capture and his death. These appeals were answered, and many were the efforts made to secure the audacious young rebel of Monmouth. Driven from his home again and again by Tory assailants—seeking shelter in the woods for days and weeks from his pursuers—in British hands and his home burned to ashes before his eyes three different timesbound and marched between files of "Redcoats" a prisoner, yet escaping from the very muzzles of their muskets-capturing and hanging his enemies by his own decree—approaching at night with muffled oars and capturing a British merchantman lying off Tom's River Inlet, but which when assailed was supposed to be an English man-of-war-all these make up some of the incidents in the life of this "bold rider" of the Jersey shore.

One of the bravest and best planned schemes to thwart the enemy, and one of the first to bring young Allen into prominence, was carried into effect in the summer of 1776, while Washington was in possession of New York and Long Island. After the battle of Bunker Hill and the evacuation of Boston, New York was placed in a state of defence, as next exposed to attack. Lord Howe and his brother Sir William Howe, with a fleet to reduce New York, arrived off Sandy Hook, in June, 1776, and the battle of Long Island was fought August 27th, the same year. During the summer, however, and before the battle of Long Island and the surrender of New York, the farmers of New Jersey were accustomed to ship produce of all kinds to the latter city. A safe and facile means was to shoot a small boat (of which there was a little fleet of from twenty to fifty tons each), out of Mannasquan or Barnagat Inlets, and before a good breeze the little coaster would quickly land her cargo at the New York When at length British cruisers appeared off the coast (and for a greater part of this summer one or more could always be seen on guard), a double motive in capturing these little produce boats wasfirst, that their contents were relished on board a man-of-war-and second, that the rebels were deprived of them. But the heavy, lazy, armed leviathans were no match in celerity of movement to the swift flying



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"smacks" of the farmers, and neither could they venture near enough to the shore to stop the voyages of the latter. Hence a small cutter, named the Eagle, a swift sailer, mounting one pivot gun and carrying an armed crew, was brought into the English service to pick up the unarmed produce

boats as they ventured on their dangerous paths.

This worked well for a time. Terror seized upon all who were engaged in the traffic. At length, Allen devised means to circumvent the enemy. A small vessel was fitted out upon her deck with all that could attract the eye of hungry Britishers. Chicken coops, fatted calves. bleating sheep, etc., were placed around in abundance. In the hold were stowed away a band of armed men, who were to rush upon the deck at a given signal—which was, the stamp of the captain's foot and the call of the name of Washington. All things being arranged and the wind fair out of Squan Inlet, with Allen at the helm, came this machine of war, prepared in emulation of the far-famed steed of Troy. Her prow was pointed for New York, and all sail was crowded as if beginning a race for life. She is soon observed, and the famous Eagle starts for her prize. A shot from the pivot gun across the bow brings the "smack" to, and The easy indifference of the the English cutter runs alongside. captors is closely observed as they draw up to what is supposed to be a helpless and easy prize. At the proper moment, Allen stamps upon the deck and sounds the given signal. Off fly the hatches, out pour the men, and before the British can recover from their consternation, a volley of musketry is poured into them, and not a single man is left alive on the deck of the ill-fated cutter. She is easily taken into port by the patriots, and never from that day forth did British man-of-war give any trouble to the small champions of commerce along the coast.

The Tory residents of the state, who during the seven years of strife were really engaged in a civil war, would not have dared to push their ventures to such extremities as they often did, were they not sustained by foraging parties of British soldiers from the City of New York. A certain Captain Thompson, a regular officer in the British service, was so often detailed at the head of these scouting parties through Monmouth (and who always went forth with orders to bring in Samuel Allen dead or alive), that he at last became as well known all the country through as any of those born upon the soil. These red-coats on such occasions usually spared nothing. All things portable were borne along with them, farms were swept clean of stock, what could not be taken was destroyed, and homes were left in ashes. It was in the second year of the war that Captain Allen was unfortunately surprised and captured at his own home by Captain Thompson and his soldiers, assisted by Clayton Tilton, who was a prominent man and leader among the Tories. It was known that Allen had money, and he was ordered to give it up or reveal its hiding place on pain of instant death, but a firm refusal was given to this demand. His wife Elizabeth, terrified at the danger of her husband, on bended knees begged him to tell her where the money was that she might surrender it; but her appeal was of no avail. Allen was taken to the foot of a tall poplar that stood in front of his home, and with ropes he was lashed to the body of the tree, and seven British soldiers confronted him with cocked muskets presented at his breast. Captain Thompson repeated the command, "Give up the hiding place of your money this instant, or I'll give the order to fire." It was a tragic moment.

TO THE SECONDARY OF THE



The prisoner knew the character of his assailants and their hatred of him. Looking into the very muzzles of those muskets, his eye glancing along those gun barrels, returning the deadly gaze of those who aimed them, with undaunted fortitude Allen gave back the answer, "Fire and be damned." This very audacity of the prisoner saved his life. Thompson was a man who, while he faithfully served the Crown as a soldier, was too good to murder the defenceless. Allen was released from the ropes but held a prisoner, while the torch was applied to his home. His mother and younger brother and sisters (Allen was the oldest of his family, though at this time only twenty years of age), were driven out of doors, and when at length he was ordered to move off between a file of soldiers, a smoking ruin marked the place where he had lived. The money, however, which was concealed behind a brick withdrawn and replaced in an old oven not far distant, was saved. Captain Thompson immediately proceeded with his prisoner to Colonel Abraham Osborn, who lived about a mile distant, also known to be a wealthy man, and who was a brother-in-law of Samuel Allen, having married his sister Elizabeth. Abraham Osborn was an older man than Allen, and was an officer serving in the field with the State troops, but now home on furlough. The same demand, to reveal the hiding place of his money, was made upon him. Unfortunately he had given the secret of its concealment to his wife, and when the moment of danger came, she revealed it to the enemy, who secured it. By this time the alarm that had been sounded throughout the county brought a rescue, and Allen and Osborn both escaped the intended Sugar House imprisonment in New York.

It was not many months subsequent to this incident that the Tory leader, Captain Clate Tilton, was arrested by Allen who thereby became sole arbiter of his life. The tables were turned. But a little while before Allen was the prisoner of Thompson and Tilton; now the latter was pleading to Allen for mercy. This mercy was granted, and Tilton was treated with no other hardship than held as a prisoner of war, in consideration of having treated Allen in the same way when the relative conditions Tilton was turned over by Allen to General of the parties were reversed. Forman, then in command of a military station at Monmouth Court House, Freehold, for safe keeping. In the meantime the fortunes of war had been against some of Allen's connections in the Regular Army, and Stephen Fleming, his wife's brother, a captain in the Continental service, had been taken in battle and was a prisoner in the terrible New York Sugar House. To secure his exchange was now the one controlling desire. some way Allen learned through Captain Thompson, of the British army, that Fleming would be exchanged for Tilton, but the latter was to be produced at some certain point at a fixed time and discharged, whereupon Fleming would be released and sent over to New Jersey. Allen resolved that this should be done so far as Tilton was concerned. He at once called upon General Forman, stated the case, and asked for the restoration of Tilton to him. General Forman was one of those fussy men sometimes met with, brave and faithful enough as a soldier, but half tyrant and half pomposity, who regarded it as of the highest impertinence that a young man of no military rank—who was only a free lance—fighting for his country according to his own will, should demand the surrender of a notorious prisoner from a general in command of the State troops engaged in the national service. General Forman said Tilton should

Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776 not be surrendered. But, said Allen, astonished, "my brother-in-law is a prisoner in New York. He will be exchanged for this man. He is a good and faithful soldier, and was captured in battle. He will die if detained as a prisoner." "Then let him die," said Forman. "Clate Tilton shall be hanged." Flashing with rage, and rising to the full height of his tall commanding figure, at the same time drawing his sword, Allen thundered, "Tilton is my prisoner; give him to me, or I'll make daylight shine through you this very moment." The General knew whom he was dealing with, and also knew the threat would be executed. The prisoner Tilton was surrendered and the exchange was effected. The capture of the Eagle was not the only nautical adventure that Allen was engaged in while the war lasted. Late in the fall of 1779, while he was at Tom's River, in the southern part of what was then Monmouth county, word was brought that a British brig was anchored a few rods from shore, and was signalling for communication with the land. This was regarded by everyone as a trick of the British, and designed in some way to avenge the loss of the cutter Eagle in the year 1776. But whatever the motive, there lay the vessel, her outline from the shore easily traced against the darkening horizon. She looked forbidding. It seemed to be a strange place for a vessel of the kind to come to a stop. at once took charge of the case. It might be an armed vessel, but yet he would test it. A watch was stationed to give the alarm if any landing was attempted. During the night two boats were manned, of which Allen took control. Under cover of the darkness, approaching the brig from opposite directions, at a signal every man was over her sides and the captain and the crew were prisoners. The craft proved to be a British brig, short of provisions, and stopping for a supply. Moreover, she was loaded with two hundred puncheons of Jamaica rum. The captain and crew were well treated and released. At daylight the vessel was turned into Tom's River through what was then known as Cranberry inlet (now closed), and the rum unloaded in the store of Squire Abial Aitkens. This store was partly built on spiles over the water and was never by its architect designed for such a burden as was now imposed upon it. It fell in ruins and of its contents many puncheons, broken and emptied, were tumbled into the river. The waters flowed "good rum punch" for a long time, which might be had without the trouble of mixing and without price. Though this capture proved to be unexpectedly easy, yet when undertaken it was with uncertainty whether the object assailed might not prove to be a fully armed cruiser of his Britannic Majesty. It was not long after the capture of the British brig with the Jamaica rum that Captain Thompson and party again made a venture from New York, with the avowed intention of bringing Allen back with them from Since his capture in 1776, when his house was burned and he was rescued from his captors, he had rebuilt his dwelling, which, however, had three times since been visited and plundered by Tory bands, but had so far escaped the torch. On one of these occasions, being shot and falling on his own door stoop, he was supposed to be dead; and his clothes taking fire from the gun-wadding, he stealthily quenched it with his own blood by catching it in his hands as it flowed from the wound. As a parting token one fellow placed his musket at his head, saying, "I'll make sure of him, any way;" but at the exact moment before the explosion another kicked the gun-barrel, exclaiming, "don't shoot a dead

man," and the bullet intended to go through the brain, a few inches beyond it passed harmlessly into the door step. His ability to act like a dead man enabled him to continue a live one. Usually warned of the intended "surprise parties" by faithful scouts, he generally managed to be from home, unless "prepared to receive," and it was no uncommon thing for him to live for weeks secreted in the woods or in the camps of the guarded military posts. Upon this occasion, however, in the fall of 1779, his house was surrounded at night before he knew it, and he was again in Thompson's power. Once more he was forced to see his relatives driven from their doors, and for the second time the flames swept over the spot that he called his home, leaving nothing but smoking embers. He was then placed in charge of a portion of the capturing force while the rest were engaged in a distant enterprise; but, bribing his guards, he was enabled again to escape before the return of the chief of the party.

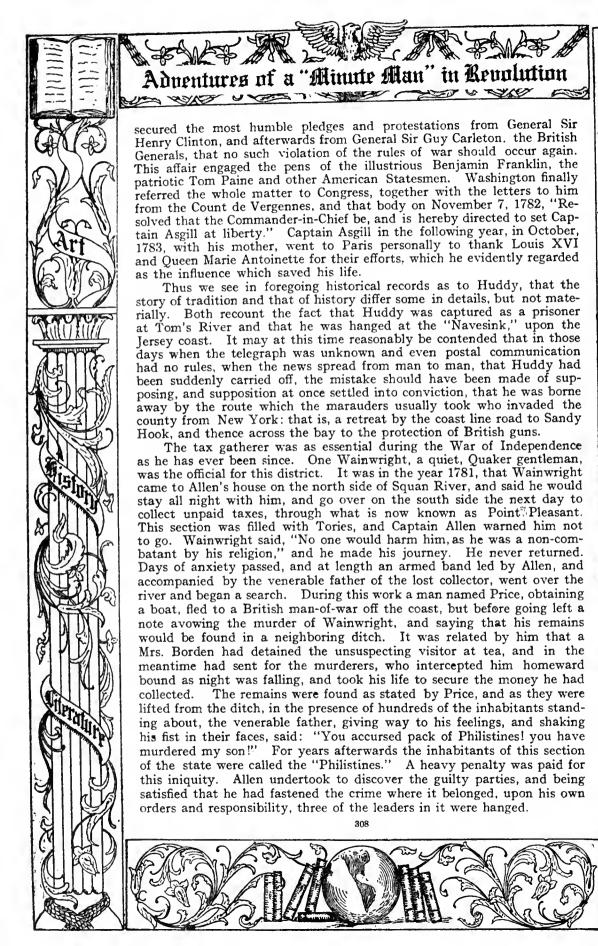
The Tories found at a very early day that they could make no effectual resistance except by organization, and this they did by selecting a notorious Captain Tigh as their leader. Allen and his men during these many years of weary strife had their places of rendezvous, and their secret councils, and so had Tigh and those who followed him. Between these two desperate men it was for a long time a drawn battle, each striving Wherever Tigh went, the torch and the to get possession of the other. knife did their work upon the defenceless families, whose guardians were in the camp with Washington. It was difficult to overtake the leader, for his work was done in a twinkle, and he and his band being intimately acquainted with the country, easily placed themselves beyond pursuit. The trap was, however, finally laid in 1782, and the game was captured. A report being circulated according to arrangement, that was intended to lead Tigh and his men on a certain trail, worked successfully, and one morning, just as day was breaking, Tigh and six of his men were in the grasp of Allen and his command. The chief of the Tories demanded that he should be treated as a prisoner and exchanged. He was told he should have justice. There were special charges against this man, and his release was not to be tolerated. Allen sat as judge and trial was ordered forthwith, and was held in the open air just as the sun was rising, in the beautiful lane that leads to Squan River bridge, on the north side, and the facts being clear against all, the sentence was announced, "You have been taken as enemies, robbers and murderers, condemned as such and shall be hung as such." "When?" asked Tigh. "Now," was the answer, and forthwith the neck of each man was in the halter and Capt. Tigh and six of his companions were dangling each from a separate limb. life was extinct it was ordered that the bodies remain suspended for the space of two days, as a warning to others. The execution being over, the patriots dispersed each to his home for his morning meal. The place is pointed out to this day, along that beautiful lane, where "Captain Sam. Allen hung Tigh and his men in the Revolutionary War." While it is impossible to fix the exact date of this occurrence, it is nevertheless known to have been near the close of the war, or after the spring of 1782, as the following incidents will show, in which both Allen and Tigh were prominent actors.

In the fall of the year 1780, Captain Allen was greatly afflicted by an attack of intermittent fever, resulting from the years of exposure through which he had passed, and was on a visit to, and was a guest at the house

Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776 of Colonel Barnes Smock, a veteran officer in command of the State troops, then stationed at Middletown, not far from what is now known as Long Branch. Allen was tracked to this retreat by Tigh, his relentless foe, who with his gang was enabled to approach in an unguarded moment close to the house where Allen was staying. The alarm was suddenly rung out, "Tigh is coming!" Night had just fallen and Colonel Smock and Allen were both within, sitting before a large log fire. Seizing his musket, Smock then opened the front door, and observing the dusky forms of the assailants skulking a short distance off, he raised his gun, marked his man, but the old flint-lock failed to explode. The open door, however, and the light of the glowing fire within exposed him to a fair shot, and quickly back came a crash of musketry that riddled the front of the residence. Fortunately Colonel Smock was not hit. With a yell, a rush was made for the house. Allen, sick as he was, comprehended at once that death was in the wind, and seizing his gun he rushed out of the back door and struck for a clump of woods. The enemy having expended their fire, two of their swiftest runners pursued the fugitive patriot, who was now literally running a race with death. Having drawn them a sufficient distance from their supports (and in the darkness of the night, both being between him and the light of the house from which they were fleeing, Allen had the advantage of his foes), suddenly turning on his pursuers and taking deliberate aim, the foremost of the two sunk in death. In a moment more Allen was hidden in the friendly thicket, and the enemy, knowing that a marksman confronted them, did not dare to venture too near his ambush. Hastily withdrawing, leaving one man dead upon the field, they carried away Colonel Smock as a prisoner of war, and without harm he was treated as such till his release by exchange. The old Smock mansion, if yet standing in Middletown, Monmouth County, will furnish confirmatory evidence of this incident in its sheltered lintels and door posts, and, perhaps to this day, certainly a few years ago, the visitor to this ancient landmark could bury his fingers in these "Tory bullet-holes of the Revolution." Another incident which preceded and hastened the fate of Captain Tigh was an act that at the time. excited the sympathy and sorrow of every patriot throughout the land. Captain Joshua Huddy was one of those men who, at the opening of the Revolution, was well-stricken in years, and while the infirmities of age admonished him to avoid active service, yet the patriotic fire of his nature would not be subdued by inaction. He determined at an early day to do what he could. A devoted friendship existed between him and young Allen, the January and May of the cause. and both were equally energetic to visit with a stern hand any estrangement from the path which led to the political freedom of the Colonies. an early day, it was foreseen that the coast was exposed to attack from British cruisers, and also afforded facility for landing troops to operate against New York City, unless watched with flying artillery, that could, like the "Minute Men," dart from point to point with the rapidity of the gale. Accordingly an act was passed on the 24th day of September, 1777, in the New Jersey Legislature, to raise a company of artillery, which was to be used as the case might demand, against either a Tory camp or a British man-of-war. An excellent battery, for that day, was soon raised and the command was given to the venerable Joshua Huddy, who was commissioned by the state as captain. Its territorial service was fixed in Monmouth county, and for five years this battery and its

commander were a terror to the evil-doers of that time. Captain Huddy was hated by the Tories almost as warmly as was Captain Allen, and vengeance was threatened if the fortunes of war should make either their captive. Huddy was so much beloved by the whole county, for his probity of character, for his generous nature, and for his unselfish heroic service, that he was sometimes led to trust his safety too much to his fancy of an unwillingness on the part of his neighbors to do him harm, rather than to the muskets of his men. But in war a man can be the hypocrite as well as traitor, and so it proved in this case. Huddy was accustomed at times freely to furlough his men from duty, and at other times to venture himself unprotected beyond their care. In the spring of 1782, Captain Huddy was at Tom's River, in the southern part of the county, with his battery, and so great was the desire of the men in the opening of the year to visit their various homes on short leave, to prepare the field or the garden for the coming summer, and so impossible was it for the noble-hearted patriarch to say "No" to those who, with the fidelity of children, had attended him through the privations of many years of war, that the station was depleted by the releases granted; and the Tories saw now their opportunity to wreak their long-delayed vengeance. On the night of the 2d of April, 1782, a party of masked men steathily approached the camp of Captain Huddy, and, overpowering the guard, reduced to only a handful of men, the venerable hero was soon a prisoner. He was immediately hurried to the thicket and the hiding places of the marauders, and when the morning dawned the terrible story was told, that the beloved captain was in the hands of the enemy, and where, God only knew. The courier sped here and there. The whole county was aroused. Allen and his men were speedily in the saddle in search for the trail. It was days before the "case could be worked up," to use the phrase of the modern detective, but at the end of a week it was known that the captors had started for Sandy Hook, evidently trying to reach New York with their prize. The battery was safe—only the chief was missing. Troops of volunteer horsemen were tearing through the country in all directions, in the vain desire to cross swords with the band who had dared to lay impious hands upon him whom all revered. "On to Middletown!" at length became the cry, when it was finally clear that the track of the foe was revealed. "On to Middletown!" went many a foaming steed, each rider impelled by the fear that he might be too late. Allen rode with the pursuers. Through Colt's Neck, around Shrewsbury River, on to the shores of the Raritan Bay, on to the Heights of the Neversinkforward, onward, everywhere—since now all knew that the enemy were being enclosed before them. At last the end—the pursuit is over—the lost is found. On the Heights, overlooking the bay and the ocean, poor Huddy was discovered on the 10th of April, 1782, hanging by the neck and dead. His captors, knowing that the hand of rescue was about to be extended, and that escape was hopeless, unless each took care of himself. in which case no one could afford to be burdened with the prisoner, it was determined to yield him back lifeless to his friends and to his country. No event of the war created so much sorrow through the country as this. Over his grave many an oath was taken to follow his murderers, and it became well understood in time that the notorious Tigh was among those connected with the base deed. When he and six of his men, as already stated, fell into the hands of Samuel Allen, this complicity in the death of

Experiences of Captain Allen in Huddy was one of many charges against him; but of itself, this was enough. When Tigh and his men were passed on to eternity, as related, it was felt throughout the country that Huddy was in part avenged. These statements herein made in regard to Huddy, are given upon the authority of tradition as the story has been handed down from generation to generation for more than a hundred years in Monmouth County. The writer obtained the facts as here narrated from his father, Samuel Fleming Allen, who in turn heard them from the lips of his father, Captain "Sam" Allen, and also from friends and neighbors who could verify them from personal knowledge, and also from actual participation in the conflicts. Samuel Fleming Allen was forty years old when the hero of this sketch died. But tradition, always liable to mistakes, must give way to actual recorded history, and hence the writer makes reference to other evidence in regard to the capture and murder of the venerable Captain Joshua Huddy. General William S. Stryker, Adjutant General of the State of New Jersey, in a learned and able paper read by him at Tom's River. on the 30th of May, 1883, on the capture of the "Block House at Tom's River, New Jersey, on March 24th, 1782," in substance says: One of the military posts for guarding the maritime frontier was this "Block House" at Tom's River, and this was defended in March, 1782, by Captain Huddy and twenty-five men besides himself. An armed expedition by water from the City of New York, under British and Tory command, landed on the coast near the scene of action on the night of the 23rd of March, 1782. At daylight the next morning the Block House was assailed. After a desperate fight, Captain Huddy and sixteen of his men were taken prisoners, and among them was Jacob (or Stephen) Fleming, the brotherin-law of Samuel Allen. The prisoners were hurried off to New York by water on the brigantine Arrogant, the same vessel which had brought the enemy hither, and upon their arrival in the city, Captain Huddy and his fellow captives were at once confined in the "Old Sugar House" as prisoners of war. Then came an act of villainy, which, as General Stryker well remarks, was afterwards" discussed in the Councils of three nations." Captain Huddy was handed over by General Clinton, the British Commandant at New York, to Captain Richard Lippincott, a Tory of Monmouth County, and by him he was quickly conveyed back to Monmouth County and then landed and hanged on the "Navesink" about a mile beyond the old Highland light-house, on the 12th day of April, 1782. General Stryker then continues his paper, reciting the fact that Washington resolved to retaliate for this wanton murder, and among the prisoners then in American hands, Captain Asgill was selected by lot to expiate upon the gallows the death of Huddy. He was the only son of a powerful and wealthy family, a noble of Great Britain, and his mother's efforts probably saved his life. Washington proposed and demanded the surrender of the Tory Lippincott, and Asgill would be spared; otherwise he must So matters stood, when the mother of Asgill called upon her King, George III, and obtained his order "that the author of the crime, which dishonored the English nation, should be given up for punishment." Through the intrigues of Courts this order was not complied with, if ever sent, and Lady Asgill in her despair, applied to Charles Gravier, the Count de Vergennes, Minister of Louis XVI of France, who used his best influence with Washington to avert the pending execution. the firm stand of the Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies had



Experiences of Captain Allen in 1776

The last of the adventures to be recorded was one of the most thrill-Late in the summer of 1782 and shortly after Captain Tigh had been disposed of, Captain Thompson with a guard of sixteen armed men made another visit into the county, and again succeeded in capturing Allen, whose home was now, for the third time, licked up from the ground by the flames of Tory and of English vengeance. Colonel Abraham Osborn, Allen's brother-in-law, on a visit to his people from the Continental Army, was also surprised and captured; and after the party had loaded themselves with sufficient plunder, the two prisoners with their hands tied behind them, and lashed together with ropes, armed soldiers in front and behind them, were started on their march on foot for Sandy Hook, the end being confinement in the Prison Ships of the Wallabout, or the Sugar House in New York. The day was warm and the march began about dark. On plodded the party—the conquerors, to their applause, and the victims, to a lingering imprisonment. When, at a somewhat late hour of the night, all had reached a place now and then known as Shark River, Allen had already resolved that he would march no further unless unbound. He had whispered his resolve in Osborn's ear, and had said to him that they might as well die there by the bullet as in New York by starvation. The night was not dark, but a heavy sea fog had swept in from the ocean, limiting the vision to a few feet only, and on either side of the narrow road was a thick undergrowth of laurel bushes which extended for miles along. Allen decided that this was the time to strike for freedom. Calling Captain Thompson, he swore that neither would march another step unless untied. The British officer was obdurate and ordered them on. "No, they would not move on." It was threatened to shoot both on the spot. "Very well," they said, "they were ready to die, but walk another step, tied as they were, they would not." There was no alternative but to release the prisoners from the ropes, which was done, Thompson saying, "Allen, you have escaped me twice before; I do not intend you shall do so now." Orders were then given to the soldiers, in the presence of the prisoners, to watch them closely, and on the first motion to escape to shoot them down. was renewed. Allen had managed to inform Osborn that when he nudged him with his elbow, they were both to dash, each on opposite sides of the The moment of trial came. The thick fog-the rich foliagethe friendly bushes—the narrow road—all aided the effort. It was a touch of the arm, a jump, and the escape was begun. The hunter who has had a bevy of quail start suddenly at his feet, here and there, right and left, front and rear, and confused by the quickness and variety of shots presented, decides on none in time and loses the game, has been in the situation of these soldiers, who first turned to one side and then to the other, and before the volley was delivered escape had become possible. A shower of bullets whistled by Allen's ears as he dashed on through the bushes, but he was safe. It was a dangerous thing to follow him on ground he knew so well; and it was not attempted. The released suddenly became the pursuer. He flew like a deer to the nearest homestead, and reaching there about midnight, without waiting to arouse the inmates or owners he seized and mounted the swiftest horse and rode to the nearest military post for a detail of troops. This was at Colt's Neck, about fifteen miles away, but fortunately it was just in the direction the enemy was taking. Captain Bigelow, of the Continental service was in command.



Allen's object was to obtain an escort and secure Thompson and his force before they crossed Shrewsbury River. That fifteen miles of intervening space, in the anxieties of the hour, seemed the width of a continent, but it was passed at last, when unfortunately it was found that because of some freedom in the discipline of the camp, an hour was lost before a cavalcade of twenty men were under way. At last, however, this force was dashing for Shrewsbury River, and reaching it just as the morning broke, Thompson and his men were seen leaving their boats on the opposite bank, but beyond range of the old flint-lock of that day. had too many friends on the other side to make it safe to pursue. Dismounting, however, each man levelled his piece and gave a parting shot; and Thompson and his party, with genuine English impudence, leisurely gave a volley in reply, the balls coming skipping harmlessly over the water and at last sinking in its depths. The game was lost to Allen, and Thompson safe again in New York City, made this his last and parting visit; for soon thereafter he returned with the army to which he was attached homeward to his King, leaving this nation free and independent. When Allen returned from his chase it was found that Osborn, as well as himself, had escaped the bullet on that desperate midnight leap.

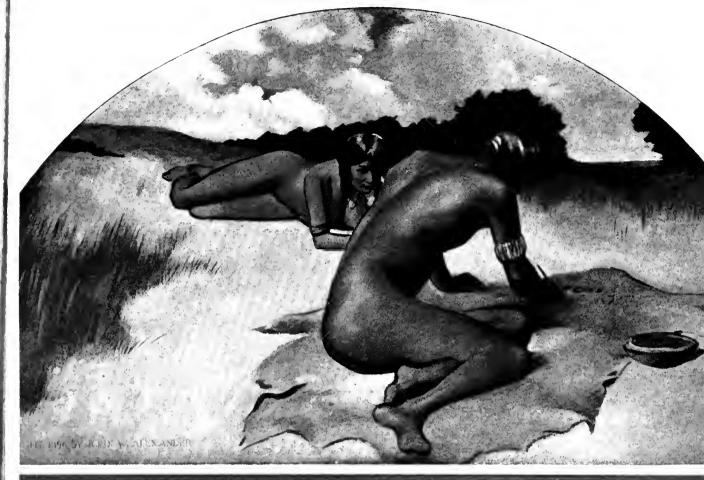
Peace having again resumed her sway, these incidents of these years of danger passed into tradition and now pass into history. Captain Allen returned to the management of his estate, and for half a century lived to see the nation which he had helped to defend advance to be one of the great powers of the world. Allen had a peculiar prejudice against burial in the usual country cemetery, and when his wife died in the year 1800, she was placed to rest in a special plot, under a favorite tree upon his own farm; and when his own time came in 1830, he was laid beside her, and thus secluded both await the final awakening. A century and a quarter has swept by and the loyal and disloyal, the Tory and the patriot are wrapped in the same sleep. The fruits of these labors of the just and heroic are enjoyed by their posterity, and their sacred memories will

guide the future.

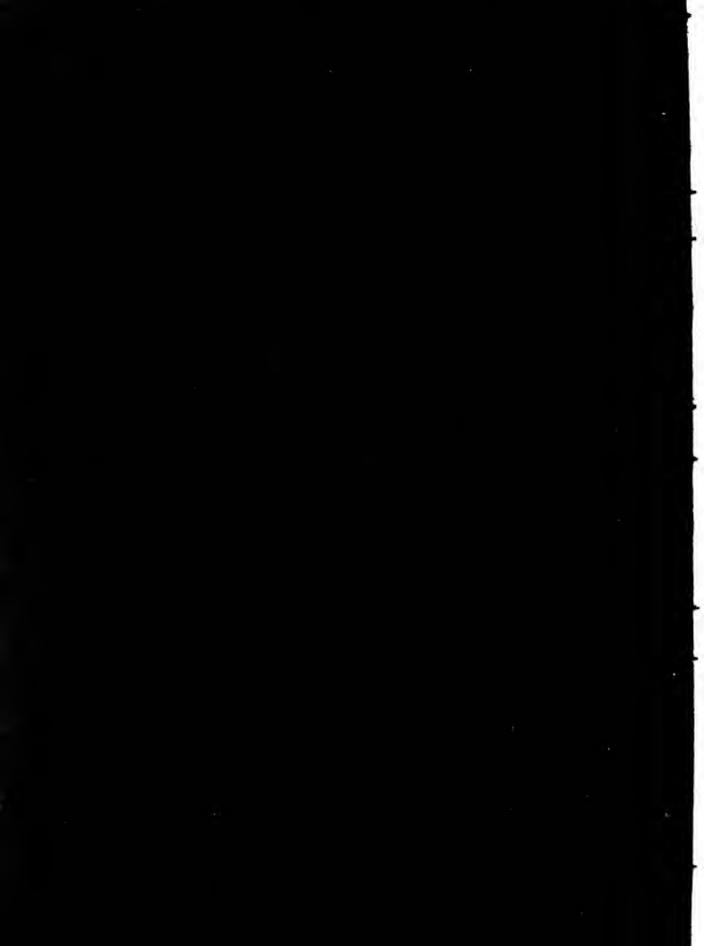
Inauguration of Bepartment of Genealogical Research

The Department of Genealogical Research, which is being inaugurated under the auspices of The Journal of American History, in affiliation with The Search-light Library at 341 Fifth avenue, New York, which is the largest information and general research institution in the world, organizing not only genealogical investigations but conducting researches for the leading American encylopedias and biographical works, is being perfected along practical lines that will establish genealogy on a sound historical basis for the purposes of sociologic as well as social deductions. Announcement will be made in these pages as soon as the preliminaries are completed. In the meantime queries sent to the Genealogical Editor will be properly filed for record and investigation simultaneously by the most eminent genealogists of America and Great Britain.

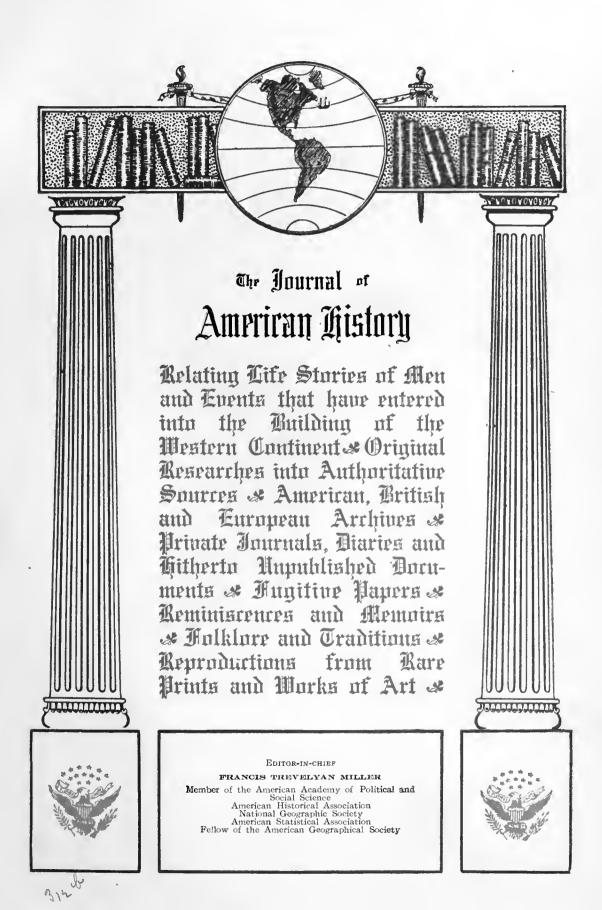
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Syllahus of the American Exploration Number

THIRD NUMBER

THIRD VOLUME

This book marks third quarter of third year of institution of a Periodical of Patriotism in America, inculcating principles of American Citizenship, and narrating Deeds of Honor and Achievement that are so true to American Character—This Fall Number is Dedicated to American Perseverance

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THIRD QUARTER

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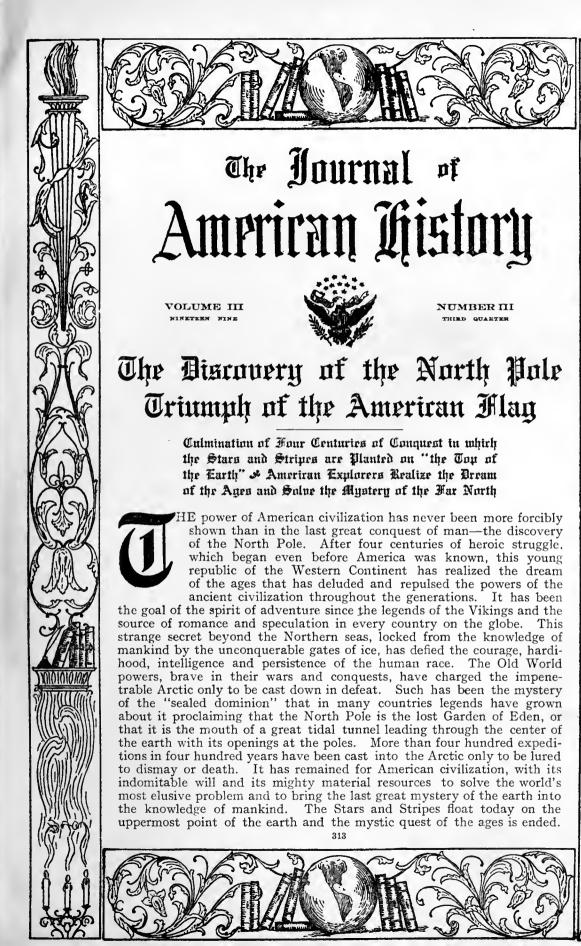
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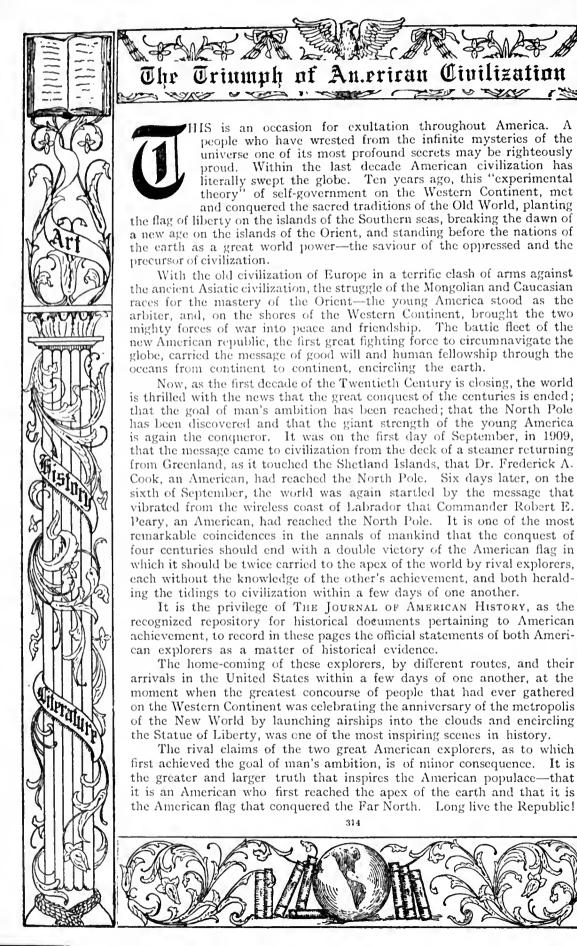


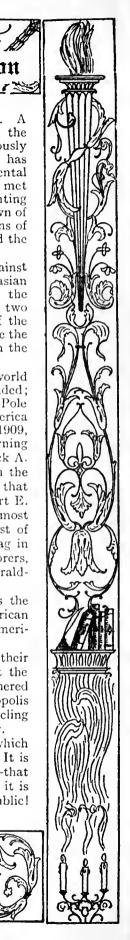
First Families in America—Arms of the Pells who Early Settled in the New World at New York and have for Many Concrations been Affiliated with the Development of the Great Metropolis of the Western Hemisphere

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Cook Expedition to the North Pole

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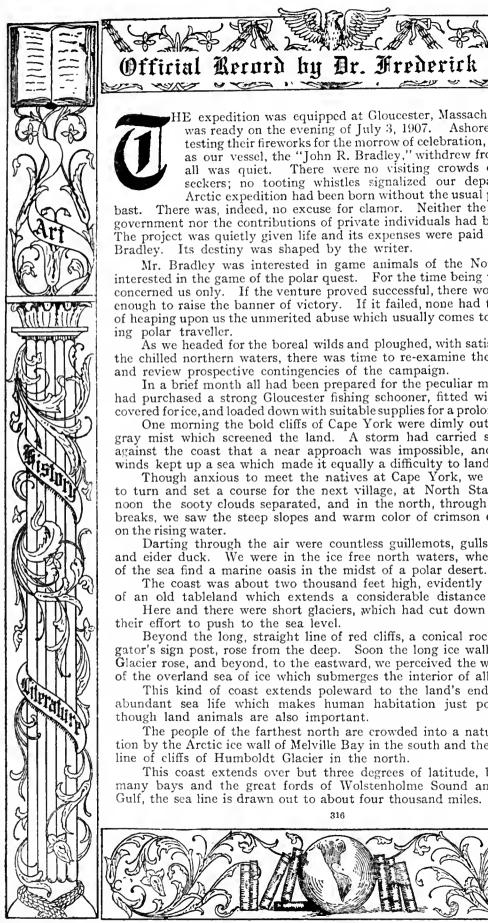
Dr. Frederick A. Cook

Member of the Arctic Club of America—Explorer's Club—Order of Leopold of Belgium—Honorary Member of the Geographical Society of Brussels— Honorary Degree from University of Copenhagen, Denmark, 1909

HIS is the official narrative of the Cook Expedition to the North Pole. It is recorded in these pages as a matter of historical evidence. It is the authoritative and graphic record of the expedition from its secret start from Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the third of July, in 1907, to the historic day of the twentyfirst of April, in 1908, when, as the explorer records, planted the Stars and Stripes at the apex of the world, and my heart grew warm when I saw it wave to the wind." This thrilling narrative of the conquest of the pole was written while the explorer was held captive in the ice-locked wilderness of the Arctic Zone. In it he describes the organization of the secret expedition, its equipment and its adventures in the Northern seas. This record also reveals the experiences of the long night in the interminable land of ice as the explorer prepared for his great final dash to the top of the earth. It was many months later that the explorer, with this priceless record for the annals of American achievement, reached the first point of civilization and cabled his first message, that stirred the pulse of the world, from the Shetland Islands: "I have found the North Pole." More than a year had passed since the explorer had passed beyond a point of communication with civilization when this message came out from the silence of the Arctic. The news of the discovery of the North Pole was first heralded across the Western Continent by the great American journal, the New York Herald, which in its triumph of modern journalism, gave to the world this most wonderful narrative of the generation. When, four days later, the American explorer arrived at Copenhagen, a brilliant scene greeted him as the fur-encased man from the Arctic stepped into civilization and received the homage of a great European nation such as was never before accorded an American. homage of the world fell at his feet and his arrival in America on the eve of the Hudson-Fulton celebration in New York was one of the most notable incidents in American history. Dr. Cook was born June 10, 1865 in Allicoon, Sullivan County, New York. He was therefore forty-two years and ten months of age when he discovered the North Pole; he passed his forty-third birthday while struggling back to habitation, his forty-fourth in an Eskimo settlement in Greenland while awaiting strength to return to civilization. This official narrative is historically recorded in these pages under the authority of the New York Herald Company.—Editor







ficial Record by Dr. Frederick

HE expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Massachusetts. All was ready on the evening of July 3, 1907. Ashore, boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the "John R. Bradley," withdrew from the pier, There were no visiting crowds of curiosity seckers; no tooting whistles signalized our departure. An Arctic expedition had been born without the usual public bom-

There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the help of the government nor the contributions of private individuals had been sought. The project was quietly given life and its expenses were paid by John R.

Mr. Bradley was interested in game animals of the North. I was interested in the game of the polar quest. For the time being the business concerned us only. If the venture proved successful, there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. If it failed, none had the privilege of heaping upon us the unmerited abuse which usually comes to the return-

As we headed for the boreal wilds and ploughed, with satisfying force, the chilled northern waters, there was time to re-examine the equipment

In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. had purchased a strong Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice, and loaded down with suitable supplies for a prolonged period.

One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and continued winds kept up a sea which made it equally a difficulty to land on the ice.

Though anxious to meet the natives at Cape York, we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village, at North Star Bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated, and in the north, through the narrow breaks, we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs resting

Darting through the air were countless guillemots, gulls, little auks and eider duck. We were in the ice free north waters, where creatures

The coast was about two thousand feet high, evidently the remains of an old tableland which extends a considerable distance northward.

Here and there were short glaciers, which had cut down the cliffs in

Beyond the long, straight line of red cliffs, a conical rock, the navigator's sign post, rose from the deep. Soon the long ice wall of Petowik Glacier rose, and beyond, to the eastward, we perceived the waving white of the overland sea of ice which submerges the interior of all Greenland.

This kind of coast extends poleward to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which makes human habitation just possible here,

The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the Arctic ice wall of Melville Bay in the south and the stupendous

This coast extends over but three degrees of latitude, but with its many bays and the great fords of Wolstenholme Sound and Inglefield Gulf, the sea line is drawn out to about four thousand miles.



Rare Engraving of American Expedition Entering Lancaster Sound Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by Sartain in 1854



Rare Engraving of the Ice Capped Barriers at the Gate of the North Pole Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by J. Sartain in 1854



Rare Engraving of the Rescue of an American Expedition in Melville Bay Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by J. Sartain in 1854



Rare Engraving of American Expedition in the Icebergs at Kosoak Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by J. Hamilton and J. McGoffin in 1854



Rare Engraving of American Expedition in the Land of the Midnight Sun Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by J. Hamilton and G. Ulman in 1854



Rare Engraving of an American Ship Parting Hawsers off Godsend Ledge Original Drawing by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by J. Hamilton and G. Ulman in 1854



Rare Engraving of American Sledges on the Ice at Cape George Russell
Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N.
Engraving by J. Hamilton and R. Hinshlewood in 1854



Rare Engraving of American Explorers at the Great Glacier of Humboldt Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U.S. N. Engraving by J. Hamilton and R. Hinshlewood in 1854



America's Discovery of the North Pole

Widely scattered in small villages, the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grasses, upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou.

Numerous cliffs and islands afford a resting place, in summer, for myriads of marine birds that seek the small life of the icy waters. Blue, and white fox wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, narwhal and white whale sport in the summer sun; while the bear, king of the polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times.

Seeking abundant game, this little tribe of most primitive man does not feel his hopeless isolation.

The yacht dodged the icebergs and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, then turned eastward to cross Wolstenholme Sound.

As we neared Table Mountain, which guards North Star Bay, many natives came out in kayaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Myah, he of many wives; Oobloiah who had executed Angodgibsah, styled the villain by Gibson, at Red-Cliff House, and Pincoota, husband of the queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe.

Later Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer, living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter.

Our engines were disabled by a loose universal joint, so we lowered a launch and two dories to tow the yacht to a safe anchorage. At high tide the vessel was grounded, a propeller, which had been bent was straightened, and the universal joint put to rights.

In the meantime the launch was kept rushing to and fro, with Mr. Bradley and the writer as passengers. On shore, the harpoon gun was tried, and around the bay waters we bagged a number of eider duck.

Late at night a visit was made to the town of Oomanooi. There were seven triangular sealskin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks. Gathered about these, in large numbers, were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill.

They were odd looking specimens of humanity. In height, the men averaged but five feet two inches, and the women four feet ten inches. All had broad, fat faces, heavy trunks and well rounded limbs. Their skin was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair and brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short but thick.

A genial woman was found at every tent opening, ready to receive the visitors in due form. We entered and had a short chat with each family.

There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths, the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation.

It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageable men were forced to forego the advantages of married life because there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives; in other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.





Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cool

With no law, no literature, and no fixed custom to fasten the matrimonial bond, these simple but intelligent people control their destinies with remarkable success.

There was an average of three fat, clever children for each family,

the youngest, as a rule, resting in a pocket on the mother's back.

The tent had a raised platform, upon which all slept. The edge of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber was burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture.

The dress of furs gave the Eskimos a look of savage fierceness which

their kindly faces and easy temperament did not warrant.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman, from cabin boy to captain, had suddenly got rich in the gamble of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a beautiful fox skin, of less use to a native than a dog pelt, he has secured

a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head

and igloo for years to come.

Another had given her bearskin mits for needles, and conveyed the idea that she had the long end of the trade. A fat youth, with only a smile displayed, exchanged furs for two tin cups, one for himself and one for his prospective bride. All of this glitter had been received in exchange for an ordinary ivory horn worth about ninety dollars.

The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her makeshift drydock on the beach, and she was pulled out into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Oomanoi was but one of six villages in which the tribe had divided its two hundred and fifty people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter, and to enjoy the rare sport of yachting and hunting in man's northernmost haunts, we prepared to visit as many villages as possible.

In the morning the anchor was raised and the yacht set sail to a light wind, headed for more northern villages. It was a gray day, with a quiet sea. The speed of the yacht was not fast enough to be exciting, so Mr. Bradley suggested lowering the launch for a crack at ducks, or a chase of walrus, or a drive at anything that happened to cut the waters.

The harpoon gun was taken, as it was hoped that a whale might come our way, but the gun proved unsatisfactory and did not contribute much to our sport. We were able to run all round the yacht as she slowly

sailed over Wolstenholme Sound.

Ducks were secured in abundance. Scals were given chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders Island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht. The magneto was pushed, the carburetor opened, and out we rushed after the shouting beasts.

Two with splendid tusks were obtained, and two tons of meat blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies.

The days of hunting proved quite strenuous, and in the evening we were glad to seek the comfort of our cosey cabins, when roast eider duck had filled a large gap.





America's Discovery of the North Pole

Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life, a story which offered a peep into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence. She had arranged a den under a shelter of sealskins among the anchor chains. We had offered her a large bed, with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

To my question as to how the world had used her, she buried her face in her hands and began to mutter to her two boys, the youngest just in pants. I knew her early history, so could understand her story without

hearing all her words between sobs.

She had come from American shores and, as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At thirteen, Ikwa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always truthful, a sin for which his brother, the angikok, or doctor, was, without his consent, put out of harm's way.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the youngest was out of her hood, Ikwa took the children and invited her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Ahtah, a plump maid and a good

seamstress.

Manee had neither advantage, but she knew something of human nature, and soon found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceable, quiet and happy. Two children enlivened it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of eight, the only deaf and dumb Eskimo in all the land, and a thin, pale weakling of three.

Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law of the survival of the fittest, the first because of insufficient senses and the second because it was under three and still on its mother's back when the father passed away. They were not to participate in the strife of life. But an unusual mother loved them.

A few days before the previous winter the old father, anxious to provide warm bearskins for the prolonged night, had ventured alone far up into the mountains. His gun went off accidentally and he never returned.

The executor of the brother of Manee's former husband was kind to her for the long night and kept famine from the door. In the summer day she had been able to keep herself, but who could provide for her for the night to come? Her only resource was to seek the chilled heart of her former husband, and we were performing the unpleasant mission of taking her to him as wife number two.

When we later saw Ikwa he did not thank us for the trouble we had taken, but we had expected no reward.

The speed of the yacht increased as the night advanced. A snow squall frosted the decks, and to escape the icy air we sought our warm berths early. At four o'clock in the morning the gray gloom separated and the warm sun poured forth a suitable wealth of August rays. In a few moments the winter frost was changed to summer glories.

At this time we passed the ice battered and storm swept cliff of Cape Parry. Beyond was Whale Sound. On a sea of gold, strewn with ice islands of ultramarine and alabaster, whales spouted and walrus shouted. The grampus was out early for a fight. Large flocks of little auks rushed over on hurried missions.



Official Record by Br. Frederick Cook

The wind was light, but the engines pulled us along at a pace just fast enough to allow us to to enjoy the superb surroundings. In the afternoon we were well into Inglefield Gulf, and near Ittiblu there was a strong head wind and enough ice about to engage the eye of the lookout.

We aimed here to secure Eskimo guides and with them seek caribou in Olrick's Bay. While the yacht was tacking for a favorable berth in the drift off Kanga the launch was lowered and we sought to interview the Eskimos of Ittiblu. The ride was a wet one and Mr. Bradley had the first important use for his raincoat, as a short choppy sea poured icy spray over us and tumbled us about with vigorous thumps.

There were only one woman, a few children and about a score of dogs at the place. The woman talked quickly and explained at some length that her husband and others were away on a caribou hunt, and she told us without a leading question the news of the tribe for a year.

After gasping for breath like a smothered seal, she began with news of previous years and a history of the forgotten ages. We started back for the launch and she invited herself to the pleasure of our company to the beach.

We had only gone a few steps before it occurred to her that she was in need of something. Would we not give her a few boxes of matches in exchange for a narwhal tusk? We would be delighted, said Mr. Bradley, and a handful of sweets that went with the bargain. Her boy brought down two ivory tusks, each eight feet in length. The two were worth one hundred and fifty dollars.

Had we a knife to spare? Yes, and a tin spoon was also given just to show that we were liberal.

The yacht was headed northward, across Inglefield Gulf. This made fair wind, and we cut tumbling seas of ebony with a racing dash. Though the wind was strong the air was remarkably clear.

The great chiselled cliffs of Cape Ackland rose in terraced grandeur under the midnight sun.

It is necessary for deep sea craft to give Karnah a wide berth. There were bergs enough about to hold the water down, though an occasional sea rose with a sickening thump.

The launch towed the dory, of which Manee and her children were the only occupants. We preferred to give her the luxury and privacy of a separate conveyance for several reasons, the most important being the necessity of affording room for her dogs and her household furniture, consisting of three bundles of skins and sticks.

Karnah was to be her future home, and as we neared the shore we tried to locate Ikwa, but there was not a man in town. Five women, fifteen children and forty-five dogs came out to meet us. The men were on a hunting campaign and their location was not exactly known.

Attahtungwah, Manee's rival, a fat, unsociable creature, stood on a useful stone where we wished to land, but did not accommodate us with footing on the same platform. She had not seen Manee for seven years, but she scented the game and gave us the cold shoulder for the part we had innocently played in it. Ikwa was not there, so no open breach of etiquette could be possible.

There were five sealskin tents pitched among the bowlders of a glacial stream. An immense quantity of narwhal meat was placed on the rocks



Rare Engraving of an American Expedition Ice Bound off Cape Cornelius Grinnell Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by J. Hamilton and A. W. Graham in 1854

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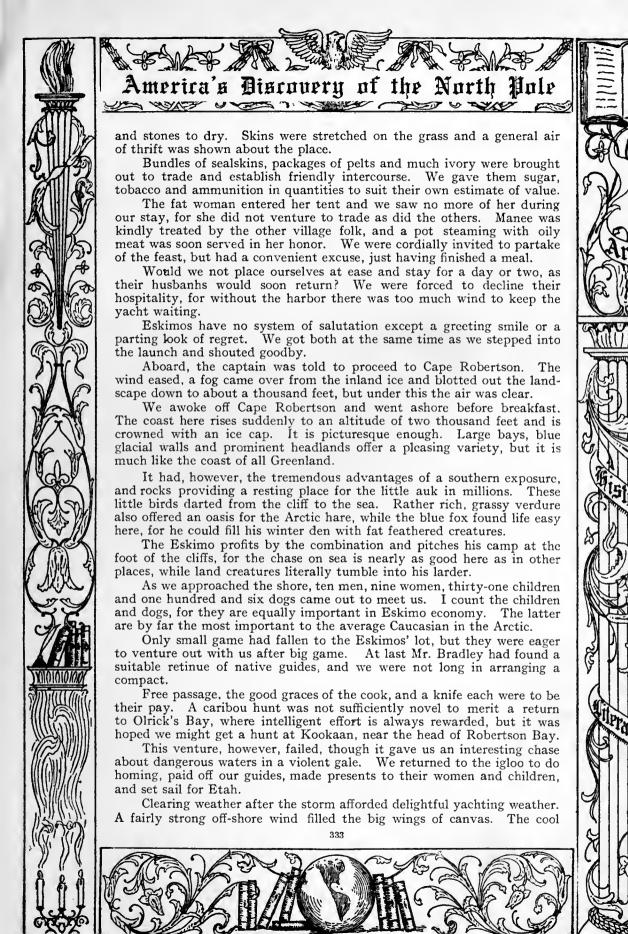
Rare Engraving of American Explorers on a Bear Hunt in the Far North Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Keut Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by G. White and J. C. McRae in 1854



Rare Engraving of a Walrus Hunt off the Ice Capes of Pikantlik Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by G. White and J. C. McRae in 1854



Rare Engraving of Eskimo Life in the Igloos at Etah Original Sketch by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, U. S. N. Engraving by C. Scheussele and J. C. McRae in 1854





Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

air was bracing, while the bright sun threw glittering smiles from slant to slant. The seamen forward sang of the delights of fisher folk.

A phonograph sent music, classical and otherwise, into the Arctic air from the cabins. At table there was a kind of continuous performance,

with a steady hand and receptive stomach.

During two days of stormy discomfort several important meals had been willingly missed. But in the Arctic, food accounts must be squared as quickly as possible. Here were the joys of civilization, health and recreation in a new wilderness, all combined in the composite adventures of cruising in Arctic seas.

On the following morning we passed Cape Alexander and entered Smith Sound. Half a gale came from the sea as we entered Foulke Fjord. The town of Etah was composed of four tents, which for this season had been pitched beside a small stream just inside of the first project-

ing point on the north shores.

Inside this point there was sheltered water to land the Eskimos'

kayaks.

It also made a good harbor for the yacht. It is possible, in favorable seasons, to push through Smith Sound, over Kane Basin, into Kennedy Channel, but the experiment is always at the risk of the vessel.

There was no special reason for us to hazard life, therefore the yacht was here prepared for the return voyage. This was to consume several

days, and we sought to occupy the time in exploration and sport.

The vicinity of Etah is notable as the stamping ground of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes in the middle of the last century. There were no unexplored spots in the neighborhood, but there was a good deal of game near. Before we landed we watched the Eskimos harpoon a white whale. The little auk kept us busy for a day, while hares, tumbling like snowballs over dark rocks, gave another day of gun recreation.

Far beyond, along the inland ice, were caribou, but we preferred to confine our exploration to the seashore. The bay waters were alive with eider ducks and guillemots, while just outside, walrus dared us to venture

in an open contest on the wind swept seas.

After ambitions for the chase and local explorations were satisfied, we were told that the people of Annootok, twenty-five miles to the north, would be glad to see us. Here was the chance to arrange a jaunt in the motor-boat. The tanks were filled, suitable food and camp equipment were loaded, and off we started on the morning of August 21 for man's ultima thule.

It was a beautiful day, with a light air from the sea. Passing inside of Littleton Island, we searched for relics along Lifeboat Cove. The desolate cliffs of Cape Hatherton were a blaze of color and light, but the sea was refreshingly cool, with fleets of blue towering bergs to dispel the fire of Arctic midsummer.

As we rushed in comfort past the ice polished and wind swept headlands the sea was alive with birds, seal and walrus, but little shooting was done, for we were bent on enjoying the quiet sport of motor-boating.

As we passed the sharp rocks of Cairn Point we located nine tents in a small bay under Cape Inglefield.

"Look, there is Annootok!" said Tungan, our native guide.

Looking up Smith Sound we noted that the entire channel beyond was blocked with a jam of hard, blue ice. The northernmost limit of



America's Discovery of the North Pole

motor-boating had been reached. A perpendicular cliff served as a pier to which to fasten the boat. Here it could rise and fall with the tide, and the drifting ice did not give much trouble.

A diligent exploration of the town disclosed the fact that we had reached not only the northernmost town, but the most prosperous settlement of the Greenland shore. The best hunters had gathered here for the winter bear hunt.

Their game catch had been very lucky. Immense catches of meat were strewn along the shore. More than a hundred dogs voiced the hunting force, with which Eskimo prosperity is measured, and twelve long-haired wild men came out to meet us as friends.

The wealth in food and furs of this place fixed my determination on this spot as a base for the polar dash. We were standing at a point within seven hundred miles of the pole. The strongest force of men, the best teams of dogs and an unlimited supply of food, combined with the equipment on board the yacht, formed an ideal plant from which to work out the campaign. The seeming hopelessness of the task had a kind of weird fascination for me. Many years of schooling in both polar zones and in mountaineering would serve a useful purpose.

Here was my chance. Here was everything necessary, conveniently placed within the polar gateway. The problem was discussed with my colleague. Mr. Bradley generously volunteered to land from the yacht, the food, fuel and other supplies we had provided for local use. There was abundant trading material to serve as money.

My own equipment aboard, for sledge travelling, could be made to serve every purpose in the enterprise. The possible combination left absolutely nothing to be desired to insure success.

Only good health, endurable weather and workable ice were necessary. The expenditure of a million dollars could not have placed an expedition at a better advantage. The opportunity was too good to be lost. We therefore returned to Etah to prepare for the quest.

Strong efforts had been made to reach the pole from every available quarter. Only the angle between Alaska and Greenland had been left untried. In our prospective venture we aimed to pierce this area of the globe.

If we failed in our main effort, we would at least make a track over a blank spot. With the resources for transportation which the Eskimos offered, I hoped to carry ample supplies over Ellesmere Land and along the west coast of the game land.

There was reason to suppose that we would avoid the troublesome pack agitated by the Greenland currents. The Eskimos were willing to trust to the game resources of this region to feed and fire the expedition en route to the land's end.

If their faith proved correct, it offered me a series of advantages denied to every other leader of polar expeditions, for the movement would not only be supplied at the expense of the land which it explored, but men and dogs would be taken to the battleground in superb training, with their vigorous bodies nourished by wholesome fresh meat, not the nauseating laboratory stuff which is usually crowded into the unwilling stomach.

Furthermore, it afforded me a chance to test every article of equipment in actual field work, and above all, after a hard compaign of this kind, I could select with some chance of success the most likely winners for the final race over the circumpolar sea.





Official Record by Dr. Frederick

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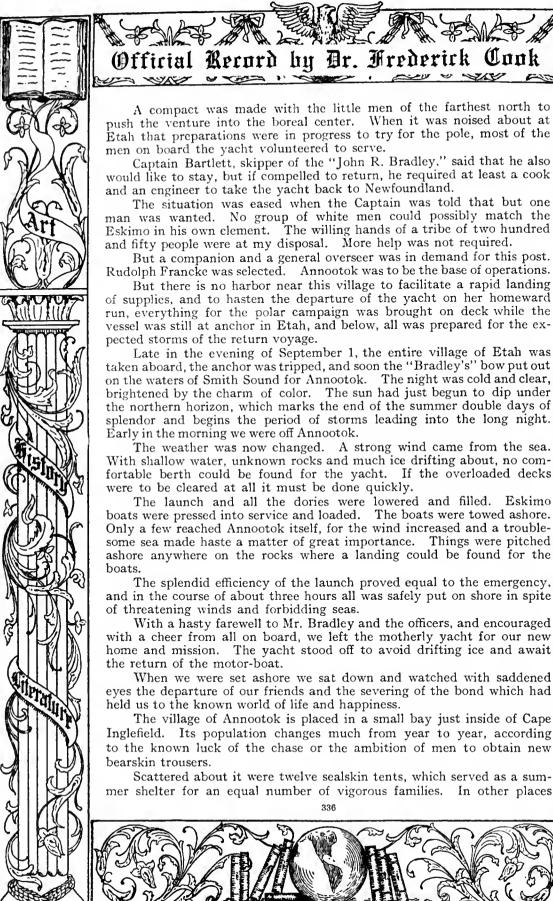
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A compact was made with the little men of the farthest north to push the venture into the boreal center. When it was noised about at Etah that preparations were in progress to try for the pole, most of the

Captain Bartlett, skipper of the "John R. Bradley," said that he also would like to stay, but if compelled to return, he required at least a cook

The situation was eased when the Captain was told that but one man was wanted. No group of white men could possibly match the Eskimo in his own element. The willing hands of a tribe of two hundred

But a companion and a general overseer was in demand for this post.

But there is no harbor near this village to facilitate a rapid landing of supplies, and to hasten the departure of the yacht on her homeward run, everything for the polar campaign was brought on deck while the vessel was still at anchor in Etah, and below, all was prepared for the ex-

Late in the evening of September 1, the entire village of Etah was taken aboard, the anchor was tripped, and soon the "Bradley's" bow put out on the waters of Smith Sound for Annootok. The night was cold and clear, brightened by the charm of color. The sun had just begun to dip under the northern horizon, which marks the end of the summer double days of splendor and begins the period of storms leading into the long night.

The weather was now changed. A strong wind came from the sea. With shallow water, unknown rocks and much ice drifting about, no com-

The launch and all the dories were lowered and filled. Eskimo boats were pressed into service and loaded. The boats were towed ashore. Only a few reached Annootok itself, for the wind increased and a troublesome sea made haste a matter of great importance. Things were pitched ashore anywhere on the rocks where a landing could be found for the

The splendid efficiency of the launch proved equal to the emergency, and in the course of about three hours all was safely put on shore in spite

With a hasty farewell to Mr. Bradley and the officers, and encouraged with a cheer from all on board, we left the motherly yacht for our new home and mission. The yacht stood off to avoid drifting ice and await

When we were set ashore we sat down and watched with saddened eyes the departure of our friends and the severing of the bond which had

The village of Annootok is placed in a small bay just inside of Cape Inglefield. Its population changes much from year to year, according to the known luck of the chase or the ambition of men to obtain new

Scattered about it were twelve sealskin tents, which served as a summer shelter for an equal number of vigorous families. In other places



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near the sea were seven stone igloos. Upon these the work of reconstruction for winter shelter had already begun.

In the immediate vicinity there were some turf and moss, but everywhere else within a few hundred feet of the sea the land rose abruptly in steep slopes of barren rock.

To the westward across Smith Sound, in blue haze, was seen Cape Sabine, Bache Peninsula and some of the land beyond which we hoped to cross in our prospective venture.

The construction of a winter house and workshop called for immediate attention after the wind subsided. Men, women and children offered strong hands to gather the stones strewn along the shore.

When the cargo is packed in this manner the things can be quickly tossed on deck and transported to floating ice or land. Later it is possible, with packing boxes of uniform size as building material, to erect efficient shelter wherein the calamities of Arctic disaster can be avoided.

This precaution against ultimate mishap now served a very useful purpose. Enclosing a space thirteen by sixteen feet, the cases were quickly piled in. The walls were held together by strips of wood or the joints sealed with pasted paper with the addition of a few long boards.

A really good roof was made by using the covers of the boxes as shingles. A blanket of turf over this confined the heat, and permitted at the same time, healthful circulation of air.

We slept under our own roof at the end of the first day, and our new house had the very great advantage of containing within its walls all our possessions, within easy reach at all times.

As the winter advanced with its stormy ferocity and frightful darkness, it was not necessary to venture out and dig up supplies from great depths of snow drift. Meat and blubber were stored in large quantities about the camp.

But our expedition was in need of skins and furs. Furthermore, as men engaged for the northern venture would be away during the spring months, the best hunting season of the year, it was necessary to make provision for house needs later. There was, therefore, much work before us, for we had not only to prepare our equipment, but to provide for the families of the workers.

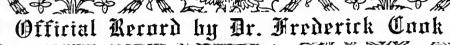
In the polar cycle of the seasons there are peculiar conditions which apply to circumstances and movements. As the word seasons is ordinarily understood, there are but two, a winter season and a summer season—a winter season of nine months and a summer of three months.

But for more convenient division of the yearly periods, it is best to retain the usual cycle of four seasons. Eskimos call the winter ookiah, which also means year, and the summer onsah. Days are "sleeps." The months are moons and the periods are named in accord with the movements of various creatures of the chase.

In early September at Annootok the sun dips considerably under the northern horizon. There is no night. At sunset and at sunrise storm clouds hide the bursts of color which are the glory of twilight, and the electric afterglow is generally lost in the dull gray which bespeaks the torment of the storms of the setting sun.

The gloom of the coming winter night now thickens. The splendor of the summer day has gone. A day of six months and a night of six





months is often ascribed to the polar regions as a whole, but this is only true of a very small area about the pole.

As we come south the sun slips under the horizon for an ever increasing part of each twenty-four hours. Preceding and following the night, as we come from the pole, there is a period of day and night which lengthens with the descent of latitude.

It is this period which enables us to retain the names of the usual seasons—summer for the double days, fall for the period of the setting sun. This season begins when the sun first dips under the ice at midnight for a few moments.

These moments increase rapidly, yet one hardly appreciates that the sun is departing until day and night are of equal length, for the night remains light, though not cheerful. Then the day rapidly shortens, and darkness and the sun sinks until at least there is but a mere glimmer of the glory of day.

Winter is limited to the long night, and spring applies to the days of the rising sun, a period corresponding to the autumn days of the setting

At Annootok the midnight sun is first seen over the sea horizon, on April 23. It dips in the sea on August 19. It thus encircles the horizon, giving summer and continuous day for 118 days. It sets at midday on October 24 and is absent a period of prolonged night corresponding to the day, and rises on February 20.

Then follow the eye opening days of spring. In the fall, when the harmonizing influence of the sun is withdrawn, there begins a battle of the elements which continues its smoky agitation until stilled by the hopeless frost of early night.

At this time, though field work was painful, the needs of our venture forced us to persistent action in the chase of walrus, seal, narwhal and white whale. We harvested food and fuel.

Before winter ice spread over the hunting grounds, ptarmigan, hare and reindeer were sought to supply the table during the long night with delicacies, while bear and fox pleased the palates of the Eskimos, and their pelts elothed all.

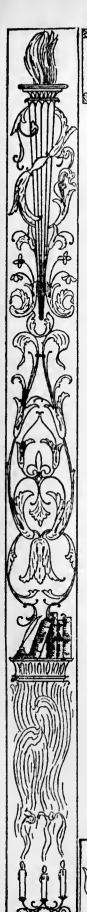
Many long journeys were made to secure an important supply of grass to pad boots and mittens and also to secure moss, which serves as wick for the Eskimo lamp. The months of September and October were indeed important periods of anxious seeking for reserve supplies.

There was a complex activity suddenly stimulated along the Greenland coast which did not require general supervision. The Eskimos knew what was required without a word from us, and knew better than we did where to find the things worth while. An outline of the polar campaign was sent from village to village, with a few general instructions.

Each local group of natives was to fill an important duty and bring together the tremendous amount of material required for our house and sled equipment. Each Eskimo village has, as a rule, certain game advantages.

In some places foxes and hares were abundant. Their skins were in great demand for coats and stockings, and Eskimos must not only gather the greatest number possible, but must prepare the skins and make them into properly fitting garments.





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In other places reindeer were abundant. This skin was very much in demand for sleeping bags, while the sinew was required for thread. In still other places seal was the luck of the chase and its skin was one of our most important needs. Of it, boots were ordered and an immense amount of line and lashings was prepared.

Thus in one way or another every man, woman and most of the children of this tribe of two hundred and fifty people were kept busy in the service of the expedition. The work was well done and with much better knowledge of the fitness of things than could be done by any possible gathering of white men.

The quest of the walrus and the narwhal came in our own immediate plan of adventure. The unicorn, or narwhal, does not often come under the eye of the white man, though one of the first animals to leave our shores.

It gave for a brief spell good results in sport and useful material. The blubber is the pride of every housekeeper, for it gives a long, hot flame to the lamp, with no smoke to spot the igloo finery. The skin is regarded as quite a delicacy. Cut into squares, it looks and tastes like scallops, with only a slight aroma of train oil.

The meat dries easily and is thus prized as an appetizer, or as a lunch to be eaten en route in sled or kayak. In this shape it was an extremely useful thing for us, for it took the place of permisean for our less urgent journeys.

The narwhal, which, apart from its usefulness, is most interesting to denizens of the Arctic deep, played in schools far off shore, usually along the edge of large ice. Its long ivory tusks rose under spouts of breath and spray.

When this glad sight was noted every kayak about camp was manned and the flitter of skin canoes went like birds over the water. Some of the Eskimos rose to the ice fields and delivered harpoons from a secure footing. Others hid behind floating fragments of heavy ice and made a sudden rush as the animals passed.

Still others came up in the rear, for the narwhal cannot easily see backward and does not often turn to watch its enemies, its speed being so fast that it can easily keep ahead of other troublesome creatures.

The harpoon is always delivered at close range. When the dragging float marked the end of the line in tow of the frightened creature the line of skin canoes followed. The narwhal is timid by nature. Fearing to rise for breath, he plunged along until nearly strangulated. When it did come up there were several Eskimos near with drawn lances which inflicted deep gashes.

Again the narwhal plunged deep down with but one breath, and hurried along as best it could. But its speed slackened and a line of crimson marked its hidden path. Loss of blood and want of air did not give it a chance to fight. Again it came up with a spout. Again the lances were hurled.

The battle continued for several hours, with many exciting adventures, but in the end the narwhal always succumbed, offering a prize of several thousands of pounds of meat and blubber. Victory as a rule was not gained until the hunters were far from home, also far from the shore line. But the Eskimo is a courageous hunter and an intelligent seaman.



Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

To the huge carcass frail kayaks were hitched in a long line. Towing is slow, wind and sea combining to make the task difficult and dangerous. One sees nothing of the narwhal and very little of the kayak, for dashing seas wash over the little craft, but the double bladed paddles see-saw with the regularity of a pendulum.

Homecoming takes many hours and engenders a prodigious amount of hard work, but there is energy to spare, for a wealth of meat and fat

is the culmination of all Eskimo ambition.

Seven of these ponderous animals were brought in during five days, making a heap of more than forty thousand pounds of food and fuel. Then the narwhal suddenly disappeared and we saw no more of them.

Three white whales were also obtained in a similar way at Etah at

about the same time.

The northward journey and the observations of the expedition will be recorded as the manuscript is prepared and presented through its official channels, the New York *Herald*.

The moving Finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all your Piety or Wit
Shall lure it back, nor cancel half a line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a word of it.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do or die.

-Tennyson.

I hold it true with him who sings
To one clear note in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

TENNYSON.

Heaven doth divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavor in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as aim or butt,
Obedience.
—Shakespeare.

Happiness $\overline{\S}$ is a perfume you cannot pour on others without getting a few drops yourself.—Anonymous. \S_{\bullet}

Kindness—a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand.
—Japanese Saying.



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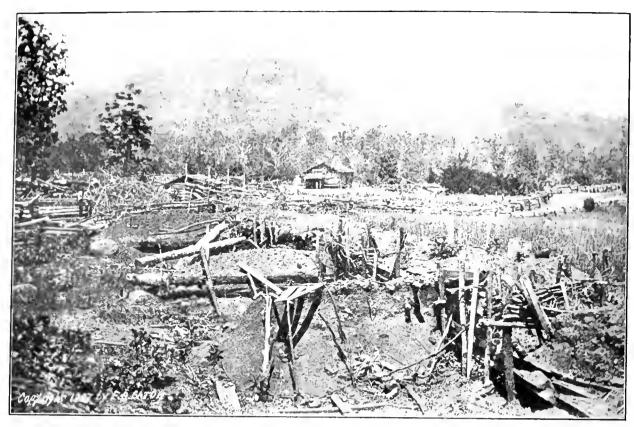
STATUE TO BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER By Daniel Chester French of New York



STATUE TO MAJOR-GENERAL CHARLES BEVENS By Daniel Chester French of New York



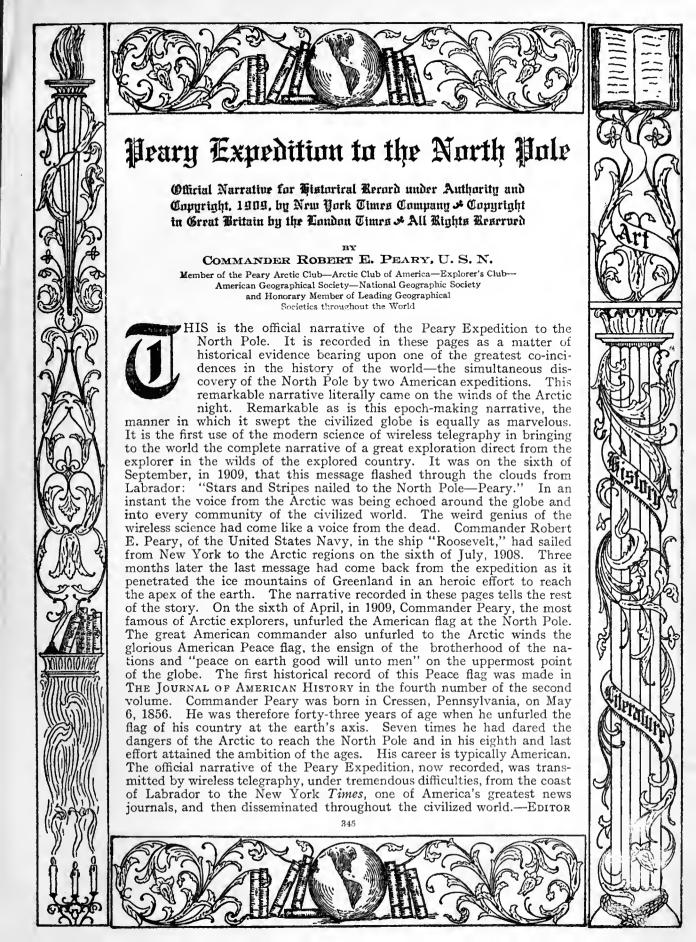
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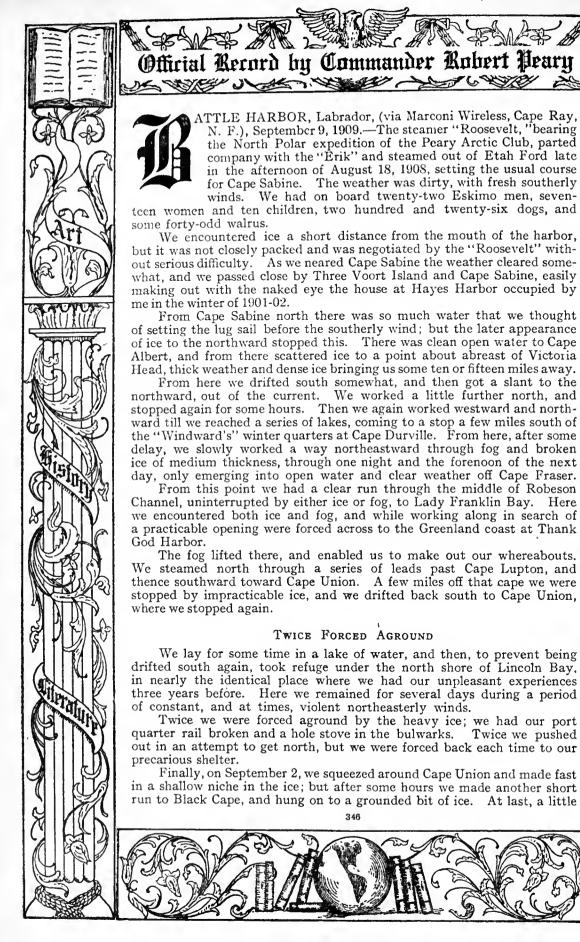


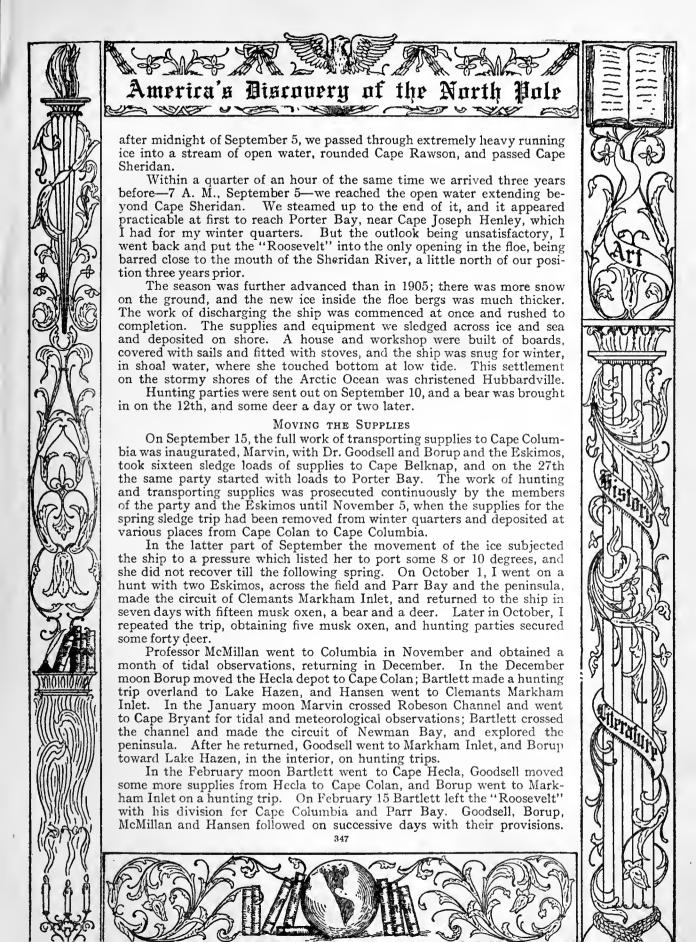
Original Negative taken on the Battleground at Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, in 1864—Now in Collection of 7000 Original Negatives taken on the Battlefields of the Civil War—Owned by Edward Bailey Eaton of Hartford, Connecticut—See page 359

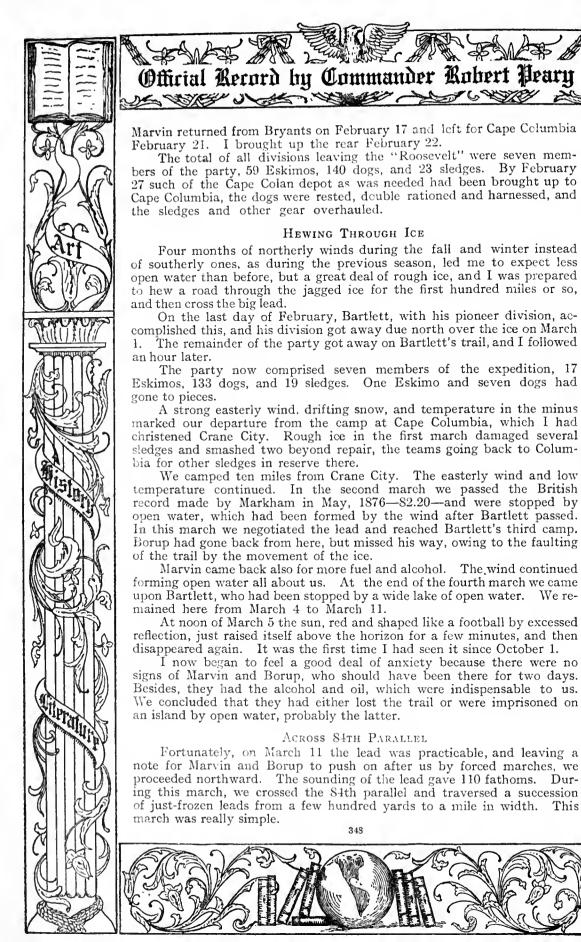


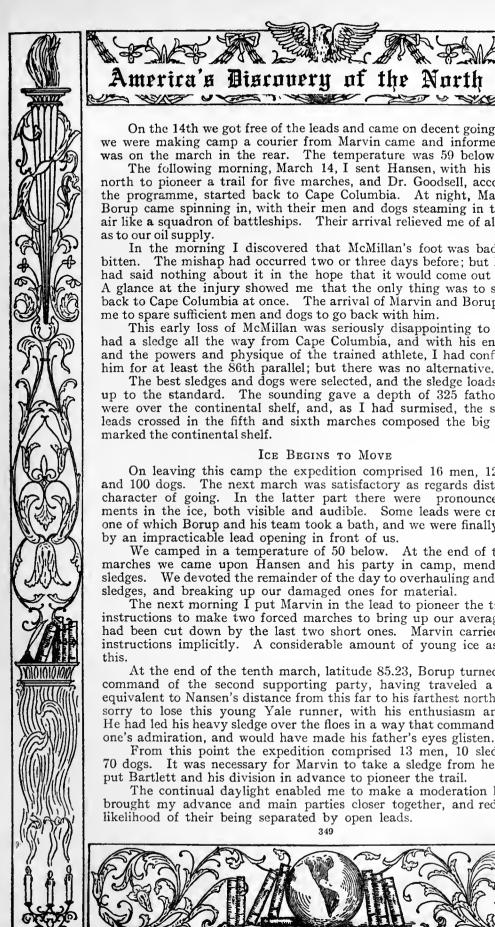
Original Negative taken in Entrenchments before Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864











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On the 14th we got free of the leads and came on decent going. While we were making camp a courier from Marvin came and informed me he was on the march in the rear. The temperature was 59 below.

The following morning, March 14, I sent Hansen, with his division, north to pioneer a trail for five marches, and Dr. Goodsell, according to the programme, started back to Cape Columbia. At night, Marvin and Borup came spinning in, with their men and dogs steaming in the bitter air like a squadron of battleships. Their arrival relieved me of all anxiety

In the morning I discovered that McMillan's foot was badly frost-The mishap had occurred two or three days before: but McMillan had said nothing about it in the hope that it would come out all right. A glance at the injury showed me that the only thing was to send him back to Cape Columbia at once. The arrival of Marvin and Borup enabled

This early loss of McMillan was seriously disappointing to me. He had a sledge all the way from Cape Columbia, and with his enthusiasm and the powers and physique of the trained athlete, I had confidence in

The best sledges and dogs were selected, and the sledge loads brought up to the standard. The sounding gave a depth of 325 fathoms. were over the continental shelf, and, as I had surmised, the successive leads crossed in the fifth and sixth marches composed the big lead and

On leaving this camp the expedition comprised 16 men, 12 sledges, and 100 dogs. The next march was satisfactory as regards distance and character of going. In the latter part there were pronounced movements in the ice, both visible and audible. Some leads were crossed, in one of which Borup and his team took a bath, and we were finally stopped

We camped in a temperature of 50 below. At the end of two short marches we came upon Hansen and his party in camp, mending their We devoted the remainder of the day to overhauling and mending

The next morning I put Marvin in the lead to pioneer the trail, with instructions to make two forced marches to bring up our average, which had been cut down by the last two short ones. Marvin carried out his instructions implicitly. A considerable amount of young ice assisted in

At the end of the tenth march, latitude 85.23, Borup turned back in command of the second supporting party, having traveled a distance equivalent to Nansen's distance from this far to his farthest north. I was sorry to lose this young Yale runner, with his enthusiasm and pluck. He had led his heavy sledge over the floes in a way that commanded every-

From this point the expedition comprised 13 men, 10 sledges, and 70 dogs. It was necessary for Marvin to take a sledge from here, and I

The continual daylight enabled me to make a moderation here that brought my advance and main parties closer together, and reduced the





Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

After Bartlett left camp with Henderson and their division, Marvin and I remained with our divisions twenty hours longer, and then followed. When we reached Bartlett's camp he broke out and went on and we turned in. By this arrangement the advance party was traveling while the main party was asleep, and vice versa, and I was in touch with my advance party every twenty-four hours.

I had no reason to complain of the going for the next two marches, though for a less experienced party, less adaptable sledges, or less perfect equipment it would have been an impossibility.

LAST WORDS TO MARVIN

At our position at the end of the second march Marvin obtained a satisfactory sight for latitude in clear weather, which placed us at 85.48. This result agreed very satisfactorily with the dead reckoning of Marvin, Bartlett and myself. Up to this time the slight altitude of the sun had made it not worth while to waste time in observations.

On the next two marches the going improved, and we covered good distances. In one of these marches a lead delayed us a few hours. We

finally ferried across on the ice cakes.

The next day Bartlett let himself out, evidently for a record, and reeled off plump twenty miles. Here Marvin obtained another satisfactory sight on latitude, which gave the position as 86.38, or beyond the farthest north of Nansen and Abruzzi, and showed that we had covered fifty minutes of latitude in three marches. In these three marches we had passed the Norwegian record of 86.14 by Nansen, and the Italian record of 86.34 by Cagni.

From this point Marvin turned back, in command of the third supporting party. My last words to him were, "Be careful of the leads, my

boy.'

The party from this point comprised nine men, seven sledges and sixty dogs. The conditions at this camp, and the apparently broken expanse of fairly level ice in every direction, reminded me of Cagni's description of his farthest north, but I was not deceived by the apparently favorable outlook, for available conditions never continue for any distance or any length of time in the arctic regions.

The north march was over good going, but for the first time since leaving land we experienced that condition, frequent over these ice fields, of a hazy atmosphere in which the light is equal everywhere. All relief

is destroyed, and it is impossible to see for any distance.

We were obliged in this march to make a detour around an open lead. In the next march we encountered the heaviest and deepest snow of the journey, through a thick, smothering mantle lying in the depressions of heavy rubble ice. I came upon Bartlett and his party, fagged out and temporarily discouraged by the heart-racking work of making a road.

I knew what was the matter with them. They were simply spoiled by the good going on the previous marches. I rallied them a bit, lightened their sledges, and sent them on encouraged again.

A NARROW ESCAPE

During the next march we traveled through a thick, low-lying, smoky haze drifting over the ice, before a biting air from the northeast. At the end of the march we came upon the Captain camped beside a wide







open lead with a dense black water sky northwest, north and northeast. We built our igloos and turned in, but before I had fallen asleep I was roused out by a movement of the ice and found a startling condition of affairs—a rapidly widening road of black water ran but a few feet from our igloos. One of my teams of dogs had escaped by only a few feet from being dragged by the movement of the ice into the water.

Another team had an equally narrow escape from being crushed by the ice blocks piled over them. The ice on the north side of the lead was moving around eastward. The small floor on which were the Captain's igloos was drifting eastward in the open water, and the side of our igloos

threatened to follow suit.

Kicking out the door of the igloos, I called to the Captain's men to pack their sledges and be ready for a quick dash when a favorable chance

We hurried our things on our sledges, hitched the dogs, and moved on to a large floe west of us. Then, leaving one man to look out for the dogs and sledges, we hurried over to assist the Captain's party to join us.

A corner of their raft impinged on the ice on our side. For the rest of the night and during the next day the ice suffered the torments of the damned, surging together, opening out, groaning and grinding, while the open water belched black smoke like a prairie fire. Then the motion ceased; the open water closed; the atmosphere to the north was cleared, and we rushed across before the ice should open again.

A succession of laterally open leads were crossed, and after them some heavy old ice, and then we came to a layer of young ice, some of which buckled under our sledges, and this gave us a straight way of six miles to the north. Then came more heavy old floes covered with hard snow.

This was a good long march.

The next march was also a long one. It was Bartlett's last hit. He let himself out over a series of large old floes steadily increasing in diameter and covered with hard snow.

During the last few miles I walked beside him or in advance. He was very solemn and anxious to go further, but the programme was for him to go back from here in command of the fourth supporting party,

and there were no supplies for an increase in the main party.

In this march we encountered a high wind for the first time since the three days after we left Cape Columbia. It was dead on our faces, bitter and insistent, but I had no reason to complain; it was better than an easterly or southerly wind, either of which would have set us adrift in open water, while this was closing up every lead behind. This furnished another advantage to my supporting parties. True, by so doing it was pressing to the south the ice over which we traveled, and so robbing us of a hundred miles of advantage.

BARTLETT'S FAR NORTH

We concluded we were on or near the 88th parallel, unless the north wind had lost us several miles. The wind blew all night and all the following day. At this camp, in the morning, Bartlett started to walk five or six miles to the north to make sure of reaching the 88th parallel. While he was gone I selected the forty boat dogs in the outfit and had them doubled, and I picked out five of the best sledges and assigned them expressly to the Captain's party. I broke up the seventh for material with which to repair the others, and set Eskimos at the work.









Bartlett returned in time to take a satisfactory observation for latitude in clear weather, and obtained for our position 87.48, and that showed that the continued north wind had robbed us of a number of miles of hard-earned distance.

Bartlett took the observation here, as had Marvin five camps back, partly to save my eyes, but largely to give an independent record and determination of our advance. The observations completed and two copies made, one for him and one other for me, Bartlett started on the back trail in command of my fourth supporting party, with two Eskimos, one sledge and 18 dogs.

When he left I felt for a moment pangs of regret as he disappeared in the distance, but it was only momentary. My work was still ahead, not in the rear. Bartlett had done good work and had been a great help to me. Circumstances had thrust the brunt of the pioneering upon him

instead of dividing it among several, as I had planned.

He had reason to take pride in the fact that he had bettered the Italian record by a degree and a quarter, and had covered a distance equal to the entire distance of the Italian expedition from Franz Josef Land to Cagni's farthest north. I had given Bartlett this position and post of honor in command of my fourth and last supporting party, for two reasons—first, because of his magnificent handling of the "Roosevelt"; second, because he had cheerfully stood between me and many trifling annovances on the expedition.

Then there was a third reason. It seemed to me appropriate, in view of the magnificent British record of arctic work, covering three centuries, that it should be a British subject who could boast that, next

to an American, he had been nearest to the pole.

THE LUCKY FIVE

With the disappearance of Bartlett I turned to the problem before me. This was that for which I had worked for thirty-two years; for which I had lived the simple life; for which I had conserved all my energy on the upward trip; for which I had trained myself as for a race, crushing down every worry about success.

For success now, in spite of my years, I felt in trim—fit for the demands of the coming days and eager to be on the trail. As for my party, my equipment, and my supplies, I was in shape beyond my most sanguine dreams of earliest years. My party might be regarded as an ideal which had now come to realization—as loyal and responsive to my will as the

fingers of my right hand.

Four of them carried the technique of dogs, sledges, ice and cold as their heritage. Two of them, Hansen and Ootah, were my two companions to the farthest point three years before. Two others, Egingwah and Sigloo, were in Clark's division, which had such a narrow escape at that time, and now were willing to go anywhere with my immediate party, and willing to risk themselves again in any supporting party.

The fifth was a young man who had never served before in any expedition, but who was, if possible, even more willing and eager than the others for the princely gifts—a boat, a rifle, a shotgun, ammunition, knives, etc.—which I had promised to each of them who reached the pole with me; for he knew that these riches would enable him to wrest from a

stubborn father, the girl whose image filled his hot young heart.





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All had blind confidence so long as I was with them, and gave no thought for the morrow, sure that whatever happened I should somehow get them back to land. But I dealt with the party equally. I recognized that all its impetus centered in me, and that whatever pace I set it would make good. If any one was played out I would stop for a short time.

HE PLANS FIVE MARCHES

I had no fault to find with the conditions. My dogs were the very best, the pick of 133 with which we left Columbia. Almost all were powerful males, hard as nails, in good flesh, but without a superfluous ounce, without a suspicion of fat anywhere, and what was better yet, they were all in good spirits.

My sledges, now that the repairs were completed, were in good condi-My supplies were ample for forty days, and with the reserve rep-

resented by the dogs themselves, could be made to last fifty.

Pacing back and forth in the lee of the pressure ridge where our igloos were built, while my men got their loads ready for the next marches. I settled on my programme. I decided that I should strain every nerve to make five marches of fifteen miles each, crowding these marches in such a way as to bring us to the end of the fifth long enough before noon to permit the immediate taking of an observation for latitude.

Weather and leads permitting, I believed I could do this. If my proposed distances were cut down by any chance, I had two means in reserve

for making up the deficit:

First-To make the last march a forced one, stopping to make tea

and rest the dogs, but not to sleep.

Second—At the end of the fifth march to make a forced march with a light sledge, a double team of dogs, and one or two of the party, leaving the rest in camp.

Underlying all these calculations was a recognition of the ever-present neighborhood of open leads and impassable water, and the knowledge that a twenty-four hours' gale would knock all my plans into a cocked hat, and even put us in imminent peril.

NOTCHES IN HIS BELT

At a little after midnight of April 1, after a few hours of sound sleep. I hit the trail, leaving the others to break up camp and follow. As I climbed the pressure ridge back of our igloos I set another hole in my belt, the third since I started. Every man and dog of us was lean and flat-bellied as a board, and as hard.

It was a fine morning. The wind of the last two days had subsided, and the going was the best and most equable of any I had had yet. The floes were large and old, hard and clear, and were surrounded by pressure ridges, some of which were almost stupendous. The biggest of them, however, were easily negotiated either through some crevice or up some huge brink.

I set a good pace for about ten hours. Twenty-five miles took me well beyond the eighty-eighth parallel. While I was building my igloos a long lead formed by the wind east and southeast of us at a distance of a few miles.

A few hours' sleep and we were on the trail again. As the going was now practically horizontal, we were unhampered, and could travel as long





as we pleased and sleep as little as we wished. The weather was fine, and the going like that of the previous day, except at the beginning. when pickaxes were required. This and a brief stop at another lead cut down our distance. But we had made twenty miles in ten hours and were half

The weather and going were even better. The surface, except as interrupted by infrequent ridges, was as level as the glacial fringe from Hecla

trot, and made twenty miles. Near the end of the march we rushed across

of 40 degrees below. Again a scant sleep and we were on our way once

This march duplicated the previous one as to weather and going.

We made twenty-five miles or more, the air, the sky, and the bitter wind burning the face till it crackled. It was like the great interior ice cap of Greenland. Even the natives complained of the bitter air. It was

lead had increased. At every inequality of the ice I found myself hurrying breathlessly forward, fearing that it marked a lead, and when I arrived at the summit would catch my breath with relief-only to find myself

me completely. The weather was thick, but it gave me no uneasiness.

Before I turned in, I took an observation which indicated our position as 89.25. A dense, lifeless pall hung overhead. The horizon was black, and the ice beneath was a ghastly, chalky white with no relief—a striking contrast to the glimmering sunlit fields of it over which we had been travel-

The going was even better, and there was scarcely any snow on the hard, granular, last summer's surface of the old floes, dotted with the

and gave the dogs the appearance of having caught the spirits of the party. The more sprightly ones, as they went along with tightly curled tails,

I had now made my five marches and was in time for a hasty noon observation through a temporary break in the clouds, which indicated



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our position as 89.57. I quote an entry from my journey, some hours later:
"The Pole at last! The prize of three centuries, my dream and goal for twenty years, mine at last! I cannot bring myself to realize it.

"It all seems so simple and commonplace. As Bartlett said when turning back, when speaking of his being in these exclusive regions which no mortal had ever penetrated before:

"'It is just like every day!""

Of course I had many sensations that made sleep impossible for hours, despite my utter fatigue—the sensations of a lifetime; but I have no room for them here.

The first thirty hours at the pole were spent in taking observations; in going some ten miles beyond our camp and some eight miles to the right of it; in taking photographs, planting my flags, depositing my records, studying the horizon with my telescope for possible land, and searching for a practicable place to make a sounding.

Ten hours after our arrival the clouds cleared before a light breeze from our left, and from that time until our departure in the afternoon of April 7, the weather was cloudless and flawless. The minimum temperature during the thirty hours was 33 below, the maximum 12.

THE RETURN JOURNEY

We had reached the goal, but the return was still before us. It was essential that we reach the land before the next spring tide, and we must strain every nerve to do this.

I had a brief talk with my men. From now on it was to be a big travel, little sleep, and a hustle every minute. We would try, I told them, to double march on the return—that is, to start and cover one of our northward marches, make tea and eat our lunch in the igloos, then cover another march, eat and sleep a few hours, and repeat this daily.

As a matter of fact, we nearly did this, covering regularly on our homeward journey five outward marches in three return marches. Just as long as we could hold the trail we could double our speed, and we need waste no time in building new igloos.

Every day that we gained on the return lessened the chances of a gale destroying the track. Just above the eighty-seventh parallel was a region some fifty miles wide which caused me considerable uneasiness. Twelve hours of strong easterly, westerly, or northerly wind would make this region an open sea.

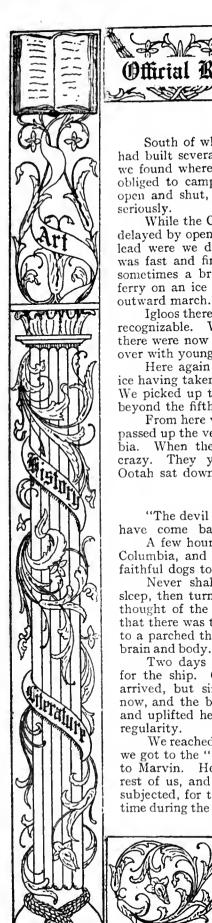
In the afternoon of the 7th we started on our return, having double fed the dogs, repaired the sledges for the last time, and discarded all our spare clothing to lighten the loads.

Five miles from the Pole a narrow crack filled with recent ice, through which we were able to work a hole with a pickaxe, enabled me to make a sounding. All my wire, 1,500 fathoms, was sent down, but there was no bottom. In pulling up, the wire parted a few fathoms from the surface, and lead and wire went to the bottom. Off went reel and handle, lightening the sledges still further. We had no more use for them now.

Three marches brought us back to the igloos where the Captain turned back. The last march was in the wild sweep of a northerly gale, with drifting snow, and the ice rocking under us as we dashed over it.

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Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

TRACES OF MARVIN

South of where Marvin had turned back we came to where his party had built several igloos while delayed by open leads. Still further south we found where the Captain had been held up by an open lead and obliged to camp. Fortunately the movement of these leads was simply open and shut, and it took considerable water motion to fault the trail seriously.

While the Captain, Marvin, and as I found out later, Borup, had been delayed by open leads, we seemed to bear a potent charm, and at no single lead were we delayed more than a couple of hours. Sometimes the ice was fast and firm enough to carry us across, sometimes a short detour, sometimes a brief halt for the lead to close, sometimes an improvised ferry on an ice cake, kept the trail without difficulty down to the tenth

Igloos there had disappeared completely and the entire region was unrecognizable. Where on the outward journey had been narrow cracks there were now broad leads, one of them over five miles in width, caught over with young ice.

Here again fortune favored us, and no pronounced movement of the ice having taken place since the Captain passed, we had his trail to follow. We picked up the old trail again north of the seventh igloos, followed it beyond the fifth, and at the big lead lost it finally.

From here we followed the Captain's trail, and on April 23 our sledges passed up the vertical edge of the glacier fringe a little west of Cape Columbia. When the last sledge came up I thought my Eskimos had gone crazy. They yelled, and called, and danced themselves helpless. As Ootah sat down on his sledge he remarked in Eskimo:

THE DEVIL ASLEEP

"The devil is asleep or having trouble with his wife, or we never should have come back so easily."

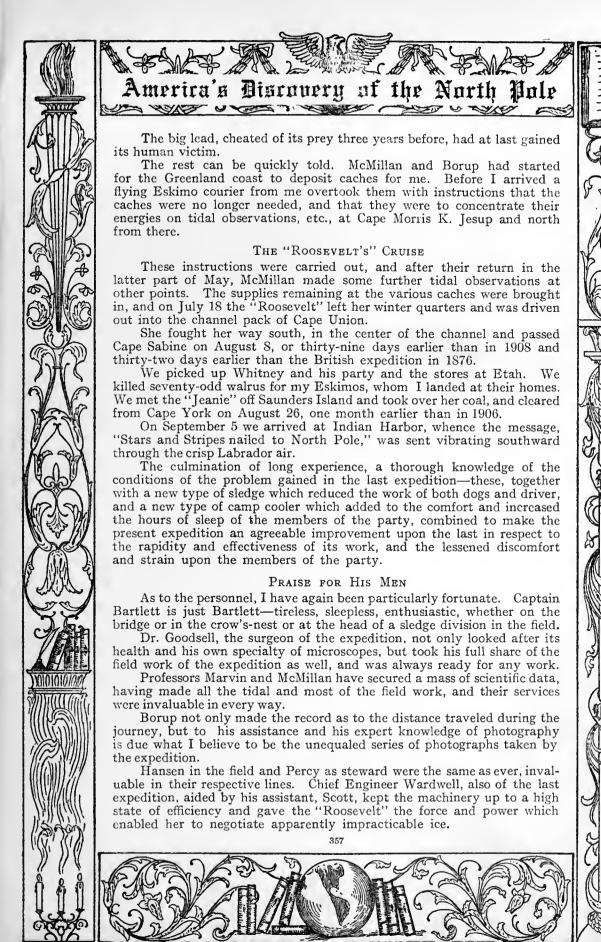
A few hours later we arrived at Crane City, under the bluffs of Cape Columbia, and after putting four pounds of pemmican into each of the faithful dogs to keep them quiet, we had at last our chance to sleep.

Never shall I forget that sleep at Cape Columbia. It was sleep, sleep, then turn over and sleep again. We slept gloriously, with never a thought of the morrow or of having to walk, and, too, with no thought that there was to be never a night more of blinding headache. Cold water to a parched throat is nothing compared with sleep to a numbed, fatigued brain and body.

Two days we spent here in sleeping and drying our clothes. Then for the ship. Our dogs, like ourselves, had not been hungry when we arrived, but simply lifeless with fatigue. They were different animals now, and the better ones among them stepped on with tightly curled tails and uplifted heads, and their hind legs treading the snow with pistonlike regularity.

We reached Hecla in one march and the "Roosevelt" in another. When we got to the "Roosevelt" I was staggered by the news of the fatal mishap to Marvin. He had been either less cautious or less fortunate than the rest of us, and his death emphasized the risk to which we had all been subjected, for there was not one of us but had been in the sledge at some time during the journey.

35





Official Record by Commander Robert Peary

Mr. Gushue, the mate, who was in charge of the "Roosevelt" during the absence of Captain Bartlett and myself, and Bos'n Murphy, who was put in charge of the station at Etah for the relief of Cook, were both trustworthy and reliable men, and I count myself fortunate in having had them in my service.

The members of the crew and the firemen were a distinct improvement over those of the last expedition. Every one of them was willing and anxious to be of service in every possible way, Connors, who was promoted to be bos'n in the absence of Murphy, proved to be particularly effective. Barnes, seaman, and Wiseman and Joyce, firemen, not only assisted Marvin and McMillan in their tidal and meteorological observations on the "Roosevelt," but Wiseman and Barnes went into the field with them on their trips to Cape Columbia, and Condon and Cody covered 1,000 miles hunting and sledging supplies.

As for my faithful Eskimos, I have left them with ample supplies of dark, rich walrus meat and blubber for their winter, with currants, sugar, biscuits, guns, rifles, ammunition, knives, hatchets, traps, etc., and for the splendid four who stood beside me at the pole, a boat and tent each, to requite them for their energy and hardship and toil they underwent to

help their friend Peary to the North Pole.

But all of this—the dearly bought years of experience, the magnificent strength of the "Roosevelt," the splendid energy and enthusiasm of my party, the loyal faithfulness of my Eskimos—could have gone for naught but for the faithful necessaries of war furnished so loyally by the members and friends of the Peary Arctic Club. And it is no detraction from the living to say that to no single individual has the fine result been more signally due than to my friend the late Morris K. Jesup, the first president of the club.

Their assistance has enabled me to tell the last of the great earth stories, the story the world has been waiting to hear for three hundred years—the story of the discovery of the North Pole.

Climb on! Do not despond,
Though from each summit gained
There stretch forth heights beyond—
Ideals not attained!

Life's task is but to climb, Unheeding toil and tire. Our failure is not crime, If we but still aspire.

-JAMES T. WHITE.

He who will not answer to the rudder, must answer to the rocks.—Herve.

In common things the law of sacrifice takes the form of positive duty.—Froude.





Historic Collections in America

Seven Thousand Original Regatives Taken under the Protection of the Secret Service During the Createst Conflict of Men the World Has Ever Known & Preserved

BY

EDWARD BAILEY EATON

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

N presenting these proofs from the collection of seven thousand original negatives taken under the protection of the Secret Service on the battlefields and in the armies during the Civil War in the United States, the desire has been to reveal to the public the actual conditions that existed during the greatest struggle ever known to mankind when the brave heroes of both flags offered their lives to that which they considered right,

whether they fought under the Stars and Stripes or the flag of the Confederacy. The world has never seen nobler warriors. These negatives are living witnesses of their valor.

The reproduction of this most valuable collection of historic photographs in America, and probably in the world, in The Journal of American History, has gained the commendation of historians and military authorities on both continents. A collection of prints was recently sent to the British Museum at the request of the British Government and the proofs from the original negatives were recently exhibited at the United States Military Academy at West Point by request of the commander. Army officials from many nations have viewed these remarkable proofs, which have been valued at more than \$150,000. Ex-President Roosevelt, Commissioner Loeb, and many government officials have become interested in the collection, and such notable collectors as J. Pierpont Morgan, who owns the most valuable private collection of masterpieces in the world, have pronounced these negatives as a treasure-house in American history.

The prints that have been presented in these pages give but an intimation of the actual revelation of these old negatives, which would require more than forty large volumes to record the entire collection. The tremendous demand for proofs from the collection has been refused by the owner and the few prints herein recorded are for historical purposes under his exclusive permission and copyright, with all rights reserved. Some of these prints are valued at more than five thousand dollars a negative.

To preserve the entire collection for all generations the owner is considering drawing fifty prints from each negative, making fifty complete sets of seven thousand photographic prints each, to be deposited with a selected list of the fifty leading private collectors and public museums







Historic Collections in America

in the fifty leading nations of the world. If this great service to the world's history is accomplished, no further prints will ever be drawn from the original negatives, which will probably be held as a priceless treasure in one of the leading historical repositories in America.

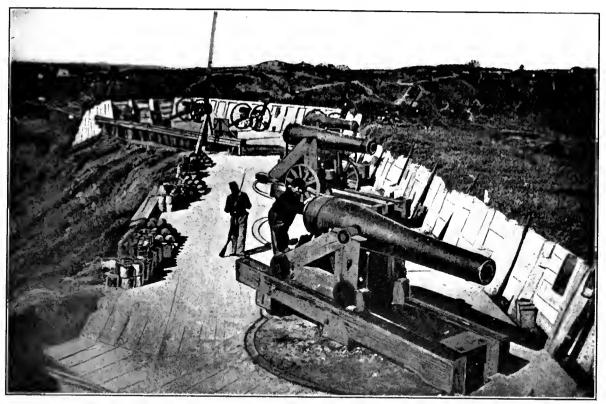
It has therefore been a great privilege to present these prints in The Journal of American History and to thus be of notable service to American historical records. The expressions from the venerable warriors throughout the North and South, from the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Relief Corps of the North, have alone attested the interest which these prints have created. To the distinguished president of one of the chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who expresses appreciation that "we at last have in America an historical journal that is broad enough in intellect and heart to understand the true spirit of the South," it is a privilege to repeat what has been so frequently reiterated in these pages: that The Journal of American History was inaugurated as the first national historical journal in America, respecting and recording the traditions that are dear to the American people—North, South, East and West—and blending their noble qualities into a great whole—the embodiment of American character.

This is the purpose of these pages and these prints—to mould the American sectional traditions into a great brotherhood of reverence and affection, that together they may carry the flag of its civilization to the heights of moral and civic greatness. As these lines are being written, this message is received from Mathew Page Andrews, a loyal Virginian who has recently preserved for American history the noble poems of James Ryder Randall, the Poet of the Confederacy: "I cannot forbear writing a line of further congratulations. Undoubtedly it is the first really national historical publication that America has ever had." Beside this letter is another: written from Chicago, by Bishop Samuel Fallows, chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic, in which, after viewing the proofs from these historic negatives, he says: "If I possessed the means, every soldier would have a copy of these soul-stirring prints." While still another from President Luther, of Trinity College, states: "It is a great historical service, and to one who remembers most of the details of that great struggle this collection of prints has a pathetic significance which no other memorials could suggest." These prints, then, are memorials to the valor of every man who offered his life to uphold the principle which was dear to him, whether he fought under the great Grant or the heroic Lee—both noble Americans.

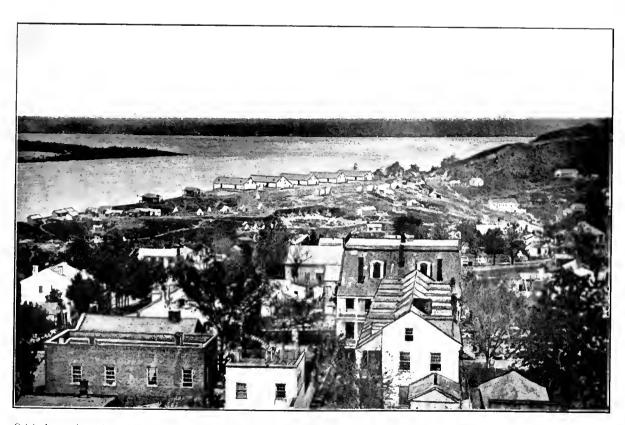
It is not, however, the commendation of the public which is the incentive of these pages, for the recent prints of Jefferson Davis from this collection of historic negatives brought condemnation from unthinking Americans as did the remarkable prints of the negatives of Abraham Lincoln. The duty of these pages is above either condemnation or commendation. It is a duty to the generation and the nation—the building of an Americanism that is higher and nobler than malice or pride; that is great enough to respect every man's conscientious conviction and to reverence all that is dear to the hearts and memories of its fellowmen. This is the only spirit that is worthy the name of American.



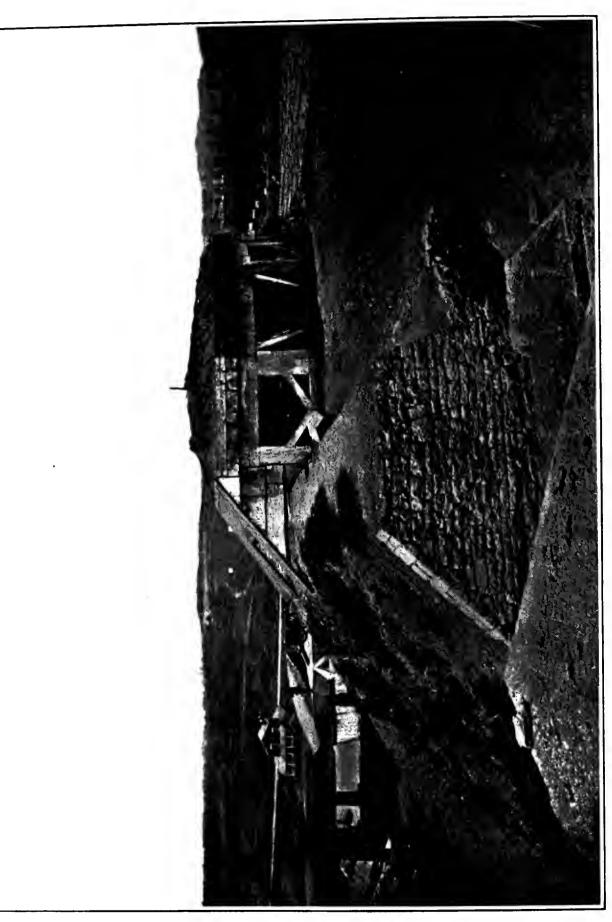




Original negative taken behind the entrenchment at Battery Sherman before Vicksburg in 1863

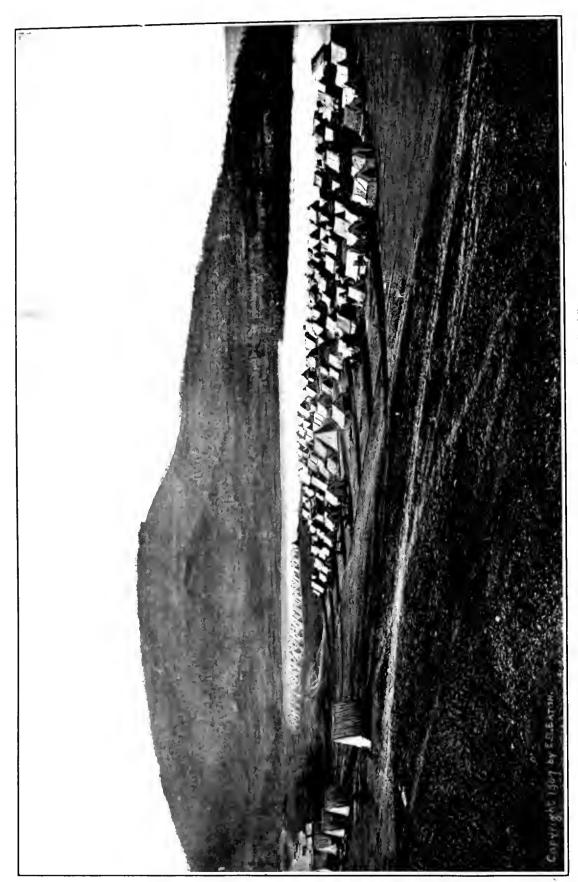


Original negative taken while army was encamped at Vicksburg, Mississippi, in 1863

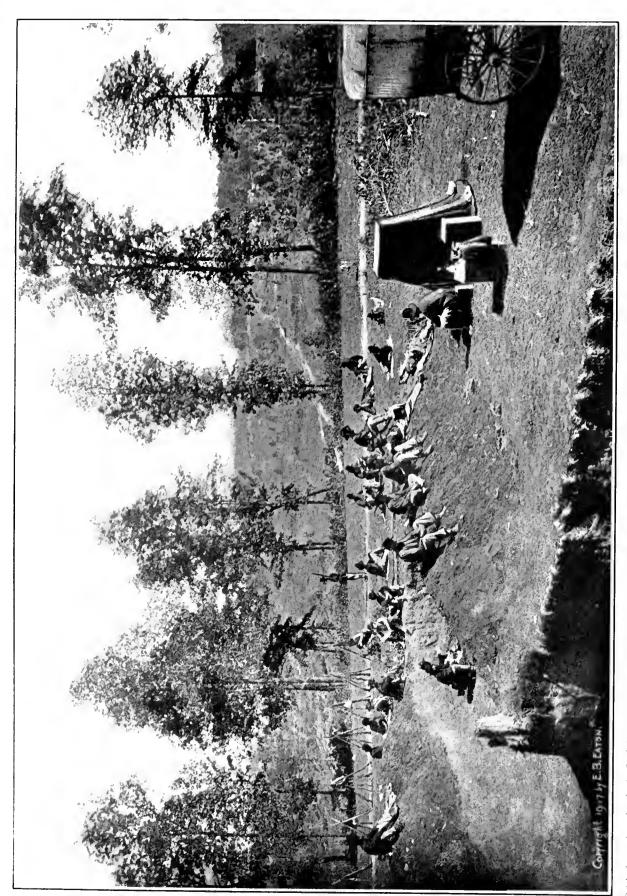


Original negative taken in Fort Negley at Nashville, Tennessee, showing iron clad casements in 1864—Now in the Collection of Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut

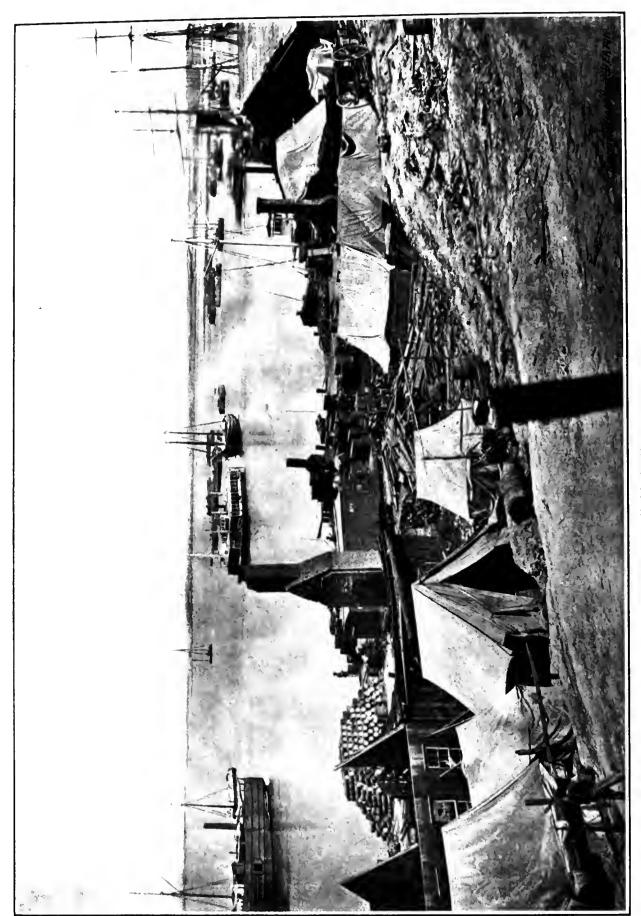




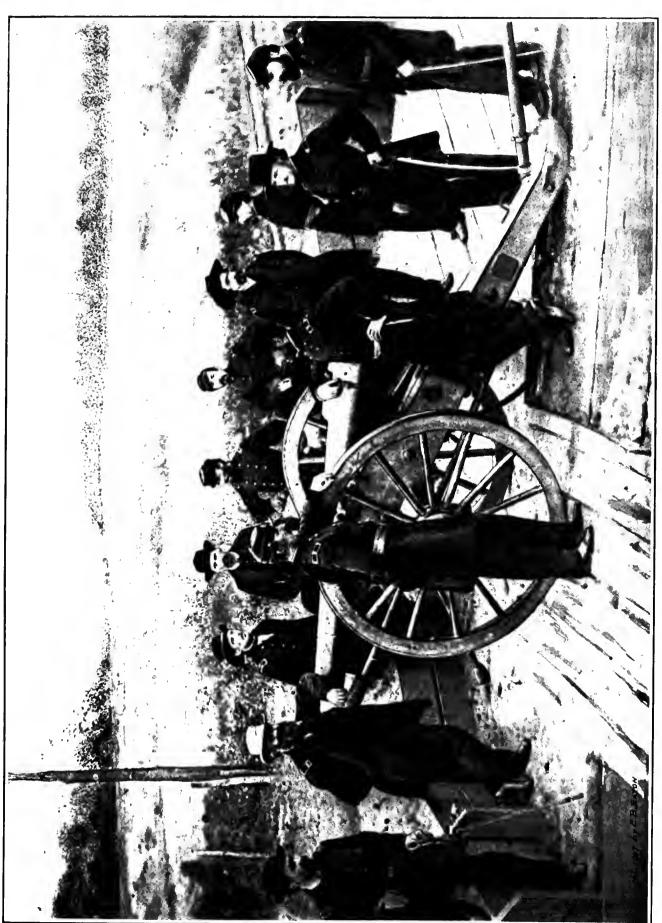
Original negative taken while the Army was Encamped below Lookout Mountain in 1863, the day before the "Battle of the Clouds"



Original negative taken in the Confederate lines, southeast of Atlanta. Georgia, shortly before July 22, 1864, where the outposts were entrenched—Now in the collection of Edward Bailey Enton of Hartford, Connecticut.



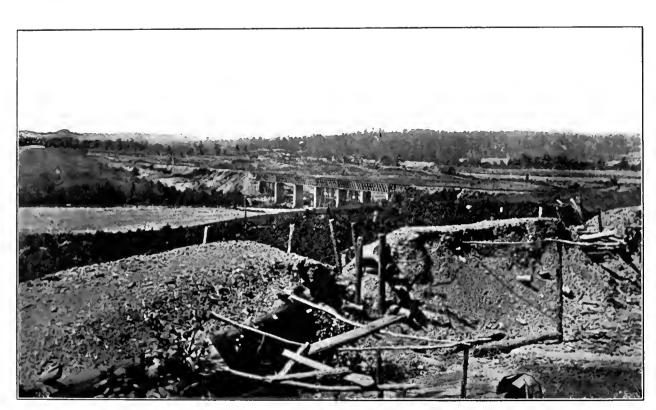
Original negative taken after Destruction of Ordnance Barges at wharves at City Point, Virginia, in 1861



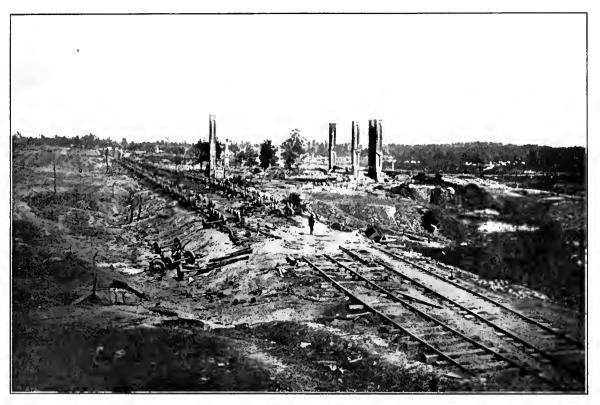
mes bedere Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864, as General William Tecunisch Sherman was



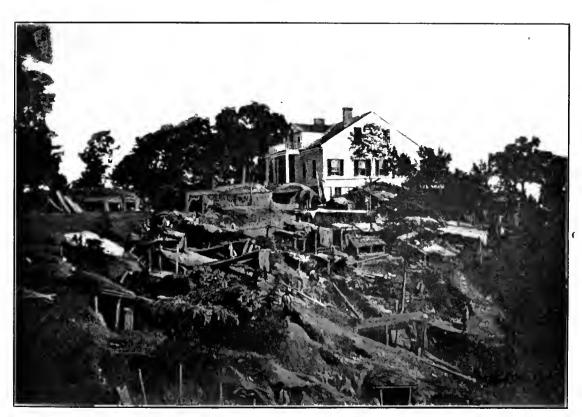
Original negative taken behind Battery Reynolds firing against Fort Sumter in 1863



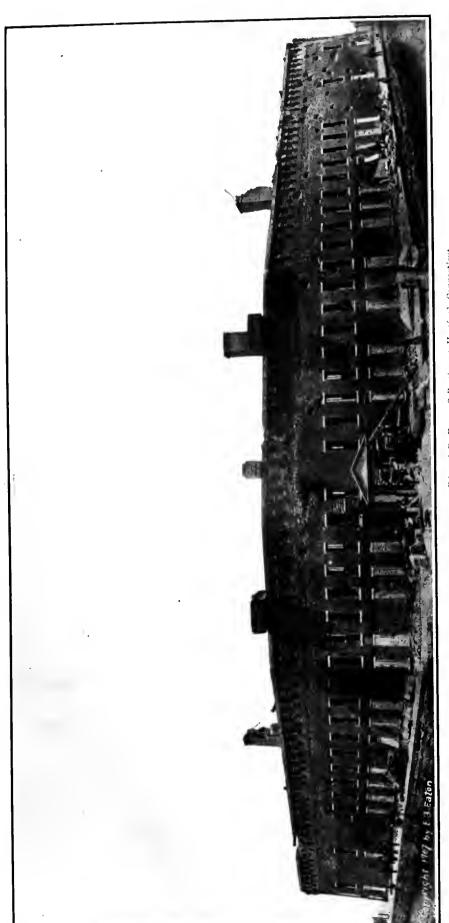
Original negative taken in the Confederate Defenses at Chattahoochie River Bridge, Georgia, in 1864



Original negative talien in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1864



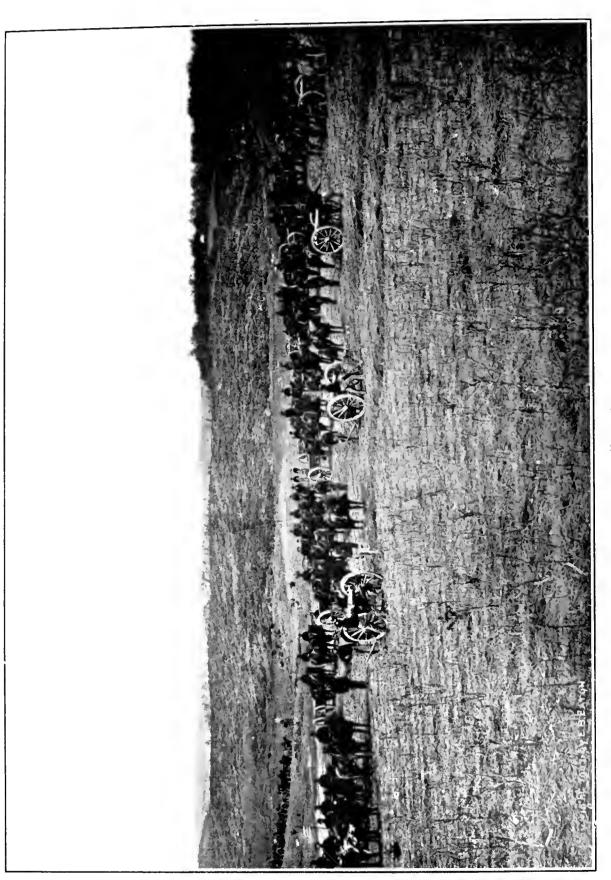
Original negative taken in the bomb-proof camp in front of Vickburg in 1863



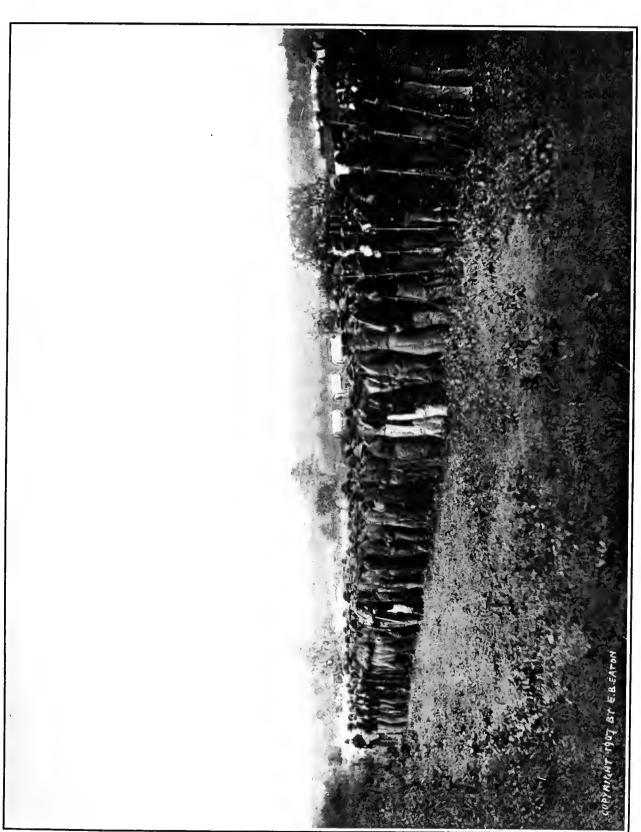
Original negative taken at Fort Sumter, showing damage by bombardment, in 1861-Now in the Edward B. Eaton Collection at Hartford, Connecticut



Original negative taken after the Artillery left the Battlefield at Gettysburg, near Trostle's House, in 1863—Now in the Collection of 7,000 original negatives taken under protection of the Secret Service during the Civil War—Owned by Edward Bailey Eaton at Hartford, Connecticut

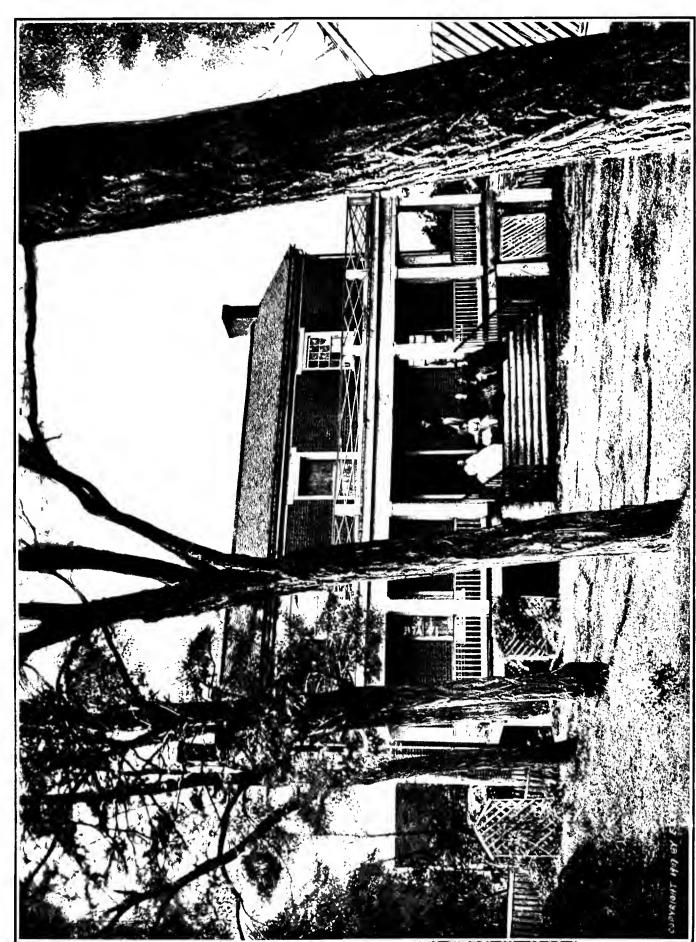


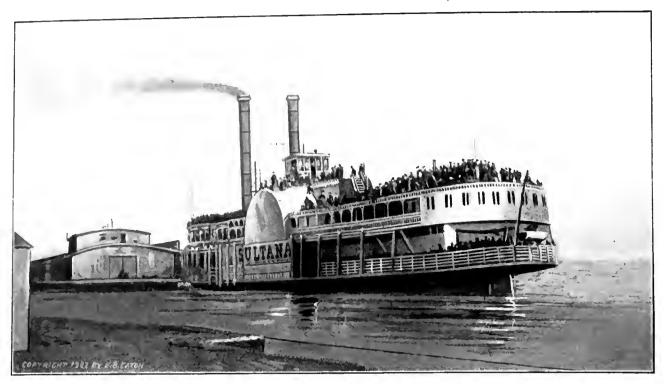
Original negative taken while the Artillery was going into Action on the Rappahannock in 1863—Now in the Edward Bailey Eaton Collection at Hartford, Connecticut



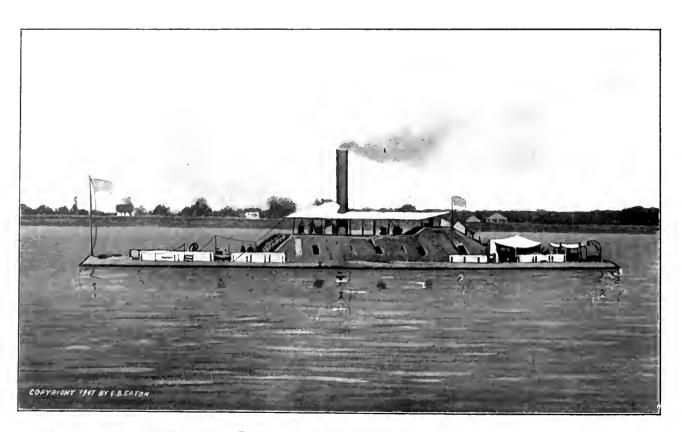
Original negative taken along the lines of Prisoners after Chancellorsville in 1863

Original negative taken at Harper's Ferry, Vinginia, in 1861-Now in the Edward B. Eaton Collection at Hartford. Connecticut

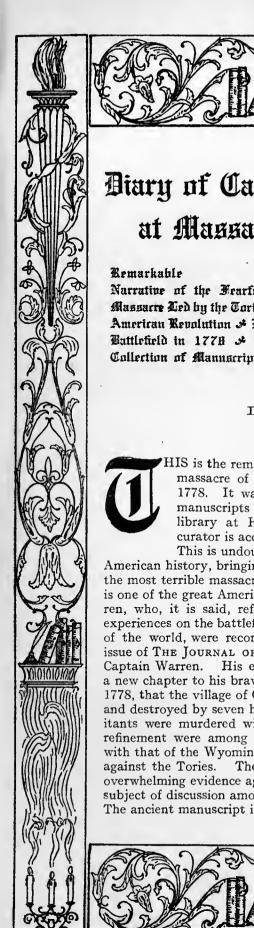




Original negative taken as steamer 'Sultana" sailed to her Destruction on Mississippi River in 1865



Original negative taken while Confederate Ram "Tennessee" moved against Farragut on Mobile Bay in 1864





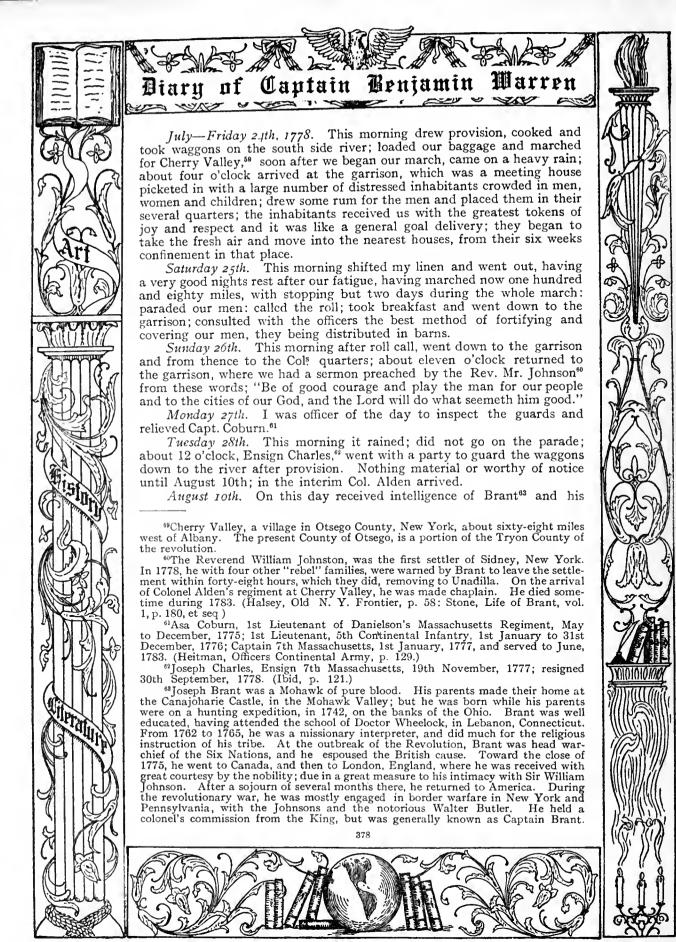
Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren at Massacre of Cherry Valley

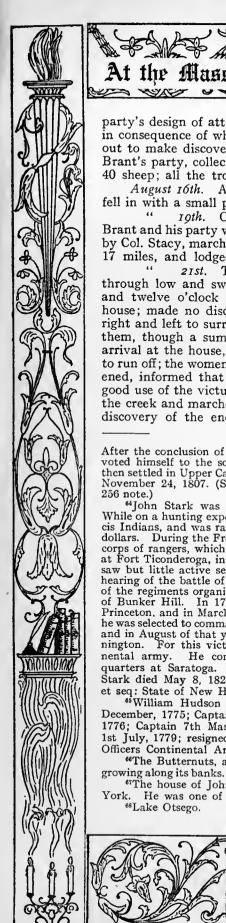
Narrative of the Fearful Massacre Led by the Tories and Indians in American Revolution & Written by a Captain on the Battlefield in 1778 & Transcribed from the Jared Sparks Collection of Manuscripts Deposited in the Library at Barvard University

DAVID E. ALEXANDER

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

HIS is the remarkable narrative of a soldier's experience at the massacre of Cherry Valley, in the American Revolution, in 1778. It was recently revealed while searching through the manuscripts of the priceless Jared Sparks collection, in the library at Harvard University, and by permission of the curator is accurately transcribed and recorded in these pages. This is undoubtedly one of the most valuable contributions to American history, bringing, as it does, new evidence to bear upon one of the most terrible massacres in American warfare. Moreover, the witness is one of the great Americans of the Revolution—Captain Benjamin Warren, who, it is said, refused a generalship to fight in the ranks. experiences on the battlefield of Saratoga, one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world, were recorded from his own manuscript in the preceding issue of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, with a brief biography of His experiences at the massacre of Cherry Valley add a new chapter to his brave career. It was on the tenth of December, in 1778, that the village of Cherry Valley, in central New York, was attacked and destroyed by seven hundred Tories and Indians. About fifty inhabitants were murdered without regard to age or sex. Many persons of refinement were among the victims, and it was such an atrocity as this, with that of the Wyoming massacre, that thoroughly aroused the patriots The testimony of this eye witness brings new and overwhelming evidence against the methods of warfare that have been the subject of discussion among historians ever since the American Revolution. The ancient manuscript is transcribed with the orthography of the times.





At the Massacre of Cherry Valley in 1778

party's design of attacking this garrison by an express from Gen. Stark;64 in consequence of which Capt. Ballardes with a party of 60 men was sent out to make discovery, who went to the butternuts. 66 Took 14 tories of Brant's party, collecting cattle, and about 100 head of cattle and horses, 40 sheep; all the troops on the ground were employed fortifying.

August 16th. A small scout of six men went out near Tunaelefs:67 fell in with a small party of the Indians; killed one, but the rest escaped. 19th. On receiving intelligence by one of our scouts, that Brant and his party was to be at Tunaeliss, a party of 150 men, commanded by Col. Stacy, marched by the way of Lake Osago, 68 came to houses about

17 miles, and lodged there.

21st. This morning about daybreak, paraded; marched through low and swampy ground; about ten o'clock crossed two creeks and twelve o'clock arrived on a mountain, looking down on Tunaeliss house; made no discovery of the enemy; sent a party each way to the right and left to surround the house; we then rushed down, found none of them, though a sumptuous dinner prepared for the enemy, who, on our arrival at the house, fired a gun in the woods near us and some was seen to run off; the women would give us no information but a lad, being threatened, informed that some Indians had been there that morning; we made good use of the victuals and proceeded to the foot of Scuyler's lake; forded the creek and marched down to Scuyler's house about nine miles made no discovery of the enemy: lodged there.

After the conclusion of the war, he again visited England, and upon his return devoted himself to the social and religious improvement of the Mohawks, who were then settled in Upper Canada. He died at his residence, at the head of Lake Ontario. November 24, 1807. (Stone, Life of Joseph Brant: Lossing, Field Book, vol. 1, p.

⁶⁴John Stark was born in Londonderry, New Hampshire, August 28, 1728. While on a hunting expedition in 1752, he was taken prisoner by a party of St. Francis Indians, and was ransomed by a friend for the sum of one hundred and three dollars. During the French and Indian war, Stark was a first lieutenant in Roger's corps of rangers, which was raised in New Hampshire. After the disastrous battle at Fort Ticonderoga, in 1758, in which he participated, he returned to his home, and saw but little active service again during the war. He hastened to Cambridge on hearing of the battle of Lexington, in April, 1775, and was appointed colonel of one of the regiments organized soon after. He fought with great bravery at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1776, he was with Washington in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, and in March, 1777, he resigned his commission. Later in the same year, he was selected to command the New Hampshire militia, ranking as a brigadier-general; and in August of that year, he decisively defeated the British and Hessians at Bennington. For this victory Congress appointed him brigadier-general in the Continental army. He commanded the Northern department in 1781, with headquarters at Saratoga. He was made major-general, by brevet in 1783. General Stark died May 8, 1822. (Headley, Washington and his Generals, vol. 2, p. 200;

et seq: State of New Hampshire, Memoir of General John Stark.)

65 William Hudson Ballard, Captain Frye's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; Captain 6th Continental Infantry, 1st January to 31st December, 1776; Captain 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; Major 15th Massachusetts, 1st July, 1779; resigned 1st January, 1781. (Died - December, 1814.) (Heitman,

Officers Continental Army, p. 73.)

66The Butternuts, a creek so named from the great number of butternut trees

⁶⁷The house of John Tunaeliffe stood in what is now a part of Richfield, New York. He was one of the early settlers of that village.





Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

August 22nd. About six o'clock this morning, paraded and marched down by Young's lake, through Springfield⁶⁹ that was burnt, to Cherry Valley about 60 miles lower; received intelligence that the French fleet was gone to Rhode Island to cover the landing of their troops, and to lay siege to that place. On the British General receiving intelligence there of the English fleet pursued them; on which an engagement ensued, in which the English fleet came off with loss and returned to York.

" 28th. This day was informed by a letter from Albany that the French fleet had returned to Rhode Island and had brought in 25 sail of vessels, prizes; viz; one sixty-four two frigates a number of tenders and transports to make up that number. By an English paper in the House of Lords in June it appeared that in 1777, the King of Britain had in the sea and land service in America 60 odd thousand and that by the returns it appeared that his army by being killed, wounded, and taken, deserted and sickness had diminished in America 28 thousand.

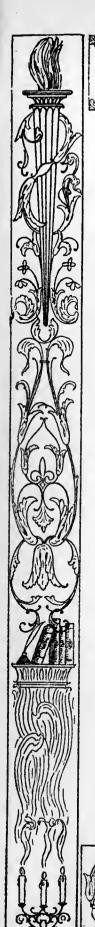
September 1778. We sent a scout down to Tunadilla, who took three prisoners out of their beds and came off discovered; who gave information. on examination. Brant was to muster and arm his men the next day, and march for this place or the flats; that his party was about four or five hundred strong. The Col. on getting this intelligence, sent dispatches to the Gen. at Albany, to Germon Flats and to Seoharry; which intelligence proved true: for about a week after the enemy came and attacked the flats in the night of the 17th burnt most of the houses and barns with grain, and drove off most of their cattle; killed or wounded but few of the inhabitants, they fled to the fort; and notwithstanding the timely notice, through the negligence of Capt. Clark, they had few men in the fort and his still greater negligence in not giving us timely notice, when they did come, the enemy escaped with part of their plunder. Immediately on our receiving intelligence, which was 24 hours after it was done, though but 12 miles distant, Major Whiting went out with 180 men; who pursued them as far as the butternuts, but could not overtake them; he took three of their party, tories and brought them in, with some stock they left in their hurry; meanwhile the enemy were at Germon flats, a party of our Oneida Indians went down from fort Stanwix: fell on Tunadilla, burnt and took, the spoil and brought off a number of prisoners; some continentals they retook that were prisoners there. Brant's party fearing the country would be upon their backs, made what haste they could; a division of them arrived first at Tunadilla and found the place had been beset with our people, and put off immediately: the other coming in, found part of their party gone off: left all and followed them to Niagra, Col. Butler of Seoharry sent down a scout and found they had fled: he marched with his regi-

^{*69}Springfield, a small town situated at the head of Otsego Lake, ten miles west of Cherry Valley.

⁷⁰Tunadilla was the Indian name of the present town of Unadilla, New York. It is situated on the Susquehanna River, about forty-three miles north-east of Binghamton

⁷¹Schoharie, the county seat of Schoharie County, situated about thirty-eight miles west of Albany.

[&]quot;"Soon after the battle of Monmouth, Lieutenant-Colonel William Butler, with one of the Pennsylvania regiments and a detachment of Morgan's riflemen, was ordered north, and stationed at Schoharie. Butler was a brave and experienced officer, especially qualified for the service upon which he was appointed." (Stone, Life of Joseph Brant, vol. 1, pp. 355-56.)





ment and riflemen and Indians to the number of 500 men immediately for Susquehanna.

October 1st. Col. Alden received orders to arrange his regiment agreeable to the new establishment, which will take place from 1st inst. Oct. in the following order:

1st Cap! Ballard, Lieut. Lunt, Ensign Parker.

2nd Infantry Coburn, Lieut. Bufington, Lieut. Givens. 3rd Capt Day, Adjutant and Lieut. White, Lieut. Day.

4th Capt Warren, Lieut. Maynard, Ens. Bragnall.

5th Cap! Reed, Lieut. Holden, Ensign and Paymaster Tucker. 6th Cap! Lane, Lieut. Peabody, Ensn and Q. Master Kindry.

7th C: Capt Lieut. Parker, Lieut. Trowbridge.

8th L: C., Lieut. Curtis, Lieut. Carter. 9th M: Lieut. Thorpe, Ensign Garrett.

Lieut. Billings⁷⁸ requested a discharge and Ensign Charles was dropt. Mr. Hickler⁷⁴ was chosen paymaster and had an appointment in the lines,

but declined; on which Ensign Tucker 15 was chosen.

By intelligence from Albany we learn that the Brest fleet had arrived on our coast. By a young man belonging to the river, who was retaken at Tunadilla, we learn that Lieut. Maynard⁷⁶ was very ill treated by the Indians, Ensign arrived from Albany, who brings us information that our regiment was talked of to take Gansworts⁷⁷ place at Fort Stanwix, but he thought that Vansoits'⁷⁸ would and we should march down in about three weeks. Mr. Smith, the Commissary of Massachusetts stores arrived, which was a welcome visitor. At the sale of the tory effects, I bought a horse for 85 dollars. Gave Lieut. Billings an order on Tobez Elwell to take my mare and dispose of her for me, if said Elwell had not

78 Benjamin Billings, Lieutenant 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; discharged 30th September, 1778. (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 86.)

⁷⁴William Hickling, Paymaster 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; resigned

30th September, 1778. (Ibid, p. 219.)

⁷⁵Joseph Tucker, Ensign 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; Lieutenant, 9th February, 1780; Paymaster of regiment, 1st January, 1777 to June 1783. (Ibid, p. 405.)

⁷⁶Jonathan Maynard, Lieutenant of Nixon's Massachusetts Regiment, May to December, 1775; 1st Lieutenant 7th Massachusetts, 1st January, 1777; taken prisoner at Young's House, 3d February, 1780; exchanged 22d December, 1780; Captain 25th January, 1781; retired 1st January, 1783. (Died 17th July, 1835.) (Ibid, p.

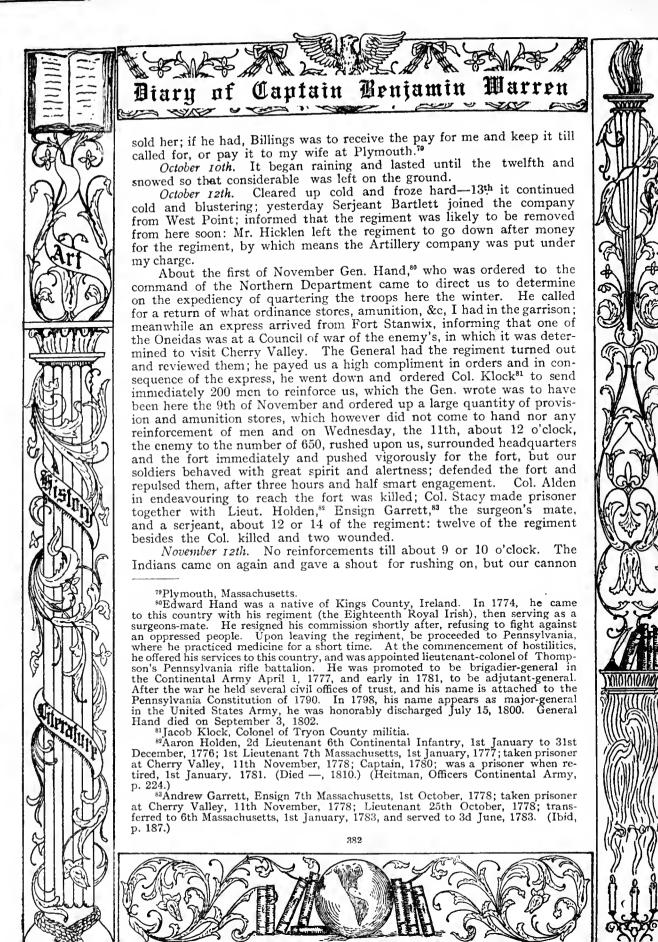
289.)

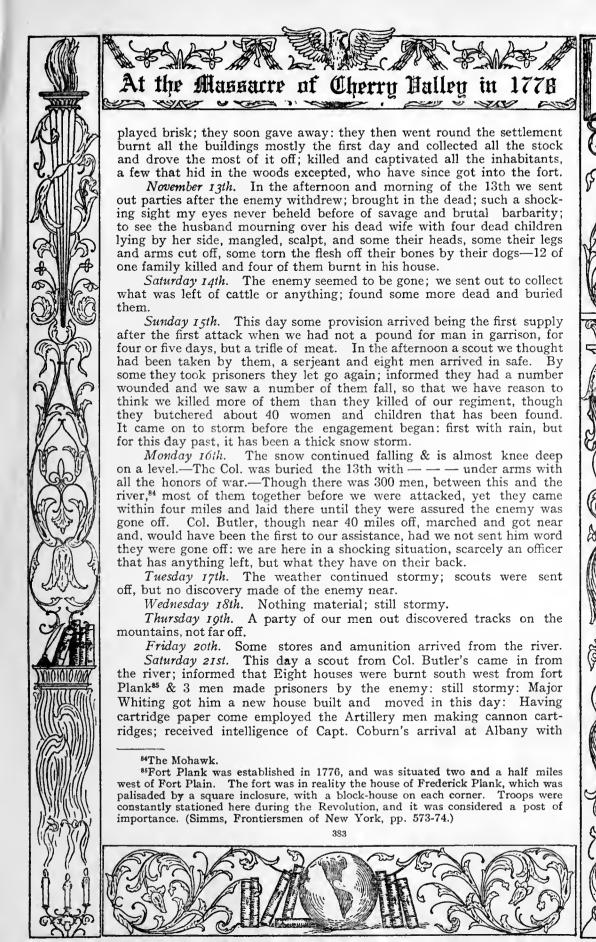
"Peter Gansevoort, was a native of Albany, where he was born, July 17, 1749. In June, 1775, he was commissioned major of the Second New York, and later in that year accompanied Montgomery in the campaign against Canada. On November 21, 1776, he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and for his successful defense of Fort Schuyler, against St. Leger's force in August 1777, he received the thanks of Congress. In March, 1781, Gansevoort was appointed brigadier-general of the New York militia, which he held until the close of the war. After the war, he was for many years military agent of the Northern department. On February, 1809, he was commissioned brigadier-general in the United States Army. He died July 2, 1812, aged sixty-two years.

⁷⁸Goose Van Schaiek, Colonel 2d New York, 28th June, 1775; Colonel 1st New York, 8th March, 1776; By the act of 10th May, 1779; it was "Resolved, that the thanks of Congress be presented to Colonel Van Schaiek, and the officers and soldiers under his command, for their activity and good conduct in the late expedition against the Onondagas." Brevet Brigadier-General, 10th October, 1783; served to November, 1783. (Died 4th July, 1787.) (Heitman, Officers Continental Army, p. 409.)











Diary of Captain Benjamin Warren

clothing for the regiment. I wrote by Major Desine to bring them forward immediately unless the Gen. should order us from this place, in

consequence of our request for that favor.

Sunday 22nd. This day by request of the Major, I took charge of a party to fix the guard house with chimney &c; wrote to the Gen. by request of the Major for a relief of the regiment and to have us join our Brigade.

Monday 23d. From this to the end of the month, fatigue parties

making — — round the fort.

The above copied from Captain Warren's Original Diary lent to me by Mr. Daggetts, of New York.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would keep his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do
—GEORGE LINNAEUS BANKS.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch, as a sunbeam.

—MILTON.

Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead life to sovereign power.
——Tennyson.

"What I kept I lost,
What I spent'I had,
What I gave I have."
—Persian Proverb.

Everywhere in life the true question is, not what we have gained, but what we do.—CARLYLE.

Give a good deed the credit of a good motive; and give an evil deed the benefit of the doubt.—Brander Matthews.

What we like, distinguishes what we are, and is the sign of what we are, and teach taste is inevitably to teach character.—Ruskin.

There is only one real failure possible: and that is, not to be true to the best one knows.—F. W. FARRAR.







Experiences of an Early American Camper in the "Northwest"

Appeal of the Wonderful Western Country to the Young American in the First Days of the New Nation & Travelling Chirty Miles a Day in an "Ohio" Wagon into the Unknown Dominion & Home Life on the American Frontier & Bolitical Anitation & Adventures of Samuel Guntington

LUCY MATHEWS BLACKMON

PAINSVILLE, OHIO

Great-Grand Daughter of Samuel Huntington, an Early Governor of the "Great Northwest Territory"

HE men who laid the foundations in the Middle West, and opened to civilization that vast country that borders on the Great Lakes, were indeed builders of the nation. This rich country today is the mother of the President of the Republic and has given to American statesmanship some of its ablest and most loyal men. In the development of the Great Northwest Territory, which is one of the most fascinating chapters in American national life, the narrative of Samuel Huntington, one of its earliest governors, vibrates with deed and character.

Investigations of a somewhat genealogical nature, as well as historical, have been pursued by his descendants for many years and it is my pleasure to relate in these pages some phases of these researches that relate more directly to American history.

The family of Huntington, now legion in the United States, in 1633 numbered but four: Christopher, Simon, Thomas and Connecticut. In the two and a half centuries since then, the family has become established in nearly every state of the union and has often shown the well-known characteristics which have marked it for generations. Like other families, its sons have followed the usual occupations of life, for its farmers, mechanics, merchants, doctors, lawyers, ministers and teachers have been many, and have usually borne a fair part in life. The energy, thrift and wisdom of the Huntington daughters, as well as their beauty of character and (sometimes) of countenance, has been appreciated by their own loyal fathers and brothers. The brothers of other families have appreciated also, for many Huntington descendants belong in the Tracy, Backus, Adgate, Coit, Morse, Phelps, Brewster, Brown, Griffin, Greer, Leffingwell, Walworth, Trumbull, Bill and a score of other families.

In each generation throughout its history there have been those distinctly marked by high and noble qualities. Many have sacrificed







Early American Camper in the Northwest

for family or cause or country. It would be a pleasure to speak of those who now are greatly loved in large fields of usefulness; and of others, bearing their burdens in retired and humble places. But instead of the present let us turn back for over a century to the Samuel Huntington in whom we are immediately interested. He was born in Norwich, Connecticut in 1765. He came of Puritan stock, the son of the Reverend Joseph Huntington. In childhood he and his sister Frances were adopted by their father's brother, Samuel Huntington, governor of Connecticut. Their presence in the uncle's house was particularly pleasing to their adoptive parents who, without children, greatly loved their nephew and niece, whose mother, Hannah (Devotion) Huntington, was sister of Martha, wife of the governor.

That governor was himself an interesting character; a delegate to the Continental Congress; signer of the Declaration of Independence; president of the Continental Congress in 1779 and 1780; chief justice and later lieutenant-governor of the state; he was in 1786 elected governor of Connecticut, to which his fellow citizens continued to re-elect him an-

nually until his death in 1796.

Samuel Huntington, the nephew, graduated from Yale in 1785 and in 1788 received from the college a Master's degree. The parchment bearing witness to this, yellow with age, shows the signatures of Ezra Stiles, S. T. D., LL. D., then President; and Enoch Huntington, Josiah Whitney, David Ely, Nathan Williams, E. Williams, Nathaniel Taylor, Moses Mather, Samuel Lockwood and Timothy Pitkin, all names which mean much to Connecticut in the East and in the West.

About this time, rare opportunity presenting, young Huntington visited France, learning much of that country at an interesting period of its history, and meeting, through special letters, men of note whose friendliness was valuable. Returning to America, he studied law, was admitted to the bar and practiced successfully in his home town. There, too, he married Hannah Huntington, a granddaughter of General Jabez

Huntington, remotely related to his own family.

About the time the young man had become established in his profession important events in the west were attracting great attention. These had followed that remarkable act by which Connecticut ceded (in 1786) to the United States Government, all her western lands, save that especially designated as her Western Reserve. The Northwest Territory had been organized in 1787, and in 1788, Washington County, which at first included all the Northwest Territory. In that year settlements had been made near Fremont and at the mouth of the Muskingum River, but at that time there was not a permanent white settler within the limits of the Western Reserve.

In 1792, Connecticut gave certain of her citizens who had suffered losses from fire and otherwise during the Revolutionary War, five hundred thousand acres of land lying in the western part of the Western Reserve, and since designated as the Fire Lands. In 1795 a committee of eight was appointed to receive any proposals for the purchase of lands belonging to the State, lying west of the west line of the State of Pennsylvania. The Connecticut Land Company, comprising forty-eight individuals, for \$1,200,000, purchased the lands placed on sale by the State. A year later Moses Cleveland and his company of surveyors had arrived at the Cuyahoga River and laid out the city of Cleveland. That winter three



Political Experiences of Samuel Huntington

persons, Mr. Stiles and his wife, and General Edward Paine, later known as the founder of Painesville, comprised the white population of the place. By 1800, many settlers having come from the East, Trumbull County was organized, and was made to comprise the Western Reserve. These events, and the news which came by word of mouth or an occasional letter from the wonderful western country, made such strong appeal to Samuel Huntington, that, in 1797, there was recorded in New Haven, Connecticut, a deed by which one Pierpont Edwards of New Haven County assigned and transferred to Samuel Huntington for \$9,000, the trust and benefit of a portion of the Connecticut Western Reserve. This deed was recorded in Trumbull County, Ohio, in 1801.

In the meantime a strong determination came to Huntington to see the new country for himself. Alone, and braving perils of forest, mountain and stream, he came, in 1800, on a prospecting trip to southern Ohio, visiting Youngstown and later, Marietta. At the latter place he was met by St. Clair, governor of the Northwest Territory, who warmly welcomed the young citizen of Connecticut, whose opinion as to the new country may be learned from a letter written at Marietta, April 9, 1800.

"As to your doubts about my opinion of this country, and the doubts of your friends respecting our moving into it, you may take no pains to convince them of it as next year at this time their doubts will be all cleared up, for I assure you that if I had had no thoughts of residing in this country when I left home, what I have seen and known would have been sufficient to give me such resolution."

He returned to Connecticut and the next spring went with his family in an "Ohio Wagon," traveling the southern route over the mountains. It was indeed slow traveling, thirty miles a day being remarkable. They finally reached Cleveland. The entire "City Directory" of that day has been humorously quoted by a Cleveland newspaper in an issue one hundred years later as follows:

"Major Lorenzo Carter, Carter's Hotel; Elisha Norton, Store Keeper, Carter's Hotel; Samuel Huntington, Attorney-at-law, and family, Bluff south of Superior Street; Major Amos Spafford, Carpenter and builder, log house on the flats; Indians, in the Woods!"

And yet this wild country so interested Samuel Huntington that he bought property, (recorded in Hartford, Connecticut, March 18, 1802), the Connecticut Land Company conveying to him in "the city and township of Cleveland, County of Trumbull, Northwest Territory, 116 acres and 60 rods, beginning at the lake, and extending to the middle road leading from Huron Street, also 72 acres and 53 rods lying on the Cuyahoga River, Huron Street, Ontario Street, the great Square and Superior Street."

To one familiar with the present Cleveland these locations are clearly defined. The streets mentioned outline city blocks not now counted as acres of forest with clearings, but as real estate of immense value, intersected by the most busy streets of a modern city.

About this time the call had gone out that the new territory had right to become a state. Accordingly, obedient to a proclamation by the Sheriff of Trumbull County, the electors met at their two voting places and chose as delegates to represent the county in the Constitutional Convention appointed to meet in Chillicothe, David Abbott and Samuel Huntington. In November, these two from Trumbull County set out for the little town in the south central part of the territory, where they met





Early American Lawyer in the Northwest

their fellow delegates (among them men of note) in the Chillicothe Court House. After interesting debate and due deliberation, the first constitution of the State of Ohio was signed and Edward Tiffin was nominated for governor. Trumbull County elected Samuel Huntington as her senator in the first Assembly, of which he was also the presiding officer of the Senate. By the legislature he was elected to the Supreme Court where he served first as Justice, then as Chief Justice until 1808. Meanwhile he had removed his home to the higher ground called the "Ridge," a little farther from the lake, following Judge Kingsbury, who had preceded him in that part which later became known as Newburg. The unhealthful conditions of the beginning of the century are well known, the swamps and woods causing great suffering from malaria and ague. Howe in his "Historical Collections of Ohio" states that in the latter part of the summer and in the fall (1798) every person in the town was sick either with the bilious fever or with the fever and ague," and narrates many instances of suffering which awaken not only sympathy and pity, but admiration for the fortitude of these pioneers. Judge Huntington realized the dangers to health, and feared to hazard his family.

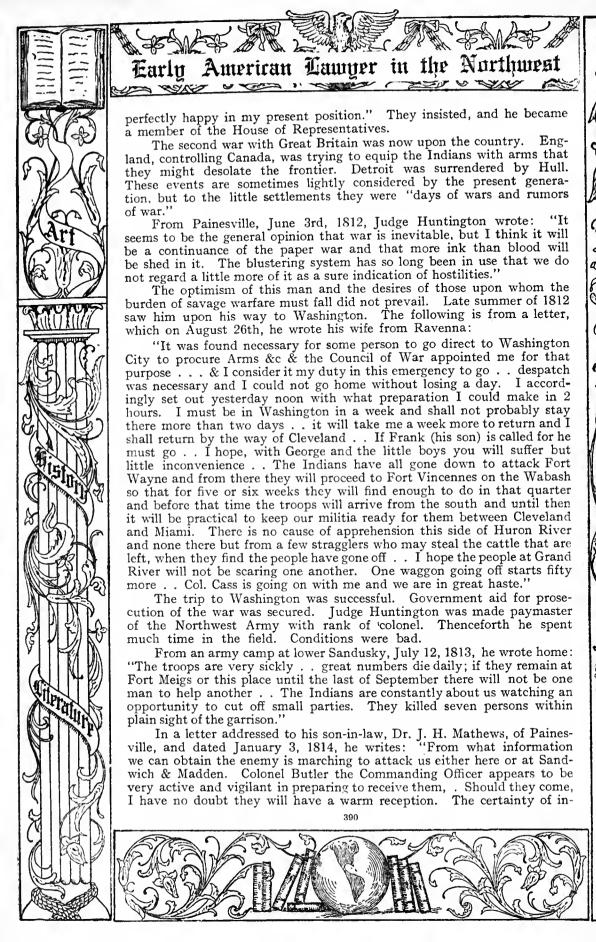
His land in Newburg comprised that on both sides of Mill Creek and included the great mill which Wheeler W. Williams, also of Norwich County, and Mayor Wyatt had erected in 1799. That first mill on the Western Reserve marked a stage in the country's progress. The hand-mills had given way to a power-mill, corn was sent over uncertain roads from points far distant. The community had acquired a permanence. Samuel Huntington, with the acquisition of this mill, already a lawyer and a statesman, now became a manufacturer.

In a letter to which we have already referred (Marietta, October 29, 1800), occurs a paragraph which has a direct bearing upon Mr. Huntington's next home site. "If we do not trade, I shall go back to the Reserve and contract for a log house and lot of land cleared on some land which I have engaged in case I wanted it, near the lake where Grand R. joins it. It is a place free from any danger of Indians, in a good neighborhood, and is as delightful a situation as any place that is covered with woods can be."

In 1808, with his family, he moved to Painesville township; there he built a warehouse near the mouth of Grand River, a building afterwards used for holding of the first regular court in Geauga County. Later, with Abraham Skinner, Eleazer Paine, Simon Perkins and Calvin and Seymour Austin he helped to lay out the town of Grandon, now Fairport. Near the east bank of Grand River, and a half mile from Lake Erie, he decided to build a permanent and comfortable home. The timber was selected, cut, hewn and seasoned. A fair-sized clearing had been made and young fruit trees-apple, peach, pear and plum, carefully nurtured from seedlings or from scions brought from the East, were set out. That the house might command a fine view, an avenue was cut through the forest to the lake. In this wide opening, deer, bear and other wild animals were often seen, and in spring and fall, files of Indians traveling along the lake shore by one of the oldest "Red Men's Roads," were silhouetted against the sky. In due time the house was built, grand indeed for the times, and well equipped, but smaller than preparation allowed, for a part of the carefully hewn timbers, obtained by no small labor, were burned while being kiln-dried. To pioneers such loss meant more than the actual money value. Judge Huntington and his wife craved for their children the school



Political Experiences of Samuel Huntinaton AND A COMMENT OF THE PARTY OF T advantages which would have been theirs in Connecticut. the story goes, arrangements were made with a kinswoman in Connecticut. known to be a good teacher, to come as governess. The next summer a trusty man was sent horseback all the way back East and leading "a gentle riding mare" upon which the teacher should journey to the new state. Later, in 1808, the one little daughter of the family was placed in Miss Spencer's school, "Harmony Hall," Pittsburg. Many are the letters addressed to "Honored Mama" telling of the affairs of the day as seen in Pittsburg from a girls' school. Difficulties arose in 1807 between the Ohio Legislature and the Supreme Court over a law which had been passed by the legislature giving certain rights to justices of the peace. This the Supreme Court held to be unconstitutional. The legislature, offended by this decision, began impeachment proceedings against three members of the Supreme Court. One may see Judge Huntington's attitude toward the talk of the time in his comments written from New Market, Highland County, October 14, 1808. "I have continued to enjoy health, have had a very pleasant circuit thus far and shall be at Chillicothe the first of November, and if I hear particularly from our County by the middle of the month shall be at home by the first of December, unless, perhaps, one or two events shall happen. If the nomination to another office (the executive office) shall prevailbut I feel very easy as to the result, as success would be misfortune, by keeping me entirely away from home, and by enhancing my expenses greater than I can bear; the other event alluded to is the threatened impeachment, which would be still a greater kindness, as it would release me altogether from public business and leave me to my favorite domestic retirement." In this philosophic opinion did this man seek to relieve his wife's mind from undue worry concerning him. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that though the impeachment proceeding against the two associates upon the bench were continued, they failed to secure the two thirds' vote necessary for conviction. Thus the legislature admitted itself in error; the decision then rendered by the Supreme Court has not been changed. Now, one hundred years later, the present generation declares the wisdom of that early decision. The talk about the impeachment proceedings soon subsided, and the nomination, so modestly referred to in the letter quoted, was made in the Federalist State Convention. At the next election Samuel Huntington was chosen Chief Executive. Abraham Tappan, in a letter written at an advanced age, in 1854, thus describes his appearance in 1808. "In stature, Governor Huntington was under the common size, and rather slight in appearance. He was fond of social and lively company, and relished a good joke. He was gentle in his manners, affectionate in his family, and bland in his general intercourse with his fellow citizens." Nothing of special importance to the state occurred during the time he served as Chief Executive. What he had to do he did well, and with credit to himself and the people. In 1810, he returned to his pleasant home, and honored by his fellow men, settled down to the tranquility of private life. Two years later the people again demanded that he enter public service. His reply was, "Allow me, I beg of you, to remain where I am. There is nothing further I can do to benefit the state, and I am





Political Experiences of Samuel Huntington

human treatment from British and Indians, the retaliatory system adopted; and the exasperated state of mind in both parties on the frontier at this time, all combine to make both desperate, and to inspire a resolution in our troops never to surrender. The folly of withdrawing our forces from this district and sending them beyond the reach of intelligence in any possible time for our relief, will soon appear—Conquering Canada by proclamation and holding it by retreating out of it are parts of the same system of warfare. When will this infatuation end?"

Obtaining supplies for the army was difficult. All necessaries were high-priced, and some could not be had at any price. Financing the army was not a small task. From Chillicothe he wrote, November 8, 1814:

"We arrived here on the 6th. after traveling almost constantly in the rain. I can obtain no money for the pay of the army. The Bankers do no business and the silver is banished from the country. I shall remain here until I can hear from Washington. From the news received since I left home it appears we are to have a long and bloody war; that the taxes are to be doubled and the Militia are to be called in some shape or other—how we are to get money, nobody can tell. In this gloomy state of things we must be prepared to make great sacrifices and we must make them or give up all our rights and perhaps, the property on which we subsist. If the country is united, we shall do well at last."

As the nation emerged from the war, he sought, again, the retirement of home. His letters to his wife, and his wife's letters to him, are filled with allusions to the children and their studies, to the prospects for the opening of schools, to the arrival of shipments of books sent in boxes across the mountain from the old home in Norwich, and ordered as rare treasurers. In another letter he writes, "I hope the children will be kept pretty steady to their books and writing." He loved, too, the development of his farm, garden and orchards, and well knew how necessary, in the new country, was their careful cultivation. Most of all, he loved his family, his home. He writes, while governor, "But I ought to keep home out of my head. It must enter my mind only at times, and never when on business."

It must not be supposed that life was all seriousness and duty in those While traveling to meet judicial appointments he enjoyed an active life, traveling by stage or through forests on horseback, and open country where in season all nature was beautiful; frequently on these trips he did kindnesses for lonely settlers. Duty was somewhat broken by social recreations. Mr. Tappan's comment as to Judge Huntington's sociability is attested by his popularity in all those towns to which the holding of court took him. He made many warm friends and in their homes was frequently entertained. In those days there was strange contrast between a social life, where upon grand occasions gentlemen wore silk stockings, knee breeches, buckles, velvet coats with white ruffles, and those conditions which everywhere surrounded in the far extending woods. The records of the Assembly show that many a day was occupied by the consideration of bills for the ridding of the country of wolves and panthers. Among the dangers of traveling was that of wild animals. One day, while Judge Huntington was journeying alone on horseback from his home in Painesville to Cleveland, he was attacked by a pack of wolves at a bend in the road about two miles from the Public Square and near where Wilson





merican Camper in the

Avenue now crosses Euclid Avenue. He was surrounded by these animals. and owed his escape to his swift horse and to the sturdy cotton umbrella ribbed with whalebone, with which he beat them off.

It was while enjoying retirement at home that he met with an accident which kept him within doors some time. Always spry and active. the confinement so told upon his health that serious illness resulted, and

his death occurred in 1817.

George U. Marvin, in an article written from Columbus to the Cleveland Leader a decade ago, said: "The visitor to Ohio's capitol may see in rotunda, corridor and the Governor's room, portraits of the State's Chief Executives. That of Samuel Huntington shows at a single glance the character of the man. In profile, the face is full of intellectuality and courage. The forehead is high, the nose straight and prominent; the mouth is firm, well-formed and pleasant; the chin tells of strict regard for duty and the will to carry out purposes formed. The hair is brushed straight back as was the custom in his day, and is black and heavy. Governor Huntington was a man of modesty. He made no effort to attract the attention of the people, and the people learned of him only because of his ability and fitness for public office."

Such a man was Samuel Huntington, a gentleman by birth and breeding, a scholar, a lawyer of ability, a pioneer of courage and resource-

fulness, a patriot unflinching and a statesman efficient."

He had a large part in the development of the Western Reserve of Connecticut, and in the earlier organizing and the later establishing of the State of Ohio. In him were combined the qualities of heart and mind which together made the ideal husband, father and citizen.

> Not in the clamor of the crowded street, Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat. -Longfellow.

Content with poverty, my soul I arm; And Virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

Herwho reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires and fears, is more than King.-MILTON

> Our doubts are traitors, And make us lose the good we oft might win, By fearing to attempt. -Shakespeare.

When all our hopes are gone 'Tis well our hands must still keep toiling on For others' sake. For strength to bear is found in duty done, And he is blest indeed who learns to make The joy of others cure his own heart-ache. -M. V. DRAKE.

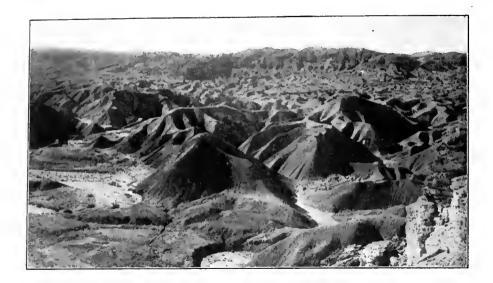




NATURE'S BARRIERS IN THE COLORADO DESERT

Photograph taken along the route of the First Overland Journey through the American
Southwest to the Golden Gate of the Pacific and the Founding
of the City of San Francisco

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EARLY AGES BEFORE THE WHITE MAN WAS KNOWN IN AMERICA—Photograph taken in the Colorado Desert on the route of the First Overland Journey to the Golden Gate of the Pacific, showing the hot mud volcanoes from which still rise sulphurous vapors emitting brilliant yellow crystals and golden dust



REMAINS OF THE BYGONE AGES IN AMERICA—Photograph taken along the "bad lands" of the Colorado Desert showing some past phenomena of nature in which great stretches of sand dunes have been thrown into glittering mounds along the historic path through the American Southwest





First Guerland Route to the Pacific

Iourney of Colonel Auza Arross the Colorado Desert to Found the City of San Francisco and Open the Colden Gate to the Riches of the Great Orient

73.3

HONORABLE ZOETH S. ELDREDGE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Member of the American Historical Association President of the National Bank of the Pacific

This remarkable record of the exact route of the explorers who made the first overland journey of white men through the American Southwest, across the Colorado Desert to the Golden Gate, where they founded the city of San Francisco, is now for the first time revealed by the translation from the original diary of Colonel Anza. The several stages of the historic journey, which was more daring for the times, even, than that of Stanley in Africa, or Peary or Cook at the North Pole, have been recorded in these pages. In the preceding installment, Colonel Anza and his expedition were left at the San Joaquin River. The expedition is now resumed from that point and carried in triumph to the foundation of the new metropolis of Pacific America.

ESUMING his march to the east northeast for about one league, Anza climbed a high hill to observe the country. From this vantage point he saw a confusion of water, tulares, forest, and level plain of an extension unmeasurable. To the east, beyond the plain, and at a distance of some thirty leagues, he saw a great sierra nevada, white from the summit down, which appeared to run from southeast to northwest, while northward, as far as the horizon, extended the great plain, encroached upon by the sea of fresh water and tulares. The doubt that the Rio de San Francisco was a river at all becoming more fixed in his mind, he descended to the water and camped for the night in a grove of oaks near an

San Francisco was a river at all becoming more fixed in his mind, he descended to the water and camped for the night in a grove of oaks near an abandoned ranchería to which he gave the name of San Ricardo. This was at, or near, the site of the present town of Antioch. It was here that Fages, in 1772, gave up the attempt to get around the body of water, and turned back to Monterey. Anza again tested the water and found it crystaline, cool, fresh and good. Seeing that the breeze caused some gentle waves to wash the beach, he took a good sized pole and threw it into the water with all his might, but instead of being carried down the stream it was washed ashore by the little waves. He resolved to go further







First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

up the river or laguna, and see if he could ascertain what it was. Noting the rise and fall of the tide, he posted Lieutenant Moraga to watch throughout the night and measure the height of it. They found that the difference between high and low water was eight feet three inches. All of this convinced Font that the Rio de San Francisco was no river at all, but a fresh water sea, and he named it Puerto Dulce. This name was frequently used by the Spaniards in speaking of Suisun Bay and the San Ioaquin River. One who has been through the waste of waters of the San Joaquin delta can understand what it must have been one hundred and thirty years ago in the spring of the year. Anza still retained his doubt and from this day used the term Rio o Laguna de San Francisco in alluding to it. Until two o'clock the following afternoon, April 4th, Anza struggled on foot and on horseback to overcome the obstacles that prevented him from reaching the plains on the northeast, but the further he went, the further he was diverted from his true direction, and the more his course was obstructed by water running into the river or laguna. He was now informed by two soldiers of his escort, who were from the Monterey garrison, that the water came from the tulares that reached as far south as the mission of San Luis Obispo, that they were thirty leagues in breadth and unfordable even in the dry season. Realizing that what he attempted could only be accomplished by a detour of three or four hundred miles, and that a survey could be better made by starting from San Luis Obispo, Anza turned and rode straight to the southwest in the direction of Monterey, and traveling four and a half leagues, camped for the night in the foot hills of the Monte Diablo range. Being without a guide, he had crossed the entrance to Livermore Pass, missed a very easy road through Livermore Valley to the route of his upward journey, and plunged into about as rough a mountain country as could be found in America. For the next two days he struggled with the difficulties of the mountain passage, frequently turning back to escape from impassable cañons and on the sixth emerged from the cordillera into the Santa Clara Valley by the cañon of Coyote Creek. Their route from the camp in the Livermore Hills was by the cañon of the Arroyo de Bueno Ayres to the summit of the mountains, from whose heights they looked down upon the great San Joaquin Valley, thence descending into the Arroyo Mocho they traveled some five miles, passing to the west of the Cerro Colorado which they noted, and camped in San Antonio Valley. The second day's route was over the divide to the cañon of the east fork of the Coyote Creek, down which they traveled, climbing into and out of the rough and dangerous cañon, and camped at night near the site of Gilroy Hot Springs. It was a difficult journey. Anza says that the hardships of the march were very great. "If we traveled by the cañons we were impeded by the rocks, and when we attempted the heights we nearly fell over the precipices. The sierra, whose width and dangerous heights no one would have believed we could surmount, was named by those who came before, "La Sierra del Charco."

The rest of the journey was easy and rapid. They reached the presidio of Monterey at 10.30 in the morning of April 8th, and Anza went to the mission of the Cármelo to cure his leg, from which he was still suffering. On April 13th he sent five soldiers to the presidio of San Diego to request Rivera, the commandante of California, to meet him at the mission of San



Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



JOURNEY ACROSS THE COLORADO DESERT THROUGH THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—Photograph taken at Oasis along the western border where seventeen palm springs quench the thirst of travellers through this strange land of nature's wonders

Gabriel on the 25th or 26th of April, there to come to some agreement regarding the duty with which they were both charged, viz.: the establishment of the presidio and mission of San Francisco. Then, with a very slight improvement in his malady, he went to the presidio of Monterey to deliver to Lieutenant Moraga the command of the expedition and return to his presidio of Tubac.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of April 14, (1776) Anza began his return march to Mexico. With the commander was his chaplain, Pedro Font, Vidal, the purveyor, his escort of ten soldiers, and twelve vaqueros, arrieros and servants. He was also accompanied by two priests of San Luis Obispo, visiting at Monterey, who availed themselves of this opportunity for returning. "This day," he writes, "has been the saddest that said presidio (of Monterey) has experienced since it was founded mounted my horse in its plaza, the greater part of the people I had brought from their country, and particularly the women, remembering the treatment, good or bad, they have experienced from me while under my command, came, dissolved in tears, which they shed publicly, not so much because of their banishment as because of my departure, and with embraces and wishes for my happiness bade me farewell, giving me praises I do not deserve. I was deeply moved by their gratitude and affection, which I reciprocate, and I testify that from the beginning up to today I have not seen any sign of desertion in any of these whom I have brought from their country to remain in this distant place; and in praise of their fidelity I shall be permitted to make this memorial of a people, who in the course of





First Overland Iourney to the Golden Gate

time, will come to be very useful to the monarchy in whose service they have voluntarily left parents and country, which is everything one can abandon?"

Returning by the road he had come, Anza met, on the morning of the second day, the sergeant whom he had sent, with dispatches, to Rivera. Delivering to Anza two letters from Rivera, the soldier privately communicated to Anza that Rivera, who was following close behind him, had been excommunicated at San Diego for having violated the sanctuary of the Church in taking therefrom an Indian criminal; that in his opinion the commandante was mad, that he had treated him with indignity and had reduced him from the rank of sergeant; that the commandante had first refused to receive Anza's letters, and on the following day had demanded them, and without opening them had given him letters for Anza and bade him begone. Anza opened Rivera's letter and found it contained a refusal to join him in the establishment of the presidio at San Francisco. Directing the sergeant to continue his way to Monterey, Anza resumed his march, and a league further on met Rivera. Anza saluted him courteously with inquiry for his health, but Rivera had no desire for the parley Anza had asked for, and without halting, answered his inquiry and spurred his horse on with a short "good bye." This so enraged Anza that he called on the priests with him to witness Rivera's discourteous treatment of him.

The genesis of California contains no more notable figure than that of Don Fernando Javier Rivera y Moncada. Ouarrelsome, jealous, self-willed and impatient of control or advice as he was, yet his abilities were recognized by the government which found constant employment for them, though his limitations were ascertained by one trial of independent command in California. He was captain of the presidio of Loreto in Baja California when Galves organized the first expedition and was by him placed second in command to Portola. He was given command of the first land division of that expedition and was thus the first explorer to enter California by land. On the march to Monterey, Rivera commanded the rear guard. When Fages was recalled in September, 1773, Rivera was appointed to succeed him and assumed command of the California establishments, May 24, 1774. He had been a captain of presidial troops for seventeen years; he had resented the preference shown Fages by Portola, both officers of the regular army, and in relieving Fages of his command his manner was arrogant and his demands peremptory. The padres, who had found Fages difficult, now found Rivera impossible. He was aggressive, overbearing and hard to get along with. He would neither listen to advice nor permit any suggestions whatever regarding the affairs of the province, and he opposed the padres in everything. The viceroy, Bucaréli, requested Rivera to keep on terms with the priests, as friction between the military and religious organizations retarded the conversion of the natives. Bucaréli's suggestions were unheeded and on July 20, 1776, the viceroy ordered Felipe de Neve, governor of the Californias to take up his residence at Monterey. Rivera was ordered to Loreto and given the position of lieutenant-governor of Baja California. In 1781, Rivera was detailed to enlist recruits for the military service of California, and settlers for the proposed pueblo at Porciûncula (Los Angeles). This was his last service. He recruited his men in Sonora and in June, 1781, arrived at the Colorado with forty-two soldados de cuero for the California presidios. These, with their families, he sent across the desert to San Gabriel, under a guard of veteran soldiers. With a personal escort of ten or twelve men, he himself remained in camp on the left bank of the Colorado opposite the mission of Purissima Concepcion, to await the return of the guard sent with the recruits. On July 17th, the Yumas rose, and under the leadership of Palma destroyed the missions of Purissima Concepcion and San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuñer and then crossed the river, attacked Rivera's camp and killed the commander and all his men. Thus perished a brave and gallant officer, an indefatigable explorer, and one of the most prominent of the founders of California.

Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary



LOST LAKE IN THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST—Photograph taken on Colorado Desert, showing water line of a lost lake, which in pre-historic time was probably an arm of the Gulf of California—The site of this evaporated lake is now the hottest and dryest as well as one of the lowest points in the United States

At San Luis Obispo, Anza was overtaken by a messenger from Junipero Serra, requesting his good offices in the matter of the Indians concerned in the late rebellion at San Diego, who had offered their submission. The messenger also brought a letter from Rivera apologizing for his discourtesy, and both priest and soldier asked Anza to await their arrival from Monterey. Anza waited, but the conference resulted in nothing. The two officers did not meet, but conducted their negotiations by letter. Rivera, from his camp, a short distance from San Luis, requested a conference at San Gabriel. Anza, who had lost four days in waiting, pushed on for San Gabriel, where he waited three days more for Rivera to appear, and then resumed his march, first sending to Rivera a plan of the Port of San Francisco with the places selected for the fort and mission. At the Santa Ana River he was again overtaken by a messenger from Rivera. who wrote that he had been so busy over the papers in the affair at San Diego that he had had no time to write to his excellency the vicerov. He begged Anza to make his excuses to the viceroy for him and at the same time enclosed him a letter to the Father Guardian of the College of San Fernando in Mexico. Anza refused to receive the letter for the Father Guardian as he considered it disrespectful to the viceroy, to whom Rivera

²El Balio Frey Don Antonio Maria Bucaréli y Ursúa, Lieutenant General of the Royal Armies, a nobleman of the highest rank, a soldier of distinction, and the forty-sixth viceroy of New Spain, was not only a very great but a very good man. The term of his rule was the happiest that New Spain experienced. Peace and prosperity reigned and the country took long strides in advance. He took the oath of office September 3, 1771, and his untimely death, April 9, 1779, spread sorrow throughout the land, for he had won the title of Virey amado por la pax de su gobierno—Viceroy beloved for the peace of his government.







First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

had not written, and he sent it back to the commandante. Crossing the mountains by the same route he had come, he reached the Cienega de San Schastian on the evening of May 7th. Wishing to cross the desert in one jornada, if possible, Anza made what he calls a tardeada—an afternoon march—and starting at 12.45 o'clock in the afternoon of May 8th reached the Laguna de Santa Olalla at midnight of the 9th, having traveled twenty-five leagues with two rests of five and a half hours each. Joyfully received by the Indians of Santa Olalla, who brought the travelers an abundance of maize, beans and other eatables, Anza rested his weary men and caballerfas until three o'clock of the next day and then resumed his march for the junction of the rivers, where he arrived at 11 a. m. of May 11th.

At the Puerto de la Concepcion he found Padre Esaire, one of the two priests that had accompanied him from Horcasitas to the Colorado River; the other, Garcés had gone up the river whence he had crossed the Mojave Desert into California and was at that moment on the Kern River, on his way back from San Sabriel. Anza dispatched a letter by an Indian messenger to the place where Garcés was supposed to be, saying that he would wait three days for him and then resume his journey. He then

began collecting logs for a raft, for the river was running full.

The next day came Palma, chief of the Yumas, to remind Anza of his agreement to take him to the City of Mexico. Anza represented to the chief that Mexico was a great distance off and that if Palma went there he would be a long time away from his people. Palma asked how many years he would be delayed in returning, and the commandante told him not more than one at most. Palma said it was well, that he had provided for the government of his nation during his absence, and presented to Anza two under chiefs to whom he had committed the administration of affairs. Anza required him also to select three of his people to accompany him that there might be witnesses to the Yumas of whatever might happen to their chief, and then, after consultation with the priests, granted Palma's petition.³

They now prepared to cross the river, selecting a place where it was compressed to about one hundred varas in width. It had a very rapid current, but the banks were approachable. One raft was launched on the morning of the 13th, loaded with some of Anza's people and baggage, and directed by twenty-three Yumas, swimming. It made the journey safely and returned, but five and a half, hours had been consumed on the trip. At four o'clock another raft was sent over and made the opposite shore, but far down the stream. This was so badly damaged that the Yumas did not attempt to return it that night.

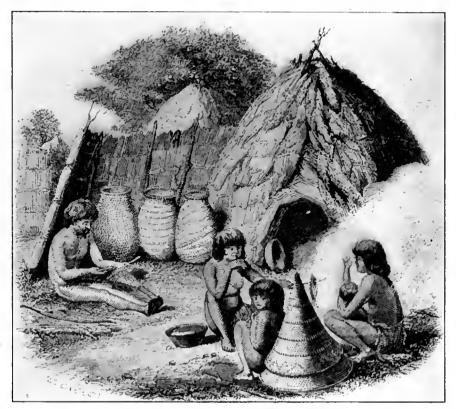
At daybreak the next morning, the river was much higher, and the great force of the waters made the passage of the train very difficult. The provisions and such of the freight as could be divided into small portions were sent over in *coritas* and *cajetes grandes*⁴—which the women.

⁴Corita—a large, shallow, water tight basket. Cajete—a flat earthen bowl or jar.



³Anza took with him to the City of Mexico, Palma, his brother, Pablo, a son of Pablo, and a Cajuenche Indian. They were handsomely entertained and lived with Colonel Anza in a house on the Calle de la Merced. They were baptized, and the viceroy presented Palma with a captain's baton.

Route of Colonel Auza from His Own Diary



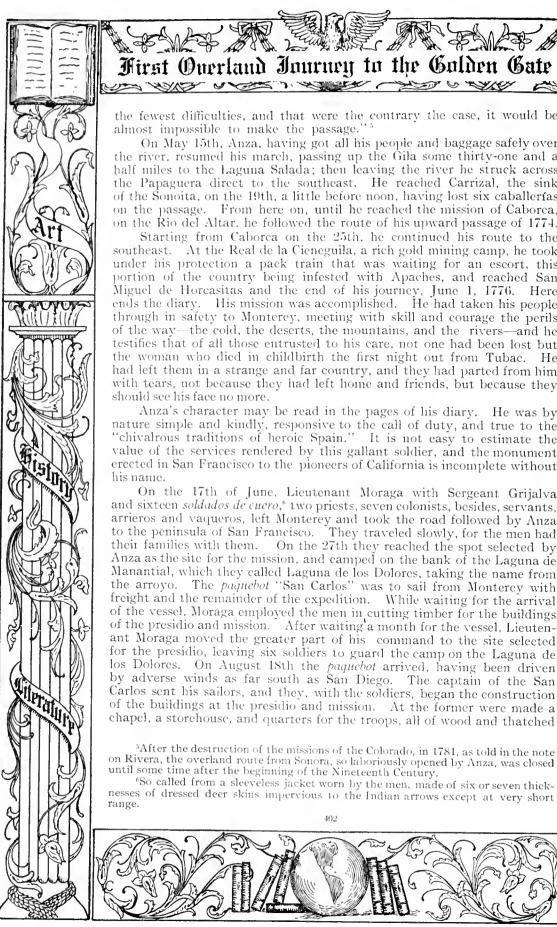
INDIAN VILLAGE IN CALIFORNIA ON FIRST WHITE MAN'S INVASION—Old Print from the Bartlett Narratives

swimming, pushed before them like little boats. Owing to the swiftness of the current, a woman would have to swim more than fifteen hundred varas—four-fifths of a mile—in going and coming, and they had to bring back the empty vessels, there not being enough in camp. Anza says that some of the women made twelve trips. All they asked for the service was a few beads, which Anza gave them in abundance. A raft was sent over at midday with some of the people, and late in the afternoon two rafts were completed, on which the rest of the command embarked. On the larger of the two rafts were the commandante, the two priests, the purveyor, and some soldiers—thirteen persons in all. It was managed by forty Yumas in the water, but as it was leaving the bank it began to sink. Instantly more than two hundred Yumas—among them many women plunged into the river, and with much noise and shouting the raft was passed over to the other shore, traveling some eight hundred varas, its passengers safe, but a little wet. Anza says, "I have, before this, made the statement which I now most emphatically confirm, that the fact of our having the people of this river for friends, enables us to cross it with









First Overland Inurney to the Golden Gate

the fewest difficulties, and that were the contrary the case, it would be

On May 15th, Anza, having got all his people and baggage safely over the river, resumed his march, passing up the Gila some thirty-one and a half miles to the Laguna Salada; then leaving the river he struck across the Papaguera direct to the southeast. He reached Carrizal, the sink of the Sonoita, on the 19th, a little before noon, having lost six caballerias on the passage. From here on, until he reached the mission of Caborca. on the Rio del Altar, he followed the route of his upward passage of 1774.

Starting from Caborca on the 25th, he continued his route to the southeast. At the Real de la Cieneguila, a rich gold mining camp, he took under his protection a pack train that was waiting for an escort, this portion of the country being infested with Apaches, and reached San Miguel de Horcasitas and the end of his journey, June 1, 1776. Here ends the diary. His mission was accomplished. He had taken his people through in safety to Monterey, meeting with skill and courage the perils of the way—the cold, the deserts, the mountains, and the rivers—and he testifies that of all those entrusted to his care, not one had been lost but the woman who died in childbirth the first night out from Tubac. He had left them in a strange and far country, and they had parted from him with tears, not because they had left home and friends, but because they

Anza's character may be read in the pages of his diary. He was by nature simple and kindly, responsive to the call of duty, and true to the "chivalrous traditions of heroic Spain." It is not easy to estimate the value of the services rendered by this gallant soldier, and the monument erected in San Francisco to the pioneers of California is incomplete without

On the 17th of June, Lieutenant Moraga with Sergeant Grijalva and sixteen soldados de cuero, two priests, seven colonists, besides, servants, arrieros and vaqueros, left Monterey and took the road followed by Anza to the peninsula of San Francisco. They traveled slowly, for the men had their families with them. On the 27th they reached the spot selected by Anza as the site for the mission, and camped on the bank of the Laguna de Manantial, which they called Laguna de los Dolores, taking the name from the arroyo. The paquebot "San Carlos" was to sail from Monterey with freight and the remainder of the expedition. While waiting for the arrival of the vessel. Moraga employed the men in cutting timber for the buildings of the presidio and mission. After waiting a month for the vessel, Lieutenant Moraga moved the greater part of his command to the site selected for the presidio, leaving six soldiers to guard the camp on the Laguna de los Dolores. On August 18th the paquebot arrived, having been driven by adverse winds as far south as San Diego. The captain of the San Carlos sent his sailors, and they, with the soldiers, began the construction of the buildings at the presidio and mission. At the former were made a

⁵After the destruction of the missions of the Colorado, in 1781, as told in the note on Rivera, the overland route from Sonora, so laboriously opened by Anza, was closed

⁶So called from a sleeveless jacket worn by the men, made of six or seven thicknesses of dressed deer skins impervious to the Indian arrows except at very short

Route of Colonel Anza from His Own Diary

FIRST IMMIGRATION TRAINS OF THE GREAT WEST—Great freighters of the plains before the railroads penetrated Western America—Prairie schooners drawn by eight yoke of oxen often strung along the trail for many miles

with rushes. Before the arrival of the San Carlos on the 10th day of August, 1776, was born the first white child in San Francisco, Francisco Jose de los Dolores Soto, son of Ignacio Soto, a soldier of the mission guard. He was hurriedly baptized ab instantem mortem by one of the women. He did not die, however, but lived to become a great Indian fighter and sargento distinguido of the San Francisco company

fighter and sargento distinguido of the San Francisco company.

On the 17th of September, "The anniversary of the impression of the wounds of our Father Saint Francis, patron of the presidio and fort," as Father Palou says, they took formal possession of the presidio. Father Palou said mass, blessed the site, and after the elevation and adoration of the Holy Cross, concluded the religious services with the Te Deum. Then Moraga and his officers took formal possession in the name of the sovereigh, and with discharges of cannon by the San Carlos and the shore batteries, and volleys of musketry from the troops, the city of San Francisco was born.

Could Anza stand today on the summit of the presidio hills, what a strange sight would meet his eyes. He would see spread before him to the east and south a great and beautiful city, under the shelter of the hills he would see a large military camp and floating above it a strange flag; the flag of a nation he knew not of; a nation which, at the time of his journey, was in the throes of parturition; beyond, he would see upon the bosom of the bay, a multitude of great ships flying the flags of all nations, and on the contra costa he would see other cities lining the shores for many miles to the north and south. A mighty change has taken place. Plumed cavalier and barefooted friar are alike gone. The power of Spain has departed and the youngest of the great nations of the earth possesses the land.







AMERICAN LANDMARK BUILT IN 1687—Homestead known as the Henry Willard house at Still River, Massachusetts, now occupied by the fifth generation in direct descent from the original deed



SCHOOL-HOUSE DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—Built about 1690 and known as the John Bigelow house at Still River, Massachusetts—The estate, including "Negrot Neptune," was deeded away from the direct hereditary line many generations ago





Ancestral Homesteads in America

American Landmarks & Old Houses & Colonial Homes of the Bounders of the Republic & Preserved for Historical Record from Photographs in Possession of their Descendants

LAURA A. BROWN
STILL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

gives me pleasure to preserve in America's repository for historical records, this collection of photographs of the homes of the founders of the nation, which have been in my possession for some years. These homesteads stood along the ancient highway leading from old Still River, Massachusetts. 1658, this public thoroughfare, following the wellworn trail and hunter's path, was laid out between Lancaster and Groton, along the Nashaway. In 1673, a part of this road was relocated farther away from the overflowing river. It was beside this new road that the five hundred acre Still River farm of Major Simon Willard, of Concord, was located. A photograph of this house is recorded in these pages. In 1714, Dorcas Willard Bellows deeded to her son, Samuel Willard, "fourteen acres on the south side of the fenced field. called ve Still River farme on ye west side of the highway, where his late Honored flather Henry Willard sometime lived, also all the Dwelling house that was his ffather's." Later, Samuel Willard bought of his brothers their shares in "ye great Fenced Field," and so came into possession of one hundred and sixty acres and the first garrison house, here reproduced. Later, the place was purchased by his cousin, Henry Haskell. This was Harvard's first garrison house. It was built in 1687. The place is now owned by William B. Haskell, the fifth in direct line to hold the original deed. In the will of Henry Haskell, in 1739, which deeds this house, I find this quaint record regarding the estate: cow to be kept winter and summer . . also four sheep and a horse . . . eight cords of wood to be brought to the Door yearly . . . apples she shall have occasion for out of the orchard . . . 180 lbs. of pork and one hundred pounds of beef yearly during her life. Twelve bushels of Indian Corn, one bushel of wheat and two of rye, 2 barrels of Cyder and one bushel of pease, half a bushell of beans, ten pounds of flax 2 bushells of malt, twenty pounds of tobacco yearly during her life, ten pounds of money 2 pairs of shoes yearly and two bushels of Turnips during her life."

In presenting the photograph herewith of the James Houghton garrison house I find that it has been handed down from father to son through five generations, with only such changes as comfort and preservation demanded. The western end, seen in the picture, is the original garrison house built between 1692 and 1709. The huge stone foundations of the



Ancestral Humesteads in America



AMERICAN AFCHITLCTURE OF REVOLU-TIONARY EPOCH—Captain Thaddeus Pollard House at Still River, Massachusetts



AMERICAN HOMESTEAD BUILT ABOUT 1692— 'ames Houghton garrison house at Still River, Massachusetts

first chimney still fill half the cellar. The house walls are packed in solidly with brick and stone so far as to be completely bullet proof. little windows are at a greater height from the floor than suits the modern taste. The panelled wainscoting is fastened with wooden pins all of faultless workmanship. The iron used in the construction of this house was the wrought work of The heavy door the blacksmith. has a beautiful brass latch. The house has a fine setting, with an inviting garden at the east.

In the Joseph Willard house, here reproduced. I find that the guests at the first ordination in Harvard, in 1733, were entertained. The hospitality extended to the official guests is thus recorded: "Joseph Willard's Bill for expenses at the Ordination Oct. 10th 1733. the night before the Ordination 2 supped eleven of Mr. Seccomb's friends. I£—18s—6: The next morning 2; Breakfasted nine 1£-11s-6; The same Day dined; Eleven at 316 1£ 18s-6; The same Day Breakfasted 24 Ministers and Messengers 4£ 4s; The same Day Dined; 38 Ministers and Messengers—6£—13s; The Keeping Mr. Secomb's relations' 9 horses 2 nights 18s; To Lodging 9 Persons; 2 nights and 4 P nights 6s: To six Gallons and 2 quarts of wine at 10/6 p Gallons 4£ 6s— 3; To pipes and Tobacco 41 Loaf Sugar and Nutmegs 5/-9; To my jurney and bringing up Liquor —10; To keeping 38 horses Ordination Day at 6-19; For 27 Persons some scholars (Students from Harvard University) and others one day at 6 . . . 4;(Total)—£28—12s—3." Included with this is "Simon Stone's Bill for expenses at the Ordination, October 10, 1733; Wine 26/6 White Bread and flower 8/2 Sugar 8/4—2£—3; For spice



mes of Hounders of the Republic AN AMERICAN INN DURING THE REVOLUTION—Joshua Atherton house, built about 1700, at Still River, Massachusetts-Two paroled British officers were quarantined in this house for many months during the American Revolution 4/8, Plums 8/2, fresh meat 29,—4—1—10—(Total) 4—4—10." The southwest room of this house was the "Dower Room" fitted for the dowager, with a special stairway to the cellar, oven and other housekeeping conven-In this house the outer walls are lined with brick laid in clay, and the beams have memoranda dated 1730. The sloping lawn and the old-time gardens are very attractive. The Thaddeus Pollard house, recorded in these pages, is now owned by Isaac H. Marshall. It is a specimen of Revolutionary architecture, and contains eleven fireplaces. The big sycamore before it is called the largest in New England. Its trunk is fifteen feet, four inches in circumference, four and a half feet from the ground. At the south slope there is a beautiful garden, rich in roses and old-time flowers. The Joshua Atherton house, here reproduced, was built by one of the earliest proprietors of the Nashaway Plantation. In 1720, his son Joseph took the homestead of 127 acres, and this house. In Revolutionary days this was a well known inn, and here two paroled British officers were for some time quarantined. The house commands a fine view of the river, the intervale and Mount Wachusett. The John Bigelow house, of which I present a photograph, was bought, in 1700, by Joseph Hutchins of a son of Major Simon Willard. On his death the whole estate, including the "Negro Neptune," was willed to a kinsman.



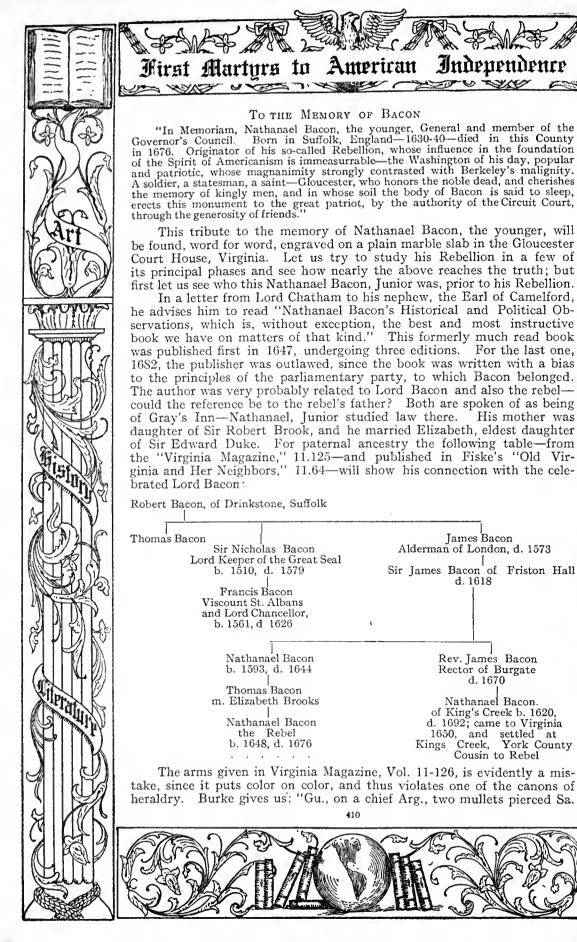


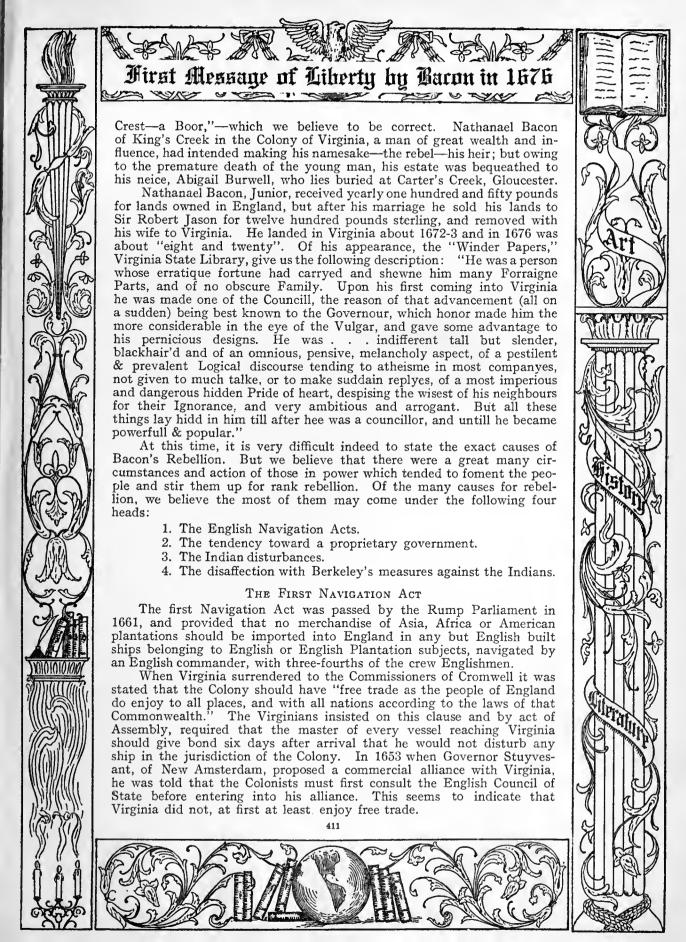
HOUSE WHERE GUESTS AT FIRST ORDINATION AT HARVARD WERE ENTERTAINED IN 1733—Joseph Willard house in Still River, Massachusetts—Built during first century of the white race on the Western Continent

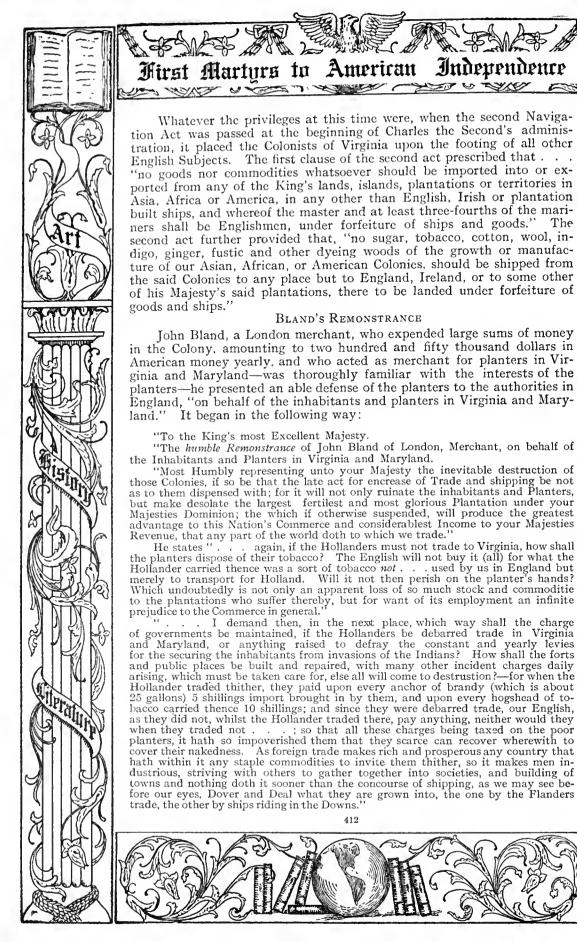


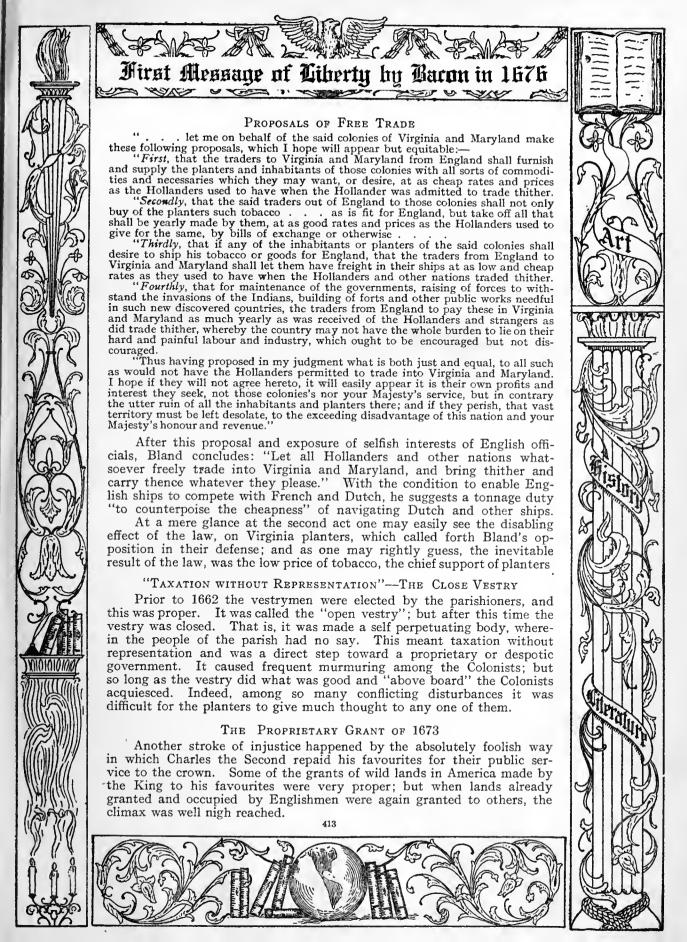
F1RST AMERICAN HOMESTEADS—Luther Willard house at Still River, Massachusetts—Built many years before America was a nation, and meeting place for the patriots during the American Revolution













First Martyrs to American Independence

In 1673, Charles granted to the Earl of Arlington and Lord Culpeper all the territory of Virginia. including wild lands, and long settled and improved plantations. The grant was made for the term of thirty-one years, at the rent of forty shillings per annum. These patents entitled the grantees to all rents. escheats, etc., with power to convey vacant lands, nominate sheriffs. etc. In short, turned all the territory of Virginia into a proprietary government, for "although the grants to these noblemen were limited to a term of years, yet they were preposterously and illegally authorized to make conveyances in fee simple."

RENEWED INDIAN INCURSIONS

In 1675 the plantation of Greenspring, near Jamestown, was settled on Sir William Berkeley, for "the great pains he hath taken and hazards he has run, even of his life, in the government and preservation of the country from many attempts of the Indians." For some time prior to this date the Indians had made frequent inroads on the frontier. They now renewed their attacks with greater force. The people petitioned Sir William for protection, and upon the meeting of the assembly, war was declared against the Indians in March 1676. The forts were garrisoned and the five hundred enlisted men were put under command of Sir Henry Chicheley, and he was ordered to disarm the neighboring Indians. Things now seemed to be in better shape for the people; but they were instructed to carry arms with them to church, fasting days were appointed, and provision was made for employing the Indians. The people were better satisfied. Sir Henry Chicheley was beginning his march against the common enemy the Indians, when, to the surprise of every one, Sir William Berkeley ordered him to disband his forces. At this point the Indians continued their incursions, causing the people great alarm. Tortured by fearful apprehension they went to their fields knowing not what time they would be struck down by the lurking foe. Added to these troubles were the common superstitions current at that date.

"T. M.'s" Account

An old chronicler of Bacon's Rebellion, "T. M.," believed to be Thomas Mathews, son of Colonel Samuel Mathews, at one time Gover-ernor—gives us a very interesting account. "About the year 1675," says "T. M." "appeared three prodiges in this country, which from th' attending disasters were look'd upon as omnious presages.

"The one was a large comet every evening for a week or more at southwest; thirty five degrees high streaming like a horse taile westwards, untill it reached (al-

most) the horrison, and setting towards the Northwest.

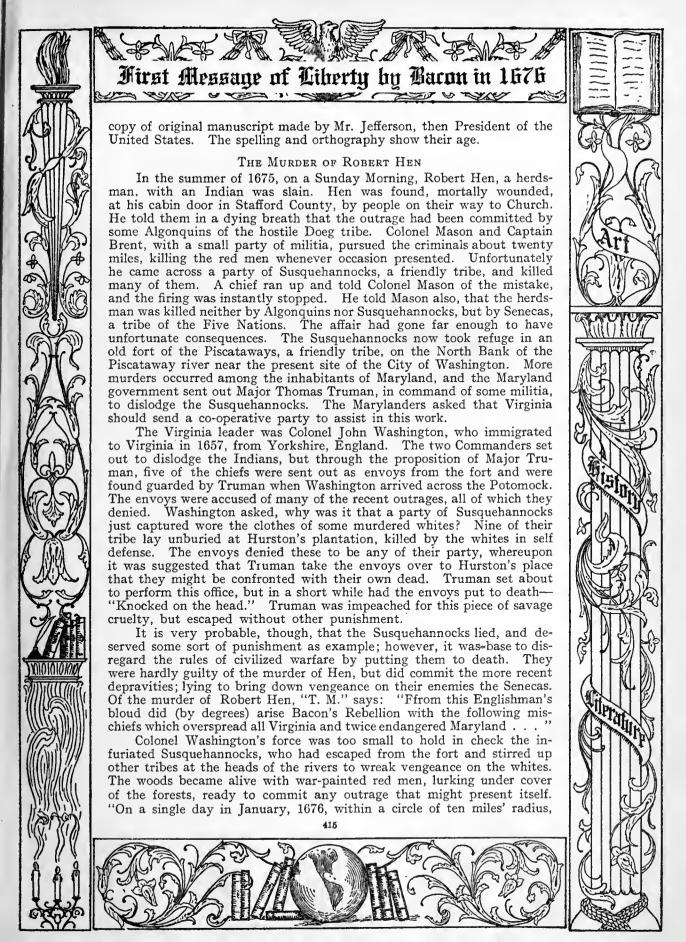
"Another was, fflights of pigeons in breadth nigh a quarter of the midhemisphere, and of their length was no visible end; whose weights brake down the limbs of large trees whereon these rested at nights, of which ffowlers shot abundance and eat 'em; this sight put the old planters under the most portentous apprehension, because the like was seen (as they said) in the year 1640 when the Indians committed the last massacre, but not after, untill that present year 1675.

"The third strange appearance was swarms of fflyes about an inch long, and big as the top of a man's little finger, rising out of spigot holes in the earth, which eat the new sprouted leaves from the tops of the trees without other harm, and in a

month left us."

"T. M's" account, written probably thirty years after the Rebellion, we find very interesting as we follow the trend of the Rebellion. It was first printed in the "Richmond (Virginia) Enquirer" in 1804 from an exact







First Martyrs to American Independence

thirty-six people were murdered; and when the governor was notified, he coolly answered that nothing could be done until the assembly's regular meeting in March." As noted before in this paper, when the assembly did meet in March and got together forces for defense, the militia was immediately disbanded by the perverse Berkeley.

Various counties showed their grievances. Surry County: "That great quantityes of tobacco has been Raised for the building of fforts & vett no place of defense in ye Country sufficient to secure his Majesties

poore subjects from the flury of floraine Invaders."

Isle of Wight County: "Also wee desire that ther be a continuall warr with the Indians that we may have once have done with them." Many other counties likewise filed their grievances; but to them all, Berkeley paid little attention.

MURDER OF BACON'S OVERSEER

Nathanael Bacon lived at Curles, in Henrico County, on the James River; but beside this estate he owned one farther up the river in the suburbs of Richmond called "Bacon Quarter Branch." It is said that the young man had said: "If the redskins meddle with me, damn my blood but I'll hurry them, commission or no commission." He very soon had good occasion to carry out this threat, for in May, 1676, word was brought to him at "Curles" that "Quarter Branch" had been attacked and his overseer and a servant slain. The people, armed and prepared for a march. gathered around him, asking him to lead them against the Indians.

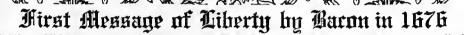
The fiery Bacon—one of the most gifted and popular men in all Virginia—made an eloquent speech and accepted the command; but first sent a courier to the governor again asking a commission. Berkeley returned an evasive reply, which Bacon took as permission to march, and sent a very polite letter of thanks to the Governor for the promised commission. Bacon, now having mustered about five hundred men, marched to the falls of the James. No sooner had he done this than Sir William issued a proclamation declaring all who did not return home within a certain time rebels. At this, all of Bacon's force deserted him, with the exception of about sixty men; he paid no attention to this, however, and with scarce provisions, made his way farther up the river. After some searching in the wilderness of the upper James, Bacon came across a party of Indians lodged in an old fort. They were soon routed, and Bacon and his men soon returned to their homes; very shortly after this Bacon was elected one of the Burgesses from Henrico County.

Meanwhile Berkeley, becoming infuriated at Bacon's action, took the field with a party of horse, to surpress and arrest this young man. Berkeley, hearing that the whole peninsula of York was uprising, and fearing civil war, returned home and much to his distaste had to dissolve the "long parliament" which had continued its meetings since 1660.

Among the members of this legislature, may be mentioned: Captain William Berkeley, Colonel William Clayton, Adjutant-General Jennings, Captain Daniel Parke, Colonel John Washington, and Colonel Edward Scarburgh. Robert Wynne was speaker for the house until 1676 when he was succeeded by Augustine Warner of Gloucester. James Minge of Charles City was clerk.







THE ARREST OF BACON

After his election, while going down James River with a party of friends, Bacon was met by a war vessel and ordered on board, where he was arrested by the High Sheriff of James City, Major Howe. Berkeley addressed him, "Mr. Bacon, you have forgot to be a gentleman." "No, may it please your honor," replied Bacon. "Then," said the governor, "I'll take your parole." This he did, giving him his liberty; but a number of his companions he kept in irons. The members of the new assembly on June the 9th, were sent for by the governor. He addressed them for a while on the Indian disturbances, in an abrupt speech. Then said: "If there be joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us. Call Mr. Bacon." Bacon came in and was compelled to confess his offense to the house, bending on one knee, and ask pardon of God, the king, and the governor. He did this in the following words, recorded in Henning's Statutes. 11.543:

BACON'S APOLOGY

"I, Nathanael Bacon Bacon Jr., Esq., of Henrico County, in Virginia, do hereby most readily, freely, and most humbly acknowledge that I am, and have been guilty of divers late unlawful, mutinous, and rebellious practices, contrary to my duty to his most sacred majesty's governor, and this country, by beating up of drums; raising of men in arms', marching with them into several parts of his most sacred majesty's colony, not only without order and commission, but contrary to the express orders and commands of the Right Honorable Sir William Berkeley, Kn't, his majesty's most worthy governor and captain-general of Virginia. And I do further acknowledge that the said honorable governor hath been very favorable to me, by his several reiterated gracious offers of pardon, thereby to reclaim me from the persecution of those my unjust proceedings, (whose noble and generous mercy and clemency I can never sufficiently acknowledge), and for the re-settlement of this whole country in peace and quietness. And I do hereby, upon my knees, most humbly beg of Almighty God and of his Majesty's said governor, that upon this my most hearty and unfeigned acknowledgement of my said mis-carriages and unwarrantable practices, he will please to grant me his gracious pardon and indemnity, humbly desiring also the honourable council of state, by whose goodness I am also much obliged, and the honorable burgesses of the present grand assembly to intercede, and mediate with his honor, to grant me such pardon. And I do hereby promise, upon the word and faith of a christian and a gentleman, that upon such pardon granted me as I shall ever acknowledge so great a favor, so I will always bear true faith and allegiance to his most sacred majesty, and demean myself dutifully, faithfully, and peaceably to the government and the laws of this country, and am most ready and willing to enter into bond of two thousand pounds sterling, and for security thereof bind my whole estate in Virginia to the country for my good and quiet behavior for one whole year from this date, and do promise and oblige myself to continue my said duty and allegiance at all times afterwards. In testimony of this, my free and hearty recognition, I have hereunto subscribed my name, this 9th. day of June, 1676.
"NATH. BACON."

The Council interceded thus:

"We, of his Majesty's council of State of Virginia, do hereby desire according to Mr. Bacon's request, the right honorable the governor, to grant the said Mr. Bacon his freedom.

Phil Ludwell, James Bray, Wm. Cole, Ra. Wormeley, Hen. Chicheley, Nathl. Bacon, Thos. Beale, Tho. Ballard,

Jo. Bridges.

"Dated the 9th. of June, 1676."

After the foregoing, Sir William repeated three times, the following words: "God forgive you, I forgive you." Colonel Cole added,

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First Martyrs to American Independence

"And all that were with him." "Yea," responded the governor, "and all that were with him." The governor, again starting up, spoke: "Mr. Bacon, if you will live civilly but 'till next quarter court, I'll promise to restore you again to your place there," waving towards Bacon's former seat in the council. Bacon, however, was restored to his seat on that very Saturday.

Nathaniel Bacon, whose name is subscribed to the above intercession, and cousin of the rebel, wrote out the apology which he persuaded Bacon to recite before the council. If he would do this, the rebel was promised a commission allowing him to go against the Indians, on the following Monday. It was this cousin who also warned him in time to fly for his life, it is supposed.

THE "THOUGHTFUL MR. LAWRENCE"—BACON'S FLIGHT

There were two other men who were much help to Bacon in his troubles with Berkeley and the Indians—William Drummond, "a hard-headed and canny Scotchman," for whom Lake Drummond in Dismal Swamp is named, was at one time governor of a Colony in North Carolina. He now lived in Jamestown. He and Lawrence owned the best houses in that place. Lawrence, who was apostrophized "the thoughtful" by "T. M.", "kept an ordinary" at Jamestown. He had been a student at Oxford, and "for wit, learning and sobriety" this gentleman was "equalled by few." It was at his house that Bacon stopped while in Jamestown. Very soon after Berkeley's public demonstration of kindness to Bacon, the latter discovered it to be only a cloak for the governor's treacherous measures, which he intended carrying out as soon as he could do so with propriety. Bacon therefore, quietly slipped out of town. As soon as the news was known, the house of Lawrence was searched, but in vain.

BACON'S REVOLT WITH SIX HUNDRED MEN

The next Berkeley heard from Bacon, was news of his being at the head of the James, with six hundred men behind him, marching toward Jamestown. Within four days Bacon had his fusileers drawn up on the village green in front of the state house. Sir William Berkeley rushed out wildly, baring his breast and with drawn sword exclaimed: "Here, shoot me! Fore God, fair mark—shoot!" Bacon answered: "Sir, I came not, nor intend to hurt a hair of your honor's head, and for your sword, your honor may please to put it up, it shall rust in the scabbard before ever I shall desire you to draw it. I come for a commission against the Heathen who daily inhumanely murder us and spill our breathern's blood, and nor care is taken to prevent it." Adding: "God damn my blood I came for a commission, and a commission I will have before I go." "And turning to his soldiers said: 'Make ready and present!'—which they all did." During this outburst Bacon was walking up and down in front of his men, "his left arm akimbo" and violently gesticulating with his right—both he and the governor in a white heat of rage. Very soon the governor and council withdrew to his private apartment, followed by Bacon. It is said that Bacon had previously instructed his men, who now waited with arms presented at the assembly window, to fire on the assembly should he draw his sword while inside the house. Bacon argued his case for some time, frequently carrying his hand from his hat to his sword hilt. The fusileers now cocked their guns and shouted through the window: "We

First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

will have it! We will have it!" Then a Burgess, waving his handkerchief, "You shall have it! You shall have it!" Whereupon the men uncocked their peices and resting them on the ground, awaited the return of their commander.

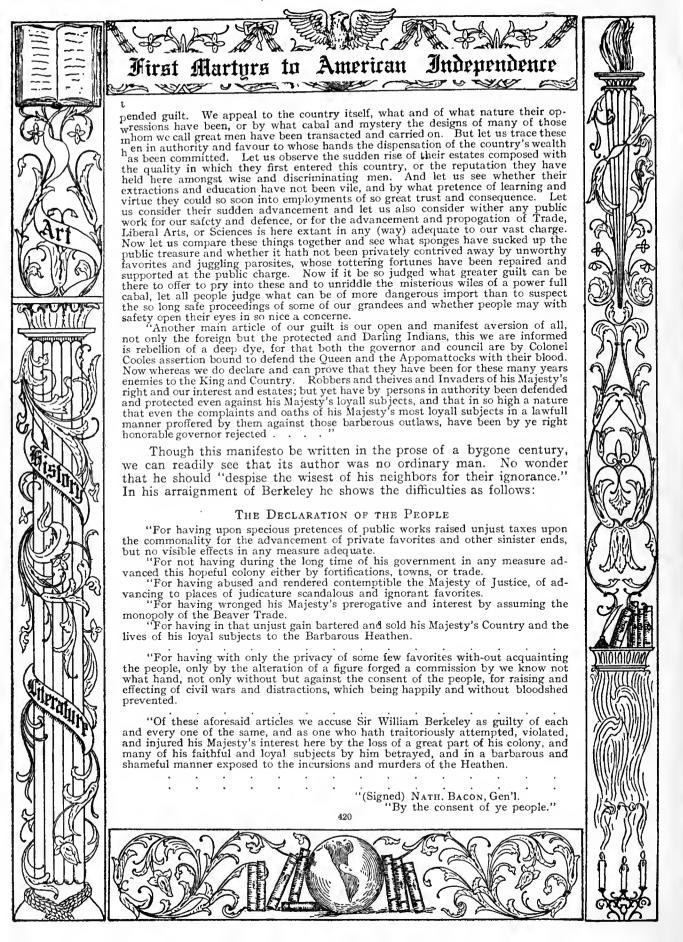
The long sought commission, making Nathanael Bacon, Junior, general and commander-in-chief was granted, and duly signed by the governor and assembly. A memorial to the king was also drawn up, stating the condition of the Colony and Bacon's valuable services in suppressing the incursions of the Indians. An act of indemnity was also passed on behalf of Bacon. The whole assembly now thought that Bacon had done the proper thing, and, as we look over the circumstances, no doubt he had pursued the right course; but Sir William Berkeley secretly thought very different. On the back of all this, after his full consent, ratified by council and assembly, he addressed a letter to his Majesty, saying: "I have above thirty years governed the most flourishing country the sun ever shown over, but am now encompassed with rebellion like waters in every respect like that of Massaniello, except their leader." Massaniello, assassinated in 1647, was an Italian fisherman who rose up against the supreme power of Austria, owing to their unjust taxation, and with a party of men "armed with canes," overthrew the viceroy and ruled until his assassination.

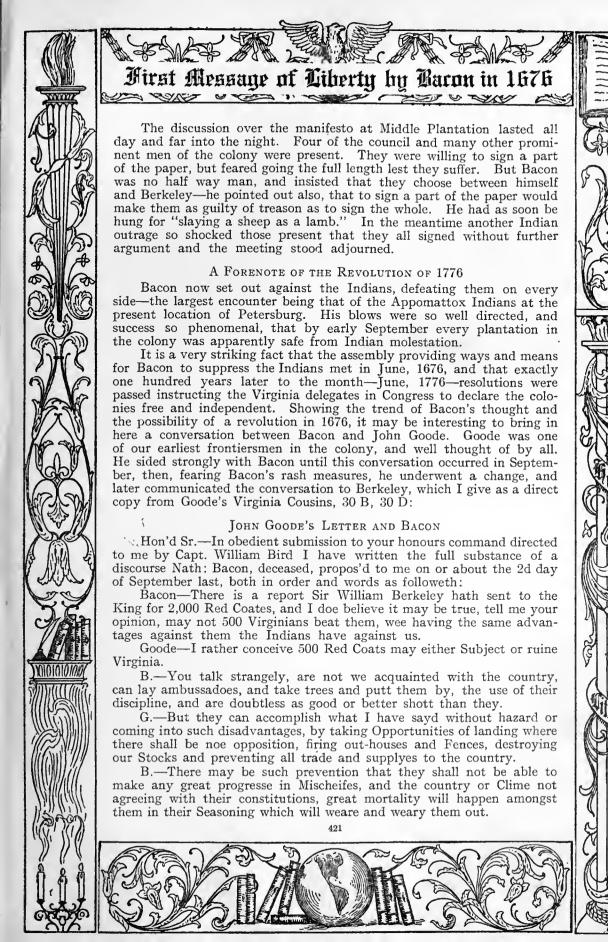
Nathanael Bacon, a brilliant commander and one who could strike hard blows against the enemy quickly, was now in quest of the savages, but he had hardly begun this work, when word reached him that Berkeley had issued a proclamation branding him "Traitor and Rebel." This cruel injustice cut the young commander to the heart, "for to think that while he was hunting Indian wolves, tigers, and foxes, which daily destroyed our harmless sheep and lambs, that he and those with him should be pursued with a full cry, as a mere savage or a no less ravenous beast." He quickly retraced his steps and encamped at Middle Plantation, the present site of Williamsburg. Civil warfare was scented in the air of the colony, and things began to take a very serious turn.

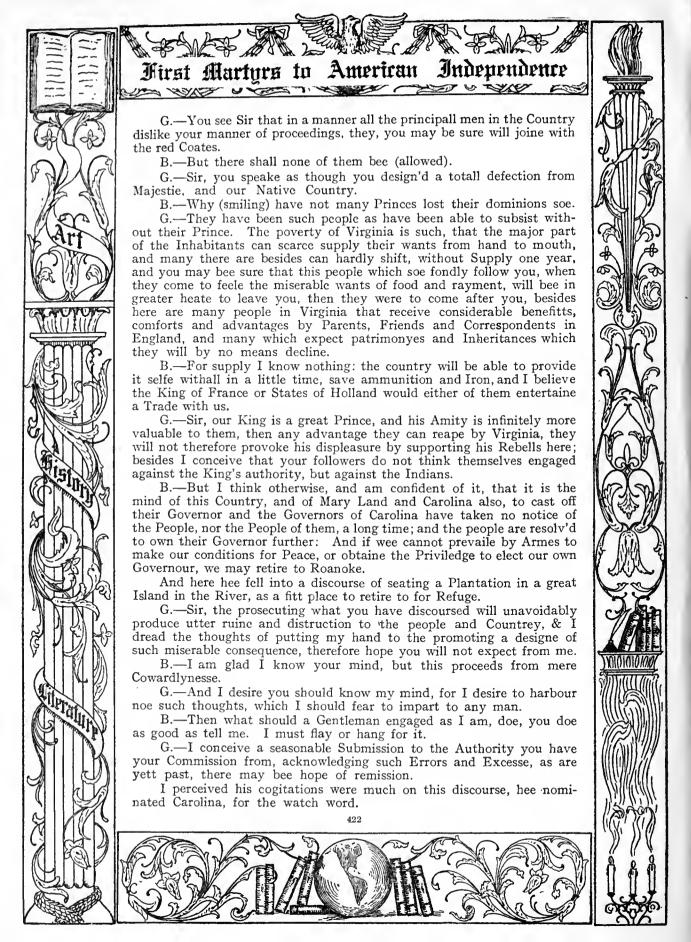
BACON'S MANIFESTO

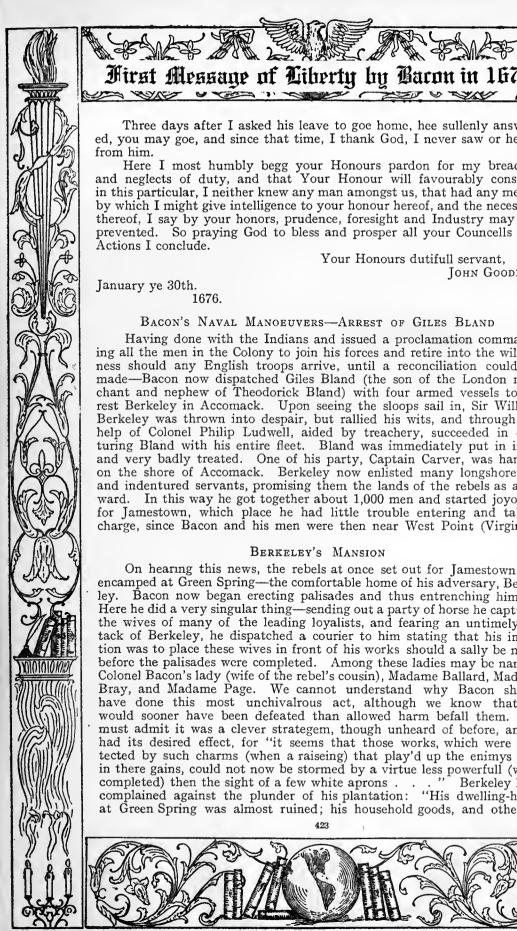
Meantime, Berkeley, having in vain tried to arouse the spirit of Gloucester (one of the most loyal and populous counties), fled across the Chesapeake Bay to Accomac. Bacon now issued his Manifesto:

"If virtue be a sin, if piety be guilt, all the principles of morality, goodness and justice be perverted, we must confess that those who are now called Rebels may be in danger of those high imputations. Those loud and several bulls would affright innocents, and render the defense of our brethren and the inquiry into our sad and heavy oppressions Treason. But if there be (as sure there is) a just God to appeal to, if religion and justice be a sanctuary here, if to plead the cause of the oppressed, if sincerely to aim at his majesty's honor and the public good without any reservation or by interest, if to stand in the gap after so much blood of our dear brethren bought and sold, if after the lost of a great part of his Majesty's colony deserted and dispeopled freely with our lives and estates, to endeavor to save the remainders, be treason—God Almighty judge and let guilty die. But since we cannot in our hearts find one single spot of rebellion or treason, or that we have in any manner aimed at subverting the settled government or attempting of the person of any either magistrate or private man, notwithstanding the several reproaches and threats of some who for sinister ends were disaffected to us and censured our innocent and honest designs, and since all people in all places where we have yet been can attest our civil, quiet, peaceable behavior, for different from that of rebellion and tumultous persons, let truth be bold and all the world know the real foundations of pre-









First Message of Liberty by Bacon in 1676

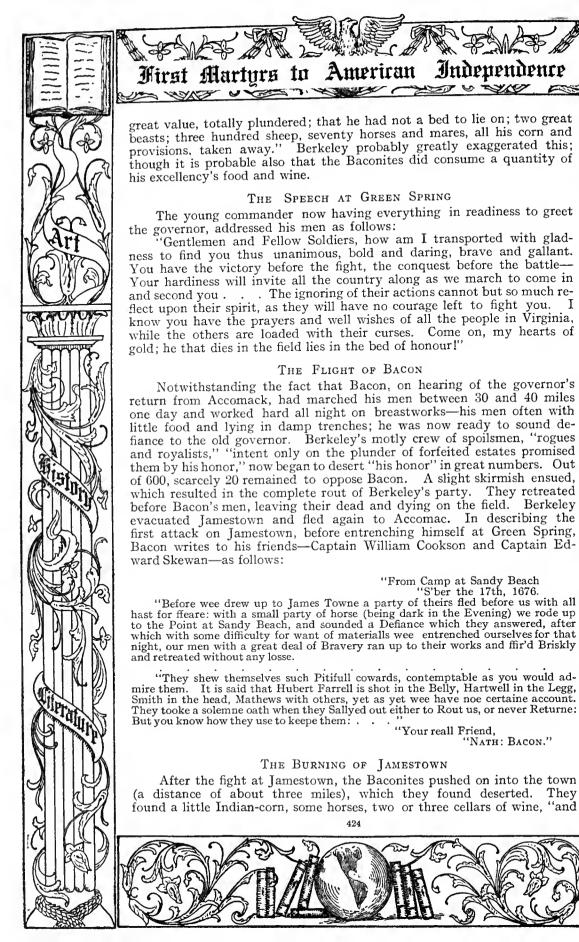
Three days after I asked his leave to goe home, hee sullenly answered, you may goe, and since that time, I thank God, I never saw or heard

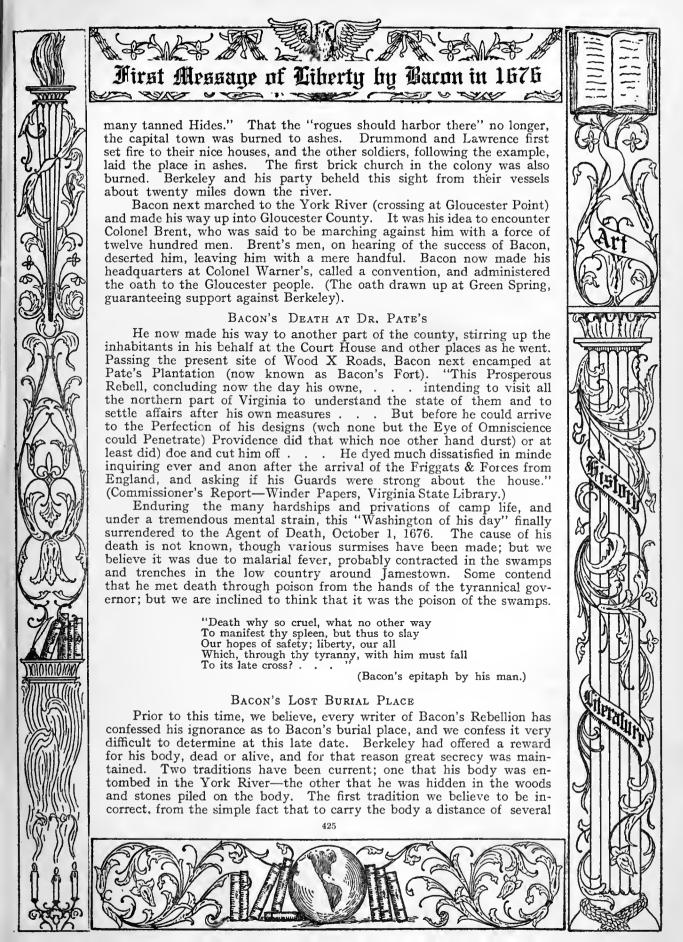
Here I most humbly begg your Honours pardon for my breaches and neglects of duty, and that Your Honour will favourably consider in this particular, I neither knew any man amongst us, that had any means by which I might give intelligence to your honour hereof, and the necessity thereof, I say by your honors, prudence, foresight and Industry may bee prevented. So praying God to bless and prosper all your Councells and

IOHN GOODE.

Having done with the Indians and issued a proclamation commanding all the men in the Colony to join his forces and retire into the wilderness should any English troops arrive, until a reconciliation could be made-Bacon now dispatched Giles Bland (the son of the London merchant and nephew of Theodorick Bland) with four armed vessels to arrest Berkeley in Accomack. Upon seeing the sloops sail in, Sir William Berkeley was thrown into despair, but rallied his wits, and through the help of Colonel Philip Ludwell, aided by treachery, succeeded in capturing Bland with his entire fleet. Bland was immediately put in irons and very badly treated. One of his party, Captain Carver, was hanged on the shore of Accomack. Berkeley now enlisted many longshoremen and indentured servants, promising them the lands of the rebels as a reward. In this way he got together about 1,000 men and started joyously for Jamestown, which place he had little trouble entering and taking charge, since Bacon and his men were then near West Point (Virginia).

On hearing this news, the rebels at once set out for Jamestown and encamped at Green Spring—the comfortable home of his adversary, Berkeley. Bacon now began erecting palisades and thus entrenching himself. Here he did a very singular thing—sending out a party of horse he captured the wives of many of the leading loyalists, and fearing an untimely attack of Berkeley, he dispatched a courier to him stating that his intention was to place these wives in front of his works should a sally be made before the palisades were completed. Among these ladies may be named: Colonel Bacon's lady (wife of the rebel's cousin), Madame Ballard, Madame Bray, and Madame Page. We cannot understand why Bacon should have done this most unchivalrous act, although we know that he would sooner have been defeated than allowed harm befall them. We must admit it was a clever strategem, though unheard of before, and it had its desired effect, for "it seems that those works, which were protected by such charms (when a raiseing) that play'd up the enimys shot in there gains, could not now be stormed by a virtue less powerfull (when completed) then the sight of a few white aprons . . . " Berkeley later complained against the plunder of his plantation: "His dwelling-house at Green Spring was almost ruined; his household goods, and others of





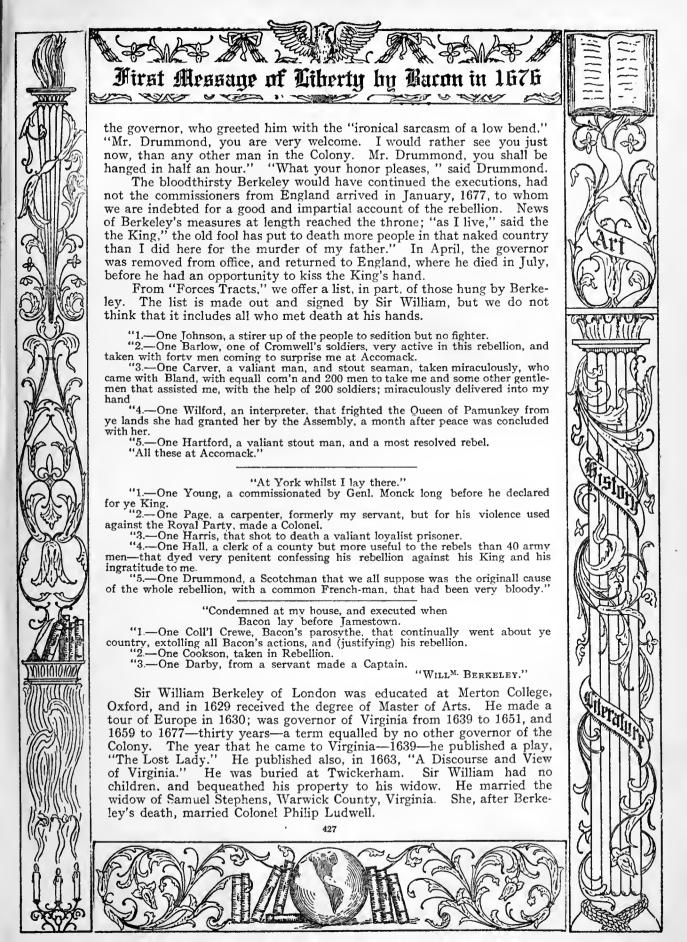
First Marturs to American Independence miles to the York River would have meant discovery, besides the difficulty of such an undertaking, which demanded immediate action. The chances are that the body was not carried more than a mile or two from Pate's house, since his followers were very anxious to quit the melancholy spot and escape the wrath of Berkeley. It is probable, then, that the body of Bacon was buried in the neighboring woods and then stones piled on the spot to avoid any chance of discovery. A short while ago the writer of this paper visited the old site of Bacon's fort and endeavored to explore the surrounding country, hoping to find something of interest regarding the rebel. A part of the original house is still standing, though remodeled. All that remains of the old fort is a slight elevation, which on close inspection reveals a few scattered bricks. The various owners of the place have tried, in vain, to plow down the ridge and thus make it tenable for vegetation. Now and then an old arrow head or some other relic of Indian days is discovered. After visiting Bacon's fort, the writer was conducted by Mr. Frederick Henry Wolfe to a spot a mile and a half distant on his plantation (probably, originally a part of Bacon's fort), and shown a very remarkable construction. There were eight large ironstone rocks, four on each side, resembling a tomb. There were no other rocks anywhere near this spot, and the unnatural construction in this field, which in the days of Bacon must have been a wilderness, led Mr. Wolfe and also the writer to believe that under these weights rested the dust of General Nathanael Bacon, Junior. There are good reasons for this idea and it is the ardent wish of the writer that this site be excavated, hoping to find something to better substantiate the evidence that it is Bacon's grave. It is probable, though, that after two hundred and thirty-three years, we would find little of hidden interest. THE END OF THE REBELLION—EXECUTIONS

It is quite beyond us to surmise what the results would have been, had not the untimely hand of death intervened. The "meteoric career" of General Bacon lasted but "twenty weeks." It is very clear that no ordinary young man could have accomplished as much as did the melancholy Bacon. With his death also occured the death of the Rebellion.

A few of his Captains dodged about for a short space of time, but soon sent in their submissions to the governor. Berkeley's revengeful and tyrannical disposition now predominated. Captain Hansford was captured; he asked that he might be "shot like a soldier and not hanged like a dog"; but this favor was denied him. Hansford has been called the "First Native Martyr to American Liberty." Captain Edward Cheesman was brought before Berkeley, who asked: "Why did you engage in Bacon' designs?" Cheesman's wife answered: "It was my provocations that made my husband join the cause; but for me he had never done what he has done." She then fell upon her knees before the governor and implored mercy for her husband, asking that she might pay the penalty. Berkeley returned an insulting reply which made all present shudder at his outrageous conduct.

The wasting of human lives went on. Some of the leaders could "T. M." tells us that when Lawrence was last heard of, the "thoughtful" man and four others were seen, with pistols and horses, in snow ankle deep making their way to a fairer clime. The old Scotchman-Mr. Drummond-was found in White Oak Swamp, and taken to







American Mirst Marturs to

BACON'S REBELLION IN LITERATURE

Mrs. Afra Behn published a play on Bacon's Rebellion in 1690. It was called "The Widow Ranter, or the History of Bacon in Virginia," and was honored by Dryden with a prologue. Campbell (the historian) says: "It sets historical truth at defiance, and is replete with coarse humor and indelicate wit. It is probable that Sarah Drummond may have been intended by 'The Widow Ranter.' It appears that one or two expressions in the Declaration of Independence occur in this old play."

With the patriot, Bacon, began the undying spirit of American Independence, which blossomed into the Revolution of 1776, and the fragrance of which still lives in the hearts of all Americans.

In compiling the above paper, I wish to acknowledge the use of the following references:

Virginia Historical Magazine William and Mary College Quarterly Force's Tracts Beverley's History of Virginia Henning's Statutes Goode's "Virginia Cousins" "Winder Papers" Virginia Historical Register

Virginia Gazette

"Bland Papers"

"T. M.'s" Account in Force's Tracts, Campbell's History of Virginia, and John Fiske's "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors." These last three have been freely used.

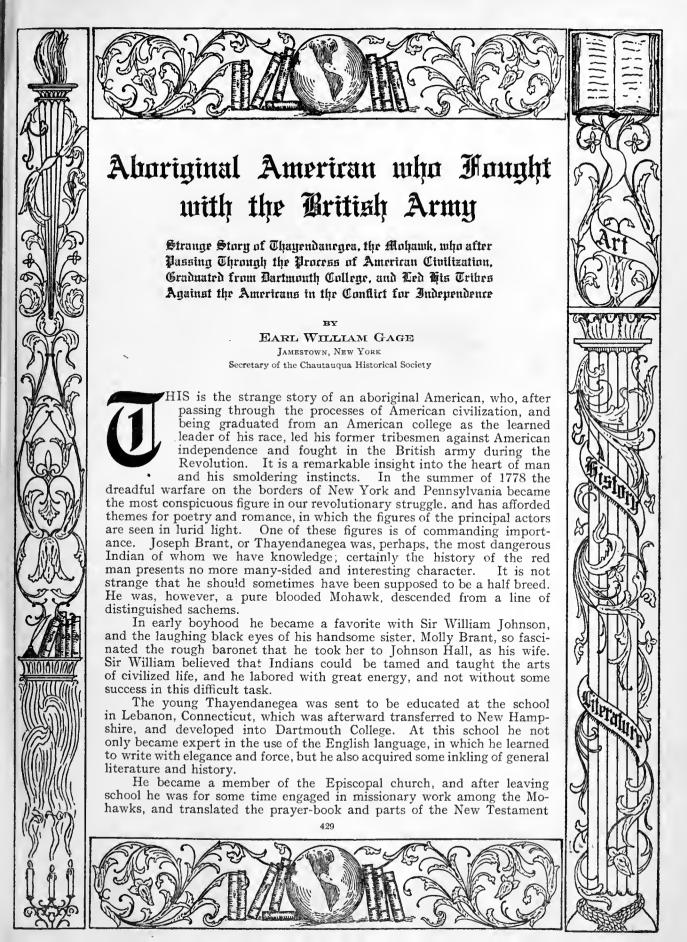
They can conquer who believe they can . . . He has not learned the lesson of life, who does not every day surmount a fear.—Emerson.

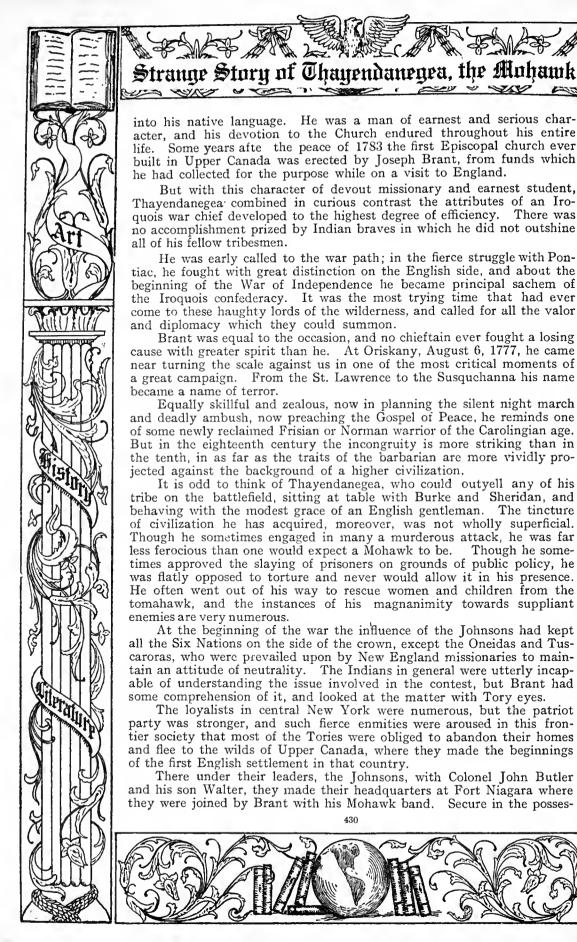
The soul, secured in its existence, smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—Addison.

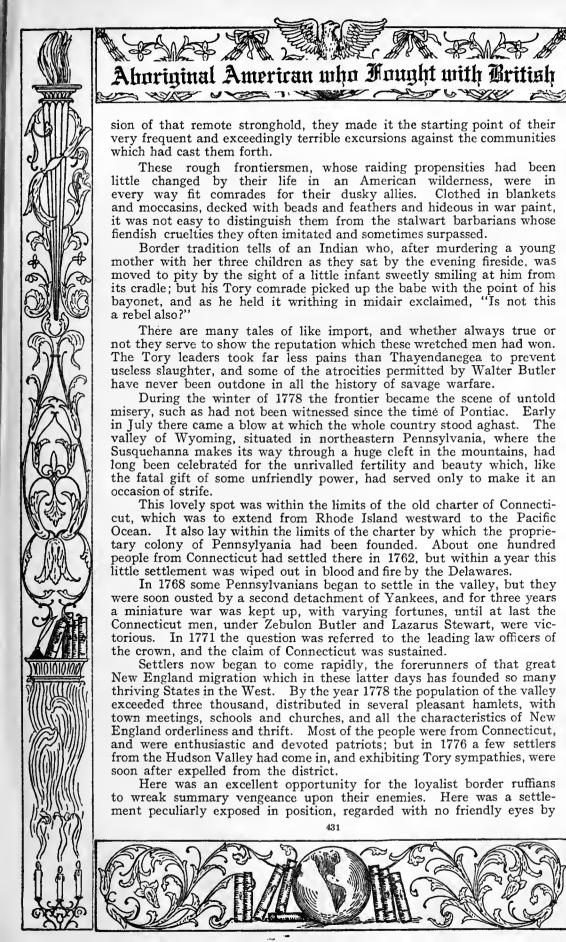
> Cowards die many times before their death: The valiant never taste of death but once.

-SHAKESPEARE.

Courage in danger is half the battle.—PLAUTUS.









Strange Story of Thayendanegea, the Mohamk

its Pennsylvania neighbors, and moreover, ill provided with ample de-

fenders, for it had sent the best part of its trained militia to serve in the ranks of Washington's army.

These eircumstances did not escape the keen eye of Colonel Butler, and in June, 1778, he took the warpath from Niagara, with a company of his own rangers, a regiment of Johnson's Greens, and a band of Seneeas; in all about twelve hundred men. Reaching the Susquehanna, they glided down the swift stream in bark canoes, landed a little above the doomed settlement, and began their work of murder and pillage. Consternation filled the valley. The women and children were huddled in a blockhouse, and Colonel Zebulon Butler, with three hundred men, went out to meet the enemy.

There was no choice but to fight, though the odds were so desperate. As the enemy eame in sight, late in the afternoon of July 3rd, the patriots charged upon them, and for about an hour there was a fierce struggle, till overwhelmed by weight of numbers, the little band of defenders broke and fled. Some made their way to the fort, and a few escaped to the mountains, but nearly all were overtaken and slain, save such as were

reserved for the horrors of the night to come.

The second anniversary of independence was ushered in with dreadful orgies in the Valley of Wyoming. Some of the prisoners were burned at the stake, some were laid upon hot embers and held down with pitchforks till death eame as a blessing to them, others were hacked to death with knives. Sixteen poor fellows were arranged in a circle, while an old half breed hag, nearly ninety years old, known as Queen Esther, and supposed to be a daughter of the famous Count Frontenac, danced slowly around the ring, shricking a death song as she slew them, one after another, with her tomahawk.

The next day, when the fort surrendered, no more lives were taken, but the Indians plundered and burned all the houses, while the inhabitants fled to the woods, or to the nearest settlements on the Lehigh and Delaware, and the vale of Wyoming was for a time abandoned. Dreadful sufferings attended the flight. A hundred women and children perished of fatigue and starvation in trying to cross the swamp which is known to this day as the "Shades of Death."

Such horrors needed no exaggeration in the telling, yet from confused reports of the fugitives, magnified by popular rumor, a tale of wholesale slaughter went abroad which was even worse than the reality, but

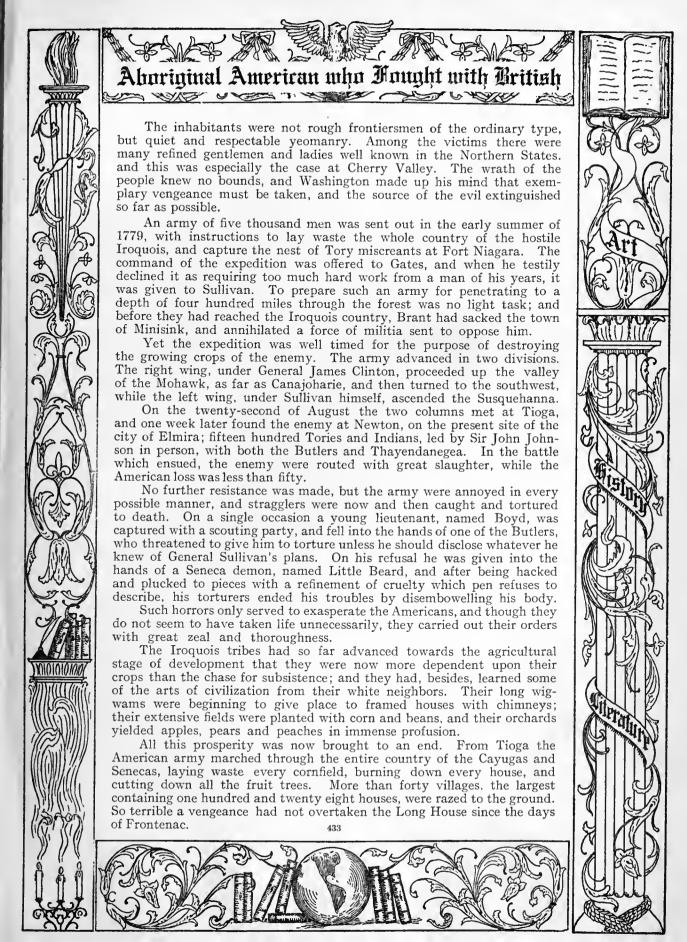
which eareful research has long since completely disproved.

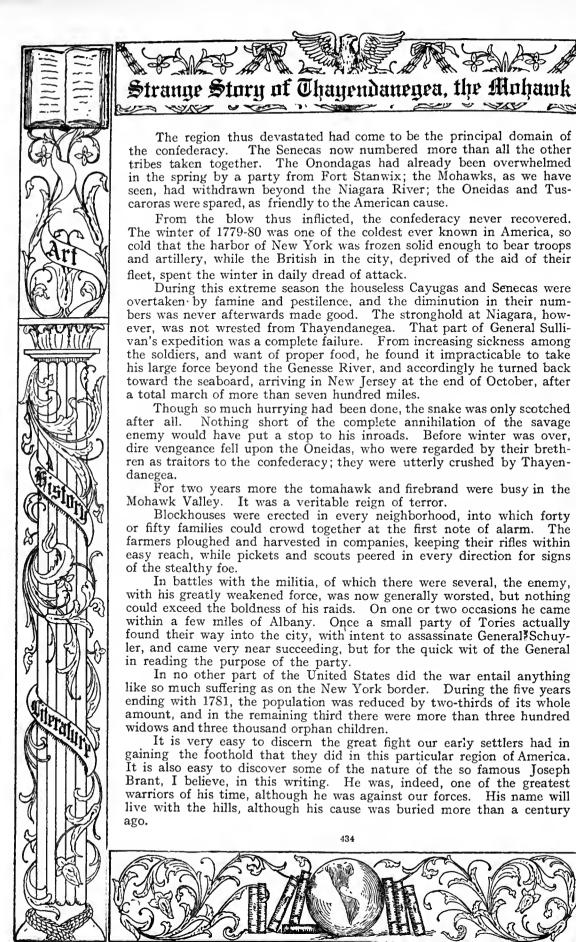
The popular reputation of Brant as an inearnate demon rests largely upon the part which he was formerly supposed to have taken in the devastation of Wyoming. But the "master Brant" who figures so conspicuously in Campbell's celebrated poem was not even present on this occasion. Thayendanegea was at that time at Niagara. It was not long, however, before he was concerned in a bloody affair in which Walter Butler was principal

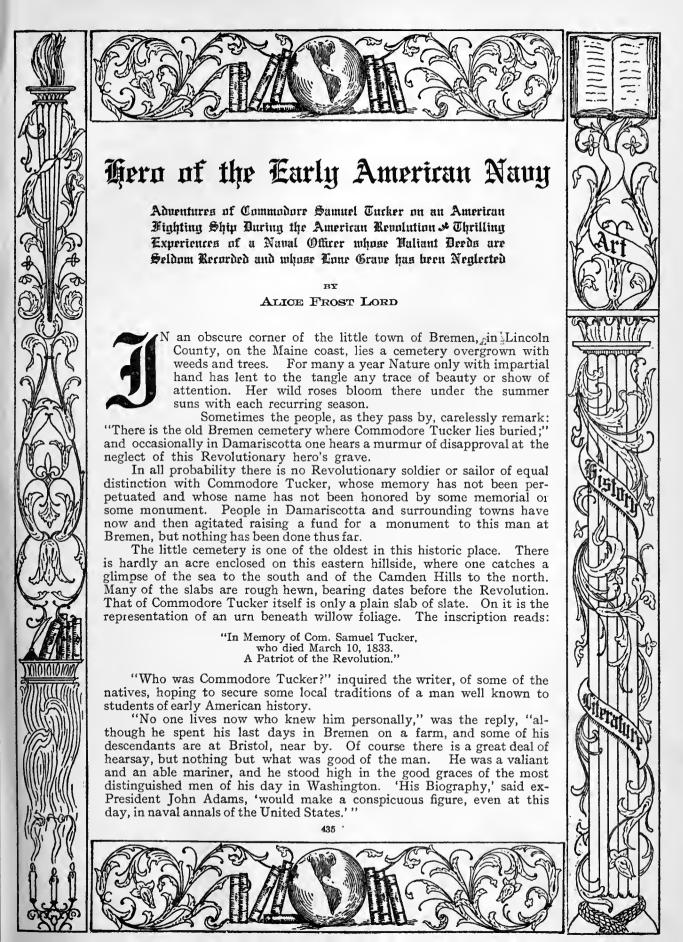
The village of Cherry Valley, in central New York, was destroyed on the tenth of November, by a party of seven hundred Tories and Indians. All the houses were burned, and about fifty of the inhabitants murdered without regard to age or sex. Many other atrocious things were done in the course of that year; but the affairs of Wyoming and Cherry Valley

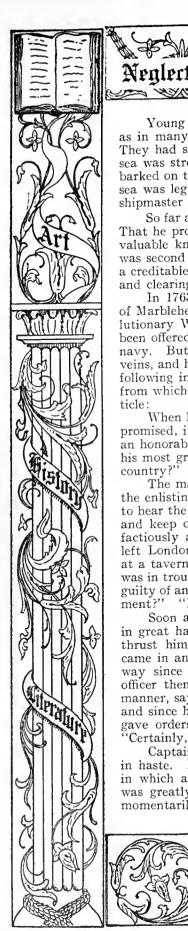
made a deeper impression than any other of the affairs.











Neglected Hern of the Early American Navy

Young Tucker, a native of Marblehead and a son of a Scotchman. as in many a family, failed to fulfil the early ambitions of his parents. They had started him out for a collegiate education, but the call of the sea was stronger, and at eleven years, the daring lad left home and embarked on the "Royal George," an English sloop-of-war. His love of the sea was legitimate enough, for his father, Andrew Tucker, was a skillful shipmaster in the days of his early manhood.

So far as history goes, the next eight years of Tucker's life are a blank. That he profited in this time by the opportunities in his way and gained valuable knowledge of seafaring life is certain, for at seventeen years he was second mate on a vessel from Salem. On board this vessel he made a creditable record by taking the helm, when the captain was intoxicated.

and clearing away from the pursuing Algerine corsairs.

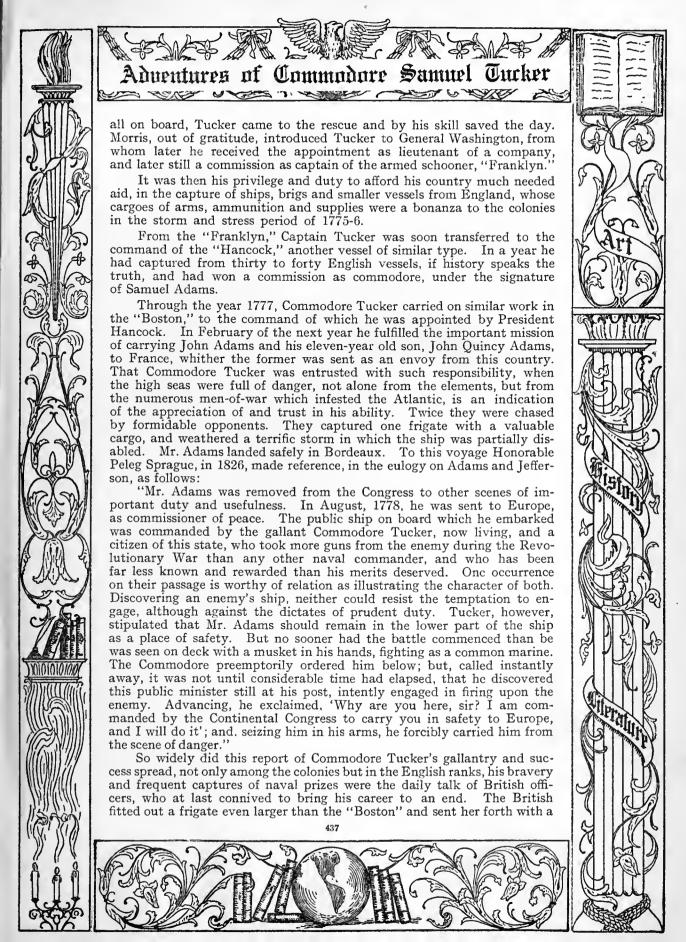
In 1763, when just turned of age, he was married to Mary Gatchell of Marblehead, and became master of a merchantman. When the Revolutionary War broke out the young man was in London, where he had been offered his choice of a commission in the army or a command in the navy. But there was true colonial blood stirring in the young seaman's veins, and he refused to be a traitor to the land that gave him birth. The following incident is related in the "Life of Samuel Tucker" (Sheppard), from which, by the way, many facts of interest are referred to in this ar-

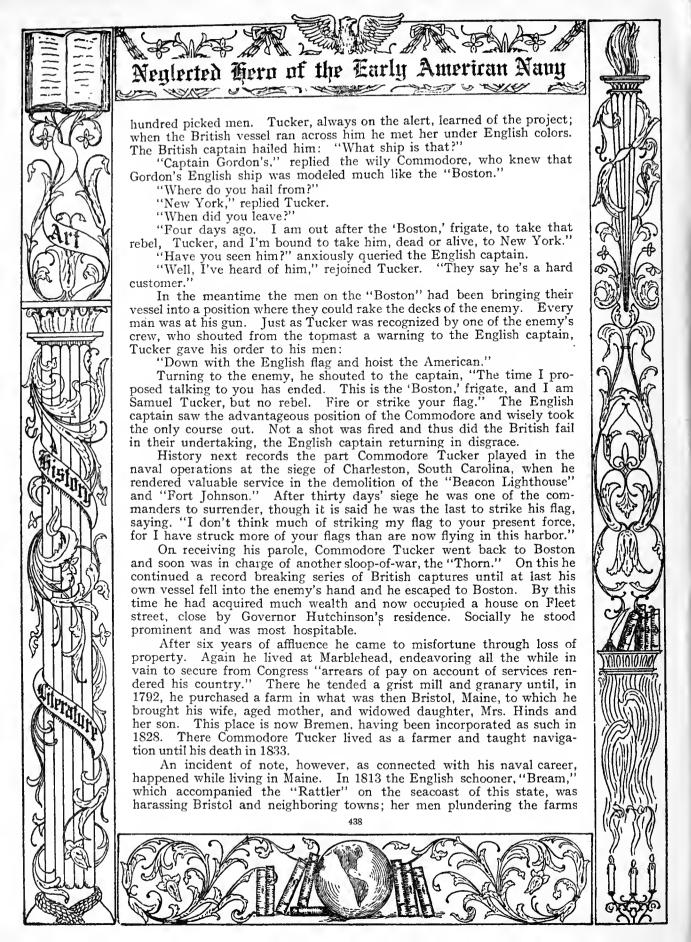
When he was urged one day to take one of these situations, and was promised, if he would consent, that his gracious majesty would give him an honorable and profitable office, in his haste he rashly replied: "D-n his most gracious majesty, do you think I would fight against my native

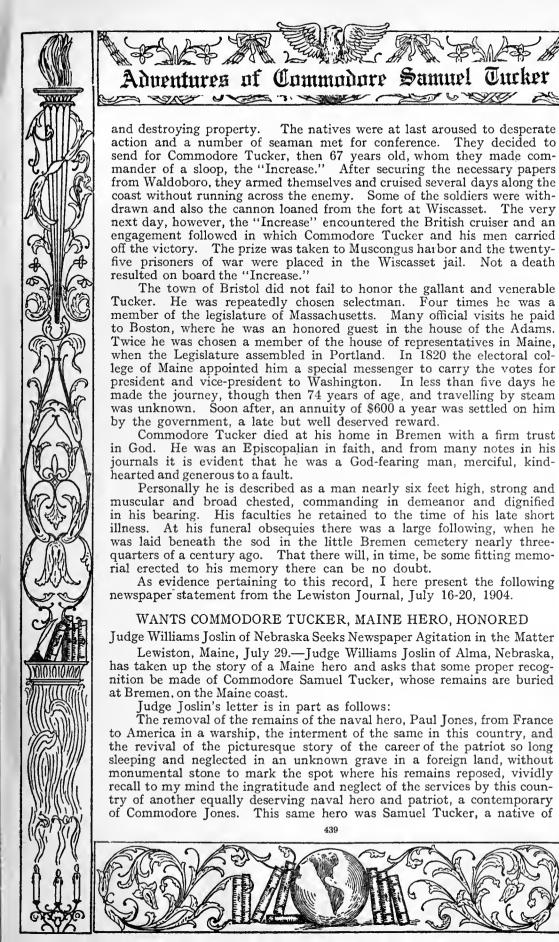
The man to whom he uttered this hardshelled patriotism was one of the enlisting officers, and immediately left him. A friend, who happened to hear the offer and reply, stepped up to him and urged him to withdraw and keep out of the way, for surely he would be arrested for speaking factiously against the king. On this hint Captain Tucker immediately left London, traveled about fifteen miles into the country and stopped at a tavern. He soon found out that a brother kept it, and told him he was in trouble and a fugitive. The landlord asked him: "Have you been guilty of any crime?" "No!" "Have you done anything against the government?" "No!" said Tucker. "Then," he added, "I will protect you."

Soon afterwards the landlord saw some horsemen entering the yard in great haste. He suspected they were in pursuit of his guest, and he thrust him into an adjacent closet and locked the door. The officers came in and one of them inquired if he had seen any traveler pass that "No, I have seen no one pass this way." The way since morning. officer then gave him a description of Tucker; his face, figure, dress and manner, saving. "He is a rebel from America and has damned the king, and since he left London he has had time to reach this place." gave orders, if he came that way to stop him. The landlord rejoined, 'Certainly, if he comes this way, I'll take care of him," and he did.

Captain Tucker, as he was then called, cleared away from England in haste. By a rare piece of good fortune, he shipped home on a vessel in which a distinguished Philadelphia merchant, Robert Morris, Esquire, was greatly interested. During a furious storm, when it was expected momentarily that the vessel would go down with her valuable cargo and









Neglected Hero of the Early American Navy

Marblehead, on Cape Ann, in the state of Massachusetts. Tucker received a naval captain's commission from Washington in 1776 and was in active service during the Revolutionary war, as commodore during much of the time, during which he captured 62 British vessels, 600 pieces of cannon, and 3000 prisoners, besides out-manoeuvering the enemy's vessels and carrying John Adams safely to France as envoy. For all this he received the empty honor of a vote of thanks from Congress; and this was all he ever got for his invaluable services to his country. After the close of the Revolutionary war he moved to the town of Bremen, in my native state of Maine, where, for a livelihood, he followed his chosen vocation of captain of merchant vessels.

During the War of 1812 with Britain, when English privateers and war vessels were devastating our commerce along the Maine coast, after the pencil of time had furrowed his noble face and sketched his brow, and the frost of years had whitened his hair; in a schooner, with a crew of undaunted and heroic Maine sailors, armed with two brass cannon from the fort at Wiscassett, he chased and after a hard fight, captured the privateer "Crown," and drove from the Maine coast the war vessels of the enemy, which had been so successfully devastating the commerce of the Americans.

Defrauded of the fortune that belonged to him from his share of the prizes he captured, Commodore Samuel Tucker applied for the compensation he had justly earned as captain of the navy. This he was denied because he was barred by the statute of limitation. So in old age he eked out a precarious existence in his accepted vocation and died in poverty in 1833

He was buried on a bleak, rocky neck of land which runs out into the tempestuous Atlantic, in the town of Bremen, and his grave is unmarked and without a monument or stone to show where his remains lie.

A few years ago the selectmen of the town of Bremen, through Nelson Dingley, one of the noblest representatives in Congress, chosen from the district in which the town of Bremen is located, presented to Congress a petition stating that the grave of Commodore Tucker would be unknown unless measures were taken to provide a permanent memorial monument, and in view of the Commodore's services it would seem that the least Congress could do would be to grant the prayer of the petition. This petition was pigeon-holed and on it no action has ever been taken, as I understand.

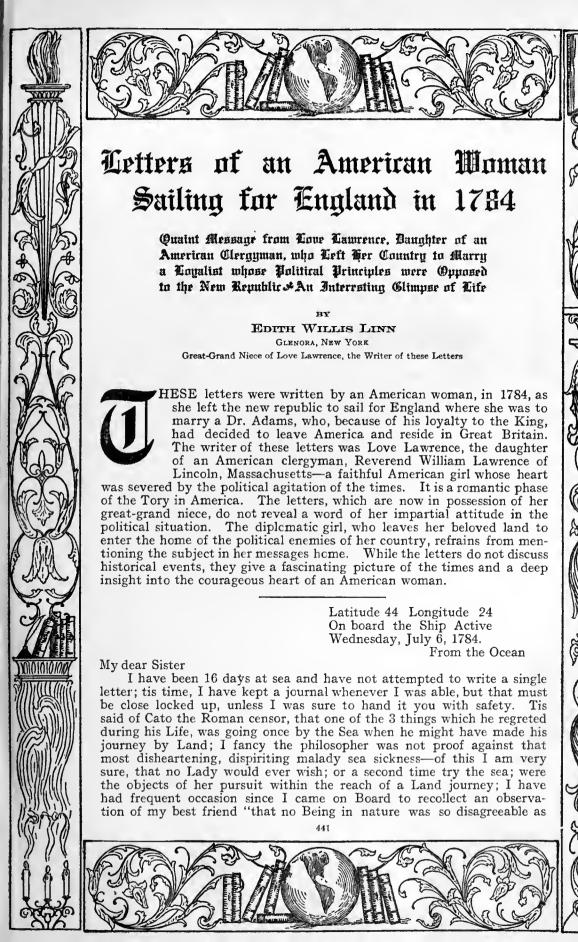
Many a time have I sailed past this rocky, bleak, barren neck of land where the remains of this hero lie, extending into the ocean, against whose shores the waves of the tempestuous Atlantic beat high and rebound and recede with a dismal roar. How vividly, at this time and in this connection, am I reminded of the ingratitude of the human race.

Socrates and the Greek philosophers taught that the first and greatest crime that could be committed was ingratitude, and the second was neglect of parents. Another Greek sage said: "To pass now to the matter, was any so abandoned and base as not to admire the former and detest the latter?"

Seneca, I think, said: "Of all the guilty train of human vices base ingratitude is the most to be abhorred and detested."

It is expected that some of Maine's public-spirited citizens will take up this subject and give to a sterling patriot the tardy honor which he deserved when living.







The Cetters of an American Woman in 1784

a Lady at Sea" and this recollection has in a great measure reconciled me to the thoughts of being at sea without him—for one would not wish my dear sister, to be thought of in that light by those to whom we would wish to appear in our best array.—The decency and decorum of the most delicate female must in some measure yeald to the necessities of Nature; and if you have no female capable of rendering you the least assistance. you will feel gratefull to anyone who will feel for you, and relieve, or compassionate your sufferings. And this was truly the case of your poor sister, and all her female companions when not one of us could make our own Bed, put on, or take off our Shoes, or even lift a finger, as to our other clothing we wore the greater part of it untill we were able to help ourselves; added to this misfortune Bristler my Man Servant was as bad as any of us, but for Jobe, I know not what we should have done; kind, attentive, quick, neat, he was our Nurse for two Days and Nights, and from handling the sails at the top gallent mast head, to the more femenine employments of making wine cordial, he has not his eaqual on Board: in short he is the favorite of the whole ship.

Our sickness continued for ten days with some intermissions—we crawled upon Deck whenever we were able, but it was so cold and damp that we could not remain long upon it, and the confinement of the Air below, the constant rolling of the vessel and the Nausea of the Ship, which was much too tight, contributed to keep up our disease—the vessel is very deep loaded with Oil and Potash, the Oil leaks, the Potash smoaks and ferments, all adds to the flavor; when you add to all this the horrid dirtiness of the Ship, the slovenlyness of the Steward and the unavoidable sloping and spilling occasioned by the tossing of the ship—I am sure you will be thankful that the pen is not in the hands of Swift or Smollet, and still more so that you are far removed from the scene. No sooner was I able to move than I found it necessary to make a Bustle amongst the waiters and demand a cleaner abode; by this time Bristler was on his feet; and as I found I might reign mistress on Board without any offence I soon exerted my authority with scrapers, mops, brushes, infusions of vinegar, etc., and in a few hours you would have thought yourself in a different ship, since which our abode is much more tolerable and the gentlemen all thank me for my care; our Captain is an admirable seaman—always attentive to his sails and his rigging, keeps the Deck all night, careful of every body on Board; watches that they run no risks, kind and humane to his Men, who are all as still and quiet as any private family.

We have for passengers a Col. Norton, a Mr. Green and Dr. Clark to whom we are under obligations for every kindness, and every attention that it is in the power of a Gentleman and a Physician to shew. Humane, benevolent, tender and attentive, not only to the Ladies but to everyone on Board, to servant as well as the master, he has rendered our voyage much more agreeable and pleasant than it could possibly have been without him, his advice we have stood in need of and his cure we have felt the benefit of, a brother could not have been kinder, nor a parent tenderer, and it was all in the pleasant easy cheerful way, the natural result of a good heart, possest with a power of making others happy.

Tis not a little attention that we Ladies stand in need of at sea, for it is not once in the 24 hours that we can even cross the cabin without being held, or assisted, nor can we go upon Deck without the assistance of 2 gentlemen; and when there we are always bound into our Chairs,



Cavalty of Cove Cawrence to Br. Adams—Tory whilst you I imagine are scorching under the mid-summer heat, we can comfortably bear our double calico gowns, our baize ones upon them and a cloth cloak in addition to all these. Mr. Foster is another passenger on Board, a Merchant, a Gentleman soft in his manners, very polite and kind. Loves domestic life and thinks iustly of it. I respect on that account. Mr. Spear brings up the rear, a single gentleman, with a great deal of good humour, wit and much drollery, easy and happy, blow high or blow low, can sleep and laugh at all seasons. I have accustomed myself to writing a little every day when I was able, so that a small motion of the ship does not render it more unintelligable than usual—but there is no time since I have been at sea, when the ship is what we call still, that its motion is not equal to the moderate rocking of a Cradle, as to wind and weather since we came out; they have been very fortunate for us, in general. We have had 3 calm days, and 2 days contrary wind, with a storm I called it, but the Sailors say it was only a Breeze, this was upon the Banks of Newfoundland, the wind at East through the day we could not sit in our Chairs, only as some gentleman set by us, with his arm fastened into ours and his feet braced against a table or Chair that was lashed down with ropes. Bottles, mugs, plates crushing to pieces, first on one side and then on the other, the sea running mountain high and knocking against the sides of the vessel as tho it would When I became so fatigued with the incessant motion as burst its sides. not to be able to sit any longer I was assisted to my Cabin, where I was obliged to hold myself in, the remainder of the night, no person who is a stranger to the sea can form an adequate idea of the debility occasioned by sea sickness, the hard rocking of a ship in a storm, the want of sleep for many nights, all together reduce one to such a lassitude that you care little for your fate. The old seamen thought nothing of all this, nor once entertained an idea of danger, compared to what they have suffered, I do suppose it was trifling. but to me it was alarming and I most heartily prayed; if this was only a Breeze, to be delivered from a Storm. Our accommodations on Board are not what I could wish, or hoped for, we cannot be alone only when the Gentlemen are thoughtful enough to retire upon Deck, which they do for about an hour in the course of the day; our State rooms are about half as long as cousin Betty's little chamber. with two Cabins in each, mine had 3 but I could not live so, upon which Mrs. Adam's brother gave up his to Nabby and we are now stowed two and two. This place has a small grated window which opens into the Companion and is the only air admitted, the door opens into the Cabin where the Gentlemen all sleep and where we sit, dine, etc., we can only live with our door shut whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law but what I should have thought on shore to have layed myself down to sleep, in common with half a dozen Gentlemen? We have curtains it is true and we have the satisfaction of falling in with a set of well behaved, decent Gentlemen whose whole Deportment is agreeable to the strictest delicacy both in words and actions; if the wind and weather continues as favorable as it has hitherto been, we expect to make our passage in 30 days which is going a hundred miles a day, tis a vast tract of ocean which we have to traverse; I have contemplated it with its various appearances, it is indeed a secret world of wonders and one of the sublimest objects in Nature—



The Cetters of an American Moman in 1784

"Thou makest the foaming Billows roar"
"Thou makest the roaring Billows sleep"

They proclaim the Deity and are objects too vast for the control of feeble man, that Being alone who maketh the Clouds his Chariots and rideth upon the wings of the wind is equal to the government of this stupendious part of Creation.

I will now tell you where I am sitting; at a square table in the great Cabin at one corner of which is Col. Norton and Mr. Foster, engaged in playing Back gammon, at the other Mr. Green writing, and at the fourth Dr. Clark eating ham, behind Col. Norton, Mr. Spear reading Tompsons Seasons with his Hat on, young Lawrence behind me reading Ansons Voyages, Ester knitting, the Steward and Boys bustling about after wine and porter,—and last of all as the least importantly employed Mrs. Adams and Nabby in their Cabbins asleep, and this at 12 o'clock in the day. O shame! Mr. Green comes down from Dcck and reports that the Mate says we are 16 hundred miles on our way, this is good hearing I can searcely realize myself upon the ocean or that I am within 14 hundred miles of the British Coast. I rejoice with trembling, painful and fearful ideas will arise and intermix with the pleasurable hopes of a joyful meeting of my long absent Friend.

July 7th.

If I did not write every day I should lose the days of the month and of the week, confined all day on account of the weather which is foggy, misty and wet. You can hardly judge how urksome this confinement is, when the whole ship is at our service it is little better than a prison, we suppose ourselves near the western islands.

July 8th.

Another wet, drisly day, but we must not complain for we have a fair wind, our sails all square and go at 7 knots an hour. I have made a great acquisition, I have learnt the names and places of all the masts and sails, the Captain compliments me by telling me that he is sure I know well enough how to steer, to take a trick at Helm. I may do pretty well in fair weather, but tis your masculine spirits that are made for storms. I love the tranquil scenes of life; nor can I look forward to those in which tis probable I shall soon be engaged with those pleasurable ideas which a retrospect of the past presents to my mind.

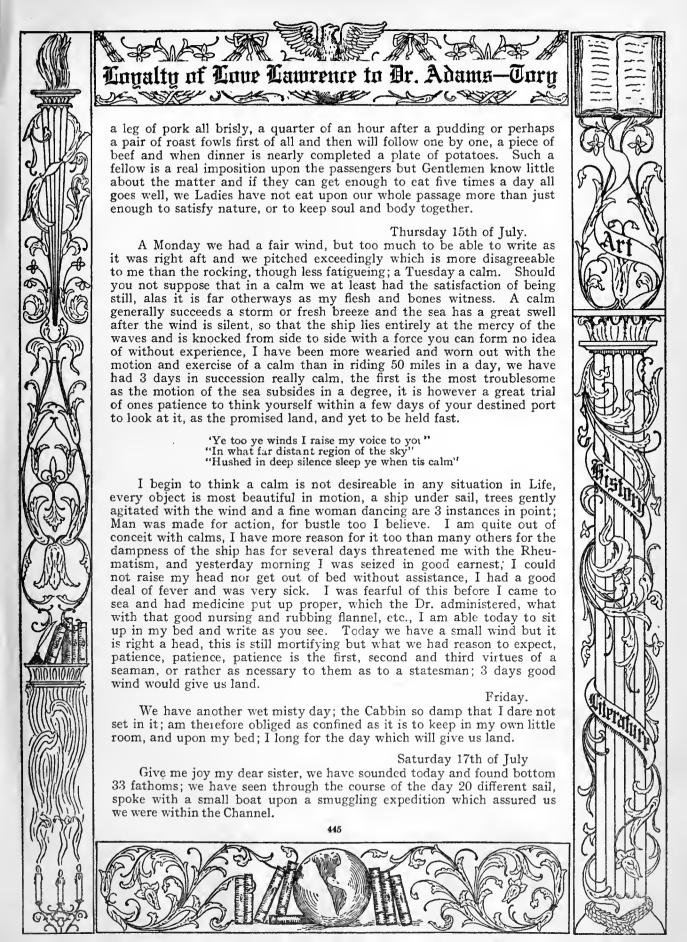
I went last evening upon Deck at the invitation of Mr. Foster to view that phenomenon of Nature; a blaizing ocean, a light flame spreads over the ocean in appearance with thousands of thousands of sparkling gems, resembling our fire flies in a dark night, it has a most beautiful appearance. I never view the ocean without being filled with ideas of the sublime and am ready to break forth with Psalmist, Great and Marvelous are thy works Lord God Almighty in Wisdom hast thou made them

all.

Saturday 10th.

Yesterday was a very pleasant day very little wind; but a fine sun and smooth sea. I spent the most of the day upon Deck reading; it was not however so warm: but a Baize gown was very comfortable. The ship has gradually become less urksome to me; if our cook was but tolerably clean I could relish my victuals; but he is a great dirty, lazy Negro with no more knowledge of cookery than a savage; nor any kind of order in the distribution of his dishes but kickel tepicklety, on they come with







The Letters of an American Woman in 1784

July 18th

This day four weeks we came on board, are you not all calculating today that we are near the Land? Happily you are not wrong in your conjectures, I do not despair of seeing it yet before night though the wind is very small and light. The Captain has just been down to advise us, as the vessel is so quiet, to get what things we wish to carry on shore into our small trunks, he hopes to land us at Portsmouth 70 miles distant from London tomorrow or next day, from thence we are to proceed in post chaises to London. The ship may be a week in the channel before she will be able to get up.

July 20th.

Heaven be praised I have safely landed upon the British coast, how flattering, how smooth the Ocean. How delightful was Sunday the 18th of July, we flattered ourselves with the prospect of a gentle breeze to carry us on shore at Portsmouth where we agreed to land, as going up the Channel always proves tedious, but a Sunday night the wind shifted to the South west, which upon this coast is the same with our North east wind. It blew a gale on Sunday night, Monday and Monday night equal to an Equinoctial, we were obliged to carry double reaf top sails only and what added to our misfortune was that tho we had made land the day before it was so thick that we could not certainly determine what land it was, it is now Tuesday and I have slept only 4 hours since Saturday night such was the tossing and tumbling on board our ship. The Captain never left the Deck the whole time either to eat or sleep, tho they told me there was no danger, nor do I suppose that there really was any; as we had sea room enough yet the great number of vessels constantly coming out of the Channel and the apprehension of being run down, or being nearer the land than we imagined, kept one constantly agitated, added to this I had a violent sick headache. O! what would I have given to have been quiet upon the land, you will hardly wonder then at the joy we all felt this day in seeing the Cliffs of Dover: Dover Castle and town, the wind was in some measure subsided, it blew however and was as squally as the month of March, the sea run very high. A pilot boat came on board at about ten o'clock this morning, the Captain came to anchor with his ship in the downs and the little town of Deal lay before us. Some of the gentlemen talked of going on shore with the pilot boat and sending for us if the wind subsided, the boat was about as large as a Charlestown ferry boat and the distance from the ship about twice as far as from Boston to Charlestown, a shore as bald as Nantucket Beach no wharf but you must be run right on shore by a wave where a number of men stand to catch hold of the boat and draw it up; the surf ran six feet high but this we did not know until driven on by a wave, for the pilots eager to get money assured the gentlemen they would land us safe without our being wet, and as we saw no prospect of its being better through the day we accordingly agreed to go, we were wrapped up and lowered from the ship into the boat, the whole ships crew eager to assist us, the gentlemen attentive A public house was fortunately at hand, into which we thankfully entered, changed our clothing, dried ourselves and not being able to procure carriages that day we engaged them for six o'clock the next morning and took lodgings there all of us ten in number. We were all glad to retire early to rest for myself I could get but little. arose by 5 our post chaise being at the door we set off.





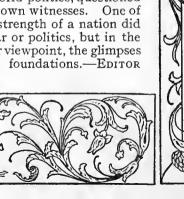
Diary of a Journey a Century Ago

Travelling on Horseback from New York to Virginia in 1805 and its Hardships and Experiences & American Village Tife and the Customs of the People Before the Days of Transportation by Steam & Diary of Isaac Burr & Transcribed

DANIEL SWIFT BURR

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK
Descendant of the Diarist and Traveler

HIS is one of those intensely human documents with which history seldom deals. It is the story of a journey through New York state, along the Atlantic states to Virginia, in 1805. It is a lifelike narrative of the communities of the times, their streets and houses, their manners and customs. This transcript is made from the diary in the handwriting of Isaac Burr, whose travels it narrates so entertainingly. Isaac Burr was a gentleman of the times. He lived in Delaware County, in the state of New York, and found it necessary to make a trip to Russell County in Virginia. His experiences along the way are as interesting as the tales of the old wayside inns. The hardships of the journey were as great as though he were travelling across the continent today. In fact, it required a much longer time than it now does to pass from here to Europe and to continue a third of the way around the world. His observations of the people and their hospitality are especially interesting and throw a clear light His expense account is a unique witness of the living on the times. expenses a century ago. As one reads the quaint lines of this diary, a clear impression is given of the wonderful progress that has been made in the United States during the last two generations. The coming of navigation by steam, the centenary of which has just been celebrated, and the introduction of steam for the propulsion of passenger-bearing cars on rails which followed many years later, have revolutionized the nation, its manner of life and its economic conditions. This cannot be more forcibly demonstrated than by the lines of this old diary of 1805. The original diary is written on loose leaves of about three by four inches, folded and stitched together. The handwriting is very fine, and an excellent example of the quill pen. The transcription here recorded preserves the quaint spelling and punctuation. Many of these old witnesses of life a century ago have been preserved by The Journal of American History since its inauguration. Their value recently created a discussion among several distinguished members of the American Historical Association. An eminent historical authority, whose investigations have led him into world politics, questioned the historical value of the fugitive writings of unknown witnesses. One of the leading American sociologists replied that the strength of a nation did not lie in the occasional national outbreaks in war or politics, but in the common every day life of the people. From the later viewpoint, the glimpses of life from these old diaries are true historical foundations.—Editor







Tuesday September 10 1805-Started from Meredith at a quarter past two in the afternoon,-rode 16 miles & put up at Thompsons in Franklin-a clear dayquite hot. Expenses this day 9 cents.

Wednesday Sept 11 - Paid reckoning in the morning 29 cents-other expenses thro' the day 60—89 cents to day—clear—hot day—rode 35 miles, put up at Stows, Oquaga.

Thursday Sept 12-Very hot dayshowers in the afternoon-Rode from Oquaga to Benj. Doolittles on Kirby & Laws settlement a distance of 23 miles, Expenses 72 cents.

Friday Sept 13-Cloudy cool day, some rain-Rode thro' Nine Pardner settlement and put up at one Feltons on the bank of the Tonkhannock where the road turns off to Rilers ferry. A low Dutch family living in a dirty old log house inhabited by hosts of fleas— This day travelled only about 22 miles found the road very rough & muddy-The inhabitants appear poor-Expenses to day 44 cents.

Saturday Sept 14—Got up out of my bed, in which I had been tormented all night by the fleas and shook off as many of them as I could-paid 19 cents reconing and set forward on my journey-Traveled no more than 6 miles and stopped at one Wall's when it began to rain & rained incessantly thro' the day-lay by.

Sunday Sept 15-Paid 35 cents in the morning & set forward on my journey & reached Wilkesbarre at sunset after wading in mud & water 27 miles-a very hot daya hard shower about the middle of the day. From yesterday morning until this morning it rained hard almost continually The face of the earth is almost drowned—the streams high and the mud plenty. Expenses 52 cents—85—137 cts—The Country thro' from the Great Bend to Rilers ferry a distance of 35 or 40 miles appears to be a rough uneven country inhabited by a set of half savage Possession men-without roads buildings or the comforts of life.

Monday Sept 16-Paid taxes \$123.78 Recording P Atty

\$124.61 Lay by Thro' the day at Judge Fell's. Tuesday Sept 17-Paid in the morning

other expenses the day

Travelled a distance to day 37 miles. travelled thro' Salem & Berwick, put up at Kennidys, just in the edge of Northumberland County. Have travelled this day in company with-S. F. Tyler Esq from Onondaga County.

Wednesday Sept 18—Rode to North-umberland, a distance of 22-3 miles— an excessive hot day—Passed thro' Cat-tawesa & Danville—Expenses this day 85 cts. put up at Jones's in Nthd.— In company with Mr. Tyler to day. The country from this place to Wilkesbarre is in general quite a barren tract of country, except the intervals on the river, the inhabitants appear to be a set of ignorant Dutch people-I cannot but notice the buildings as I pass, they are almost all built of hewed timber-Dwelling houses Churches Barns Mills &c are all built of the same materials—Have found the roads tolerable; though some bridges &c are torn away by the late high water.

Thursday Sept 19—Rode from North-umberland thro' Selins Grove and passed into Cumberland County & put up at Chochrans in Millerstown on the Juniata Creek-twelve miles from the Susquehannah River, travelled 35 miles-a very hot day, expenses \$1.00-found tolerable roads - Country some better - Oak and Chestnut timber - Was much troubled with Diarrea-quite unwell.

Friday Sept 20—Had a very sick night.
... a high fever all night Sent for a Doctor in the night, Mr Tyler also having an ill turn fainting thro' the day. Was able to set up and walk some-Ate nothing of consequence-Slept not much last night.

Saturday Sept 21—Slept comfortably last night, felt better in the morning. Ate a little breakfast—Started on our journey in the afternoon. Paid on starting Doctors bill \$2.00 Medicines

4.87 Tavern bill gave servant 2.20 for whip for washing 38

Lost my bridle-rode 21 miles to Smiths

at the Sulphur Spring. Sunday Sept 22—Rode into Carlisle to breakfast 6 miles—to Shippensburgh 21—to Greenville 6½—33½ miles to day—felt quite weak & feeble—troubled with a sharp pain in my right side-expenses \$1.42—Medicines 44 cents—at cost— Weather much more cool—To day have travelled over a level handsome country, but scantily watered & that not good. Carlisle & Shippensburgh are handsome villages of considerable size—Parted with Mr. Tyler this morning at Carlisle-Have found scarcely any fruit in the country as I passed along—Peaches, Apples & Pears all cut off.



Village Life and Customs a Century Ago

Monday Sept 23—Rode thro' Chambersburg 5 miles Greencastle 11—Williamsport 14; rode 5 miles out of Wmsport—Total 35 miles to day. From a little above Carlisle to Williamsport on the Potomac, I travelled on almost level ground, appears to be a plain between two ridges of Mountains, on the right they appeared as I travelled along to be from 2 to 6 or 8 miles from me. On the left considerably further.

Chambersburgh is a handsome village, about the size of Carlisle—Greencastle a snug little village, but not so large, both in Franklin County Pena. Wmsburg is in Washington County, Maryland. The Potomack is the line between Mary'd & Virg'a. Expenses to day \$1.40.

Tuesday Sept 24-The night before last I put up at a place called in the neighborhood Hell Town and last night at a place that I think would bear the same name, leaving off the Town. It was at one Clingers at a sulphur spring 4 miles from Williamsport, A dead sleepy man for a landlord, the landlady to & the hostler more dead than either—Called for supper at 1/2 past five & got it at eight-Ordered my horse into the stable & went awhile afterwards & found it tied fast & 2 or 3 others turned into the same stable, loose. A score, or less, of Negros about the house, sick with a fever, and as many more drunkards swearing & bawling. However made out to live it, got up in the morning, paid \$1.12, . . . & quit. Went on to Martinsburgh, (a handsome village in Berkley County, Va) 8 miles to breakfast, then to Winchester, in Fredericks County, 24 miles, I think the largest inland town morning \$1.12, thro' the day 68 cts—mending pistol flints & powder 27—comb &c 19. I ever was in-32 miles to day. In the

Wednesday Sept 25—Paid in the morning Tavern bill \$1.20 Peruv bark 50 fruit 12½—thro' the day 52—1.20—1.80—salts 6. Travelled to Woodstock 30 miles Have never been as well since I was in Millerstown as I was before, & to day have been quite sick, in extreme pain in my . . . no appetite, have some fever every day.

Am still travelling between the two mountains on the left I have the Blue Ridge and on the right the North Mountain but the plain between them is here narrower than it is at Wmsport & above, they also appear more round and ragged. Where the Potomack goes thro' is about opposite Martinsburgh & 12 or 15 miles from it. Ever since I left Carlise I have found no good water, all tastes of limestone, which is almost the only stone they

have—Have excellent roads—Fine weather some days.

Thursday Sept 26—Woodstock, where I put up last night, is the County town of Shenandoa County—Travelled thro' Newmarket on to Hazeltown 39 miles—expenses \$1.63—To day have found the Country more rough & uneven, tho' the hills are not large—On the left appears a mass of high, uneven mountains, at the foot of which I have been travelling along a branch of the Shenandoa River—A comfortable day to travel—My health rather better.

Friday Sept 27—Travelled from Hazletown, in Rockingham County, thro' Staunton, the center of Augusta County 25 miles to Greenville 12—25—37—To day have found the country growing more rough & uneven & since I left Staunton, quite hilly—Have lost sight of the Blue Ridge & find myself crossing about among hills & valleys. To day cloudy & some rain. Got some wet just at night. Think my health mending. Expenses, \$1.79 Find very little fruit yet. Have not drank a drop of Cider since I started.

Saturday Sept 28—Travelled on thro' Fairfield 12 miles to Lexington the center of Rockbridge County 12—12—24. A cloudy cold sour day, some rain; Lay by part of the day—Staunton is a large village & appears to be a place of business—Greenville & Fairfield are inconsiderable places—Lexington a handsome little village, good buildings—Have travelled over an uneven hilly country to day—Passed the height of ground between Shenandoa & James River waters—Expenses \$1.61

Sunday Sept 29—Rode from Lexington to nearly Fincastle 35 miles besides going a mile or two out of my way to see the Natural Bridge and as much more by getting out of my road—A cold cloudy day—Expenses \$1.91. Travelled over an uneven country & is growing more & more rough—Crossed James River to day at Pattensburgh, so large as to ferry. Viewed the Natural Bridge & think it one of the greatest Natural curiosities in the world. The height of it is 210 feet the width about 60 ft. The thickness at the top of the arch I judged to be 15 or 20 ft. The span of the arch I judged to be about 70 or 80 feet—Spring of arch 15 or 20. It is in Rockbridge County & I am told gave name to it. Am to night in Bottetout County, Fincastle the County town.

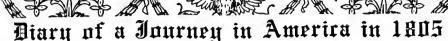
Monday Sept 30—Cloudy but not so cold as yesterday Rode 30 miles & put up in the edge of Montgomery county, Expenses \$1.44. I find myself hedged











in by mountains, the roads crooked & uneven but comfortable for waggons to travel.

Tuesday Oct 1 1805-Rode 40 miles-Cloudy, cool—Expenses \$1.20—Passed the Alleghany Mountains for a breakfast spell. Crossed the New River at English ferry—a large stream 30 or 35 rods wide, a branch of the Great Canaway-Put up at Ellis's in the edge of Wythe County. Paid for hdkf 75 cents.

Wednesday Oct 2-Cloudy, some rain-Rode to Wythe Court House 19 milesvery unwell,—in extreme pain in my . . . — Took salts — Yesterday passed Montgomery Court House—To day passed Fort Chisel—Think I have been travelling a course about West, ever since I left James River waters. Find the country still mountanious-Roads crooked but tolerably good—Have passed no considerable villages since I left Lexington. Expenses to day \$1.25.

Thursday Oct 3—Cloudy, cold, windy & some rain—Rode 32 miles put up at Carpenters in Washington County within 24 miles of Abingdon-Expenses \$1.80 Paid for wollen gloves 88 cents Some frost this morning, the first I've seen.

Friday Oct 4—Clear, but cold, a hard frost last night. Rode to Mr Prestons 12 miles thence to Abingdon 18-12=30. Expenses \$1.30 Found Mr Preston who introduced me to some people in Russell County.

Saturday Oct 5-Staid in Abingdon 'till afternoon then rode over to Russell County 22 miles and put up with Mr Dickenson—Expense while in Abingdon \$2.19.

Sunday Oct 6—Rested, think myself at my journey's end tho' not on the 15000 acres—cold day, some rain in

Monday Oct 7-Overhauled Papers &c. Casting my expenses & distances as

OHO	ws				
Sep	10	trav'd	16	m expns	9
47	11	4.6	35	4.4	.89
4.6	12	4.4	23	4.6	.72
**	13	41	22	4.6	.44
4.6	14	"	-6	14	.19
4.6	15	4.6	27	4.4	1.37
"	16	lav by a		ilkesbarre	1.07
6.6	17	,	37	11	2.48
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4.6	19	**	35	6.6	1.80
4.4	20	sick la		i11	1.00
14	$\overline{21}$	16	21	44	
**	22	6.6	$\overline{34}$	4.4	1.42
11	23	44	35	4.4	1.40
4.4	24	6.6	32	4.6	1.80
44	25	44	30	4.6	1.80
6.6	$\widetilde{26}$	"	39	6.6	1.63
			-0		1.00

Sep	$27 \mathrm{sic}$	k lay still	37	m	expns	1.79
41	28	***	24		R	1.81
6.6	29	14	35		4.4	1.91
4.6	30	4.5	38		4.4	1.44
Oct	1	"	40		44	1.28
44	2	"	19		6.6	1.25
* 6	3	44	32		* *	1.80
"	4	"	30		4.6	1.30
"	5	11	22		"	2.19

days 26 \$31.65 Average distance 27 ½ miles Average expense \$1.25 or nearly per day Extra expenses

Sept 21 Doctors bill

	Medicines	1 2	5
	Tavern bill	4.8	7
	gave servt	2.	
	for whip	2 2	0
	washing	3	8
6.6	22 Medicines	4	4
	24 Mending pistol &c	2'	7
	comb & brush	19	9
	25 med. 56 fruit 12	68	8
Oct	1 Handkf	7.	
	3 Gloves	88	8

\$13,16 Sept 16 Record P Atty 83

In all the country, as I have passed, from Meredith to Russell County, I have never tasted of Cider nor even found any apples oftener than once in a hundred miles-Have seen a few Peaches in two places & Pears in one. Have tasted of Apple pve twice or three times & Peach pye once, have met with no other kinds of pyes-

Have lived, as I should say, poor all the way & enjoyed quite indifferent health: but think my health is now about as good as when I set out on my Journey.

Tuesday Oct 8—Went to the land &

began to explore &c-travelled 11 miles clear day-a hard frost last night.

Wednesday o—Thursday 10 & Friday 111 exploring the land &c. Suppose I travelled in these 3 days at least 60 miles Was industrious—good weather—Expenses paid out \$2,00.

Saturday Oct 12-Pleasant day-did something at draft of the land &c.

Sunday Oct 13-Clear pleasant day Monday Oct 14-Pleasant day-did some writing &c

Tuesday Oct 15-Wet day-worked at draft &c

Wednesday Oct 16-Wrote Uncle D Hawley at Natchoza Rainy day

Thursday Oct 17-Did some writing &c Oct 18-Clear day-getting horse shod &c Paid 50 cents







Village Life and Customs a Century And CONTRACTOR OF THE PARTY OF THE

Saturday Oct 10-Good day. Went onto the 15000 acres exploring &c and travelled say 20 miles

Sunday Oct 20—Pleasant weather
Monday Oct 21—Clear but cold—Preparing to set out for home-Paid Mr Dickensons bill \$6.00

Tuesday Oct 22—Cloudy, cold, Set out from Russell—travelled 26 miles passed Clinch Mountain—put up at one Fullers expense, 25

Wednesday Oct 23-Clear, cold-Rode to Col Prestons 10 miles—expenses ,50

Thursday Oct 24-Cold, cloudy, windysnow showers.-Rode 35 miles put up at Ingledoves 9 miles from Wythe,—a poor tavern—expenses \$0.75.—Sent to Rich-

mond by J. Fuller to pay taxes \$10,00 Friday Oct 25—Cold, windy—Rode 20 miles put up at Ellis'—My Beast sick fails eating & travelling. Expenses \$1,12—To day have met about 45 waggons, several Carts, 4 or 5 Pleasure Carriages, & a great number of Pack Horses, all loaded with families, & their goods, moving to the Westward. Suppose I

met nearly as many yesterday.

Saturday Oct 26—Got up in the morning & found the ground covered with snow thro' the day,—cold, windy freezing weather, muddy slippery travelling.— Rode 26 miles & put up at Ditty's M. C. N.

expenses \$1,40

Sunday Oct 27—Cold, froze last night hard enough to bear a horse—the snow lying on the ground all day.—Rode 33 miles, crossed the Allegany Mountain & Roanoke River.—put up at an old Dutchmans 8 miles from Amsterdam. Expenses \$1,42—A multitude of People moving on to the Westward, to day have met 60 Waggons & Carts.

Monday Oct 28-A pleasant day after a bitter cold morning.—Rode 38 miles & put up at Hallers near natural Bridge. Expenses \$1,25. The snow all gone, & roads dry. Am still meeting families going on to the Westward, a cold time they must have had, these few days past.

Tuesday Oct 29-Clear, Pleasant, Rode 37 miles put up at Steele's Greenville.

Expenses \$1.56

Wednesday Oct 30-Pleasant weather, Rode 37 miles & put up at Overly's Hazletown. Expenses \$1,78.—Have a bad cold, troubled with a

Thursday Oct 31-Pleasant day.-Roads good, dry & dusty Rode 38 miles, put up at Evans, Woodstock—Expenses \$1,56

Friday Nov 1 1805—Pleasant day, but rather warm. Rode 42 miles & put up at the halfway house, between Winchester & Martinsburgh. Expenses \$1,85 for

apples 6-From Hallers near the N. Bridge have travelled in company with a Mr John Cunningham a Merchant at Fincastle, till this evening, when he turned off for Baltimore.—roads very dusty.

Saturday Nov 2—Cloudy but not cold.

Rode 39 Miles, thro' Martinsburgh 12-Wmsport 13—to Greencastle 14 Expenses \$1,88. for comb ,25 The Potomak, at

Wmsport, is about ¼ mile wide.

Sunday Nov 3—Clear, warm, Roads
very dry & dusty.—Rode thro' Chambersburgh 11 miles,—Shippensburgh 11 to
the Brick House 10=32 Expenses \$1,72. pd Barber 121/2

Monday Nov 4—Pleasant day—Rode thro' Carlisle 10 miles, to Millerstown 27 =37 Expenses \$1,79—paid for Knubs \$2.00—Watch key ,25 20 miles or more that I've travelled to day has been very

Tuesday Nov 5-Blustering, cold, day. Rode 31 miles, put up at a Dutch tavern 3 miles above Selins Grove, where the road turns off to Ders Town. Expenses \$1,56.—The roads rough & uneven,-

the country Poor.

Wednesday Nov 6-Cloudy Sour day.-Rode thro' Derr's Town 10 m Pennsboro 4 to Muncey 15=29. Expenses \$1,56. Derrstown is a Scant looking village on the Wly bank of the W branch of Susquehannah—Pennsboro on the E'ly bank, looks much better.—Roads uneven. -Paid for Watch \$14.00

Thursday Nov 7-Cloudy, cold, Rode 31 miles & think it worse than 45 on good roads. Crossed what is called the Allegany Mountains the roads monstrously uneven. rough & muddy. Expenses \$1,60.—Have passed but 3 houses since I left Muncey Creek. Put up last night at George Fredericks, went to bed early, but could not sleep for the noise of 6 or 8 high fellows

drinking whiskey till about midnight.

Friday Nov 8—Cloudy, Sour—damp day. Rode 28 miles, & put up at Clark's at Checheken. Expenses \$1,44. — For shoeing horse ,88.—14 miles of the road I've travelled to day, has been worse than what I travelled yesterday, in short I think I hardly ever travelled a worse road, than from Muncy Creek, to Checheken, a distance of 45 miles or more.—Put up last night at one Mullen's, had a miserable supper,-had a hard straw-bed to sleep on, the sheets very course & dirty, made of cloth without whitening; and FLEAS plenty.

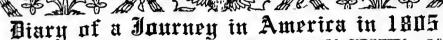
Saturday Nov o-Cloudy, cold, began to rain in afternoon, rode 27 miles. put up at Owego, —Expenses \$1,30.—roads tolerable Fared pretty well where I put up last

night.









\$8.50

Sunday Nov 10-Clear & not very cold, -rode thro' Chenango 21 m. to Seymour's 10 31.—Expenses \$1,12—Seymour lives half way from Chenango to the Susquehannah 8 miles from each.—Considerable rain fell last night,-roads something muddy.

Monday Nov 11—Cloudy, cold, snow flurries.—Rode 30 m. put up at Wattles Ferry.-Expenses \$1,10

Tuesday Nov 12 Clear, Rode to Meredith 22 M.—Expenses \$1.14 Expenses while at Russell

N. Dickenson's Bill	\$6,00
Pd out while on the land	2,50

Expenses &c Returning

Oct	22	trav'd	26 m	Expen's	\$0,25
**	23	44	10	47	0,50
66	24	"	35	44	0,75
**	25	44	28	44	1,12
"	26	44	26	**	1,40
44	27	44	33	44	1,42
44	28	44	38	44	1,25
**	29	**	37	**	1,56

Oct	30	trav'd	37 m	Expen's	\$1,78
**	31	44	38	**	1,56
Nov	1	64	42	**	1,85
**	2	44	39	44	1,88
**	3	44	32	44	1,72
"		14	37	**	1,79
**	$\frac{4}{5}$	"	31	**	1.56
**	6	44	29	**	1,56
4.6	7	44	31	"	1,60
44	8	44	28	**	1,44
44	9	44	27	**	1,38
44	10	14	31	44	1,13
**	ii	**	30	44	1,10
и	12	**	22	44	1,14
22	day	's	687 r	niles	\$29,74

Extra Expenses

		•———		
Oct	24	Sent to Richm.	\$10,00	
Nov	1	Pd for Apples	00.06	
44		Pd for comb	00,25	
"	3	Pd Barber	00.12	
"	4	Pd Jeweler	02.25	
"	7	Pd for Watch	14.00	
"		for shoeing horse	00,88	
			\$27,56	1

Courage—an independent spark from heaven's bright throne. By which the soul stands raised, triumph high, alone.

-FARQUAHAR.

True valor lies in the mind, the never yielding purpose.—James Thompson.

Falsehood is cowardice,—truth is courage.—Lowell.

I beg you to take courage, the brave soul can mend disaster.—CATHERINE II.

The intent and not the deed Is our great power, and therefor, who dares greatly Does greatly. -SIR THOMAS BROWN.

Be our joys three parts pain! Strive and hold cheap the strain; Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe.

-Robert Browning.





Progeny of a Baronet in America

Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution & Recent Investigations into Caldwells whose Progenitors were Mediterranean Seaman in Fourteenth Century & Birst Entered Ireland with Oliver Cromwell & Researches

ELSIE CHAPLINE PHEBY CROSS
(MRS. ARTHUR DUDLEY)

Great-Great-Grand Daughter of James Caldwell, First American Immigrant of the Blood

HE name of Caldwell is historic in America, Recent investigations reveal for it a remarkable record for patriotism and personal bravery during the War of the Revolution, and in the trying pioneer times when the States were coming into shape on new soil. From Rhode Island to Florida, and through to Texas and the coast, this blood extends today, growing out of a parent stock that was staunch in its defence of Pres-

byterianism, friendly to education, and influential in politics.

The earliest record of the Caldwells found in the recent investigations, relate to three brothers: John, Alexander and Oliver—who were seamen on the Mediterranean in the latter part of the 14th century. The three brothers returned to Toulon, in France, where they had been born, and settled nearby at Mount Arid, earning the enmity of Francis I of France. After his escape from imprisonment, under Charles V of Germany, the brothers were again forced to change their location. Going to Scotland. they purchased, near Tolney, Frith, the estate of a Bishop named Douglass, with the consent of James I on condition that "the said brothers, John, Alexander and Oliver, late of Mount Arid" should have their estate known as "Cauldwell" and when the king should require they should each send a son, with twenty men of sound limbs, to aid in the wars of the king. There is a cup, preserved as an heirloom, from which it is seen that the estate took its name from a watering place. The cup represents a chieftain and twenty mounted men, all armed, and a man drawing water from a well, with the words underneath, "Alexander of Cauldwell,"—also a fire burning on a hill, over the words "Mount Arid," and a vessel surrounded by high waves.

The men of "Cauldwell" early entered the wars of the islands. Joseph, John, Alexander, Daniel, David and Andrew, of Cauldwell, went with Oliver Cromwell (whose grandmother was Ann Cauldwell) to Ireland, of which he was the Lord Governor. After his promotion to the protectorate of England they remained in his interest in Ireland until the restoration of Charles II, when David, John and Alexander fled to America. Joseph died in Ireland and Daniel remained there, but several of their children emigrated to America, settling on the James River, Virginia, and elsewhere. There is a claim that John Cauldwell did not settle in America, but it is assured that his son, John Caldwell (as the name had come to be





Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution

spelled) married Margaret Philips, in County Devery, Ireland, where several children were born to them. On December 10, 1727, they landed at Newcastle, Delaware, going from there to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and about 1742 to Lunnenburg, now Charlotte County, Virginia. Here they were joined by relatives, forming what was known as "Caldwell Settlement" for many years. John Caldwell was the first Justice of the Peace and his son, William, the first militia officer commissioned by George II for that territory. He died and was buried beside his wife in 1750.

The children of these pioneer Americans were: 1st, William; 2nd, Thomas; 3rd, David; 4th, Margaret; 5th, John; 6th, Robert; 7th, James. Each of these men contributed to early American History. James Caldwell, D. D., one of the founders of Princeton College, was murdered by British soldiers at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and his descendants received, by the way of pension, clerkships at Washington for many years. Two of his sons led in the foundation of the Liberia colonization scheme, and gave name to Caldwell, Liberia. Martha, daughter of William Caldwell, became the mother of John Caldwell Calhoun, the American statesman. The whole family were distinguished for patriotism during the War of the Revolution. Robert Caldwell was an early settler in Mercer County, Kentucky, where he died in 1806, the father of a large family, who were an honor to the State. One son, John, died while Lieutenant-Governor and was buried at Frankfort where a public monument marks his life work. He gave name to Caldwell County, of which he was an early settler. Samuel Caldwell was a major-general in the War of 1812, and the first clerk of the Logan County Court. Both were members of the legislature, as was Robert Caldwell who presided in the House when the famous resolutions of 1798 were adopted. The latter's daughter, Eliza, became the wife of O. H. Browning, Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior. Mary, a daughter of Robert Caldwell, married Dr. R. C. Parmer, a well known American of his day. David Caldwell was buried in the old ehurchyard in Lunnenburg County, and his widow with her children settled at the point marked "Caldwell Station" (near Danville) on Tilson's map of Kentucky of 1784. One of the sons was John, who married Dicey Mann, and has many descendants throughout the United States.

The recent investigations prove that the Caldwells in America, whom common traditions point to a common origin and ancestry, comprise at least three distinct branches of the family, each starting from a separate emigration from Ireland. These emigrations, according to the evidence

now historically recorded, are:

First emigration: John Caldwell of Ireland, with his family, who landed at Newcastle, Deleware, December 10, 1727. Settled first in Laneaster, Pennsylvania and finally, in 1742, at "Caldwell Settlement."

Second emigration: James Caldwell of County Tyrone, Ireland, with his family in 1769. With him came also his two younger brothers, John who settled in Virginia, and David who settled in the Carolinas.

Third emigration: John Caldwell of Harmony Hill, near Ballymony County, Antrim, Ireland, with his family, in 1798, 1799 and 1800. They settled finally on the site of the present Salisbury Mills, Orange County, New York, with the exception of the youngest son who settled in Charleston, South Carolina. He also had two brothers who came to America; James settled in Philadelphia and Richard settled in Baltimore.

Investigations into American Foundations

The connection and relationship between these three branches of the family has not so far as known been established by indisputable evidence.

Tames Caldwell, father of the Tames who emigrated to America in 1769, was a landed proprietor near the city of Cork in the County Tyrone. Ireland, and had on his estate there extensive "linen bleaches." About all that is known of him is that on one occasion prior to his death he was visited by three men who told him they wanted "exemption money," a sort of blackmail for which he was to have protection from lawlessness of some sort. He paid it, and after the men were gone, the son James said: "Father, I never will pay that." He replied: "Well, my son, you will regret it if you don't." When the father died and the son succeeded to his estate, he was called upon for the "exemption money." He refused to pay it. The collectors bowed themselves out as politely as they could, and it was not more than a week or two until one of the servants came in and told him that a valuable yoke of oxen had been driven over a precipice. A few days afterwards they came in and told him that the dogs had been set in his sheep, and had worried them and torn a great many of them into pieces. Because of this and other lawlessness and persecution, he abandoned his estates in Ireland and came to America with his family in 1769. He was born on his father's estate near the city of Cork in 1724. In 1752, he married Elizabeth Alexander who was born near Cork in 1737 and is said to have been a descendant of the Bruces of Scotland and one of the same family who settled Alexandria, Virginia. At the time of his emigration his family consisted of his wife, Elizabeth, his son, (1) John, (2) Anne, (3) Mary, (4) Sarah, (5) Frances, (6) Janet, (7) Lovely, (8) Elizabeth, and (9) Jane. (10) Samuel was born during the passage. Four more were born in America, (11) James, (12) Susannah, (13) Alexander and (14) Joseph. They landed at Havre de Grace, Maryland, and moved to Baltimore, where he was a merchant. In about 1774 or 1775, not later than 1775, he sold his business in Baltimore and moved to Western Virginia. The family crossed the mountains and settled at Wheeling in 1772, two years before the Zanes. They took up the broad bottom lands south of Wheeling Creek, being about twelve hundred acres of the present city of Wheeling. James Caldwell took up large quantities of land in the Ohio River valley and lived until his death, in 1800, on Main street in the city of Wheeling.

James Caldwell, in 1777, was commissioned by Patrick Henry, the Governor of Virginia, one of the "gentlemen justices" for Ohio County, Virginia, to be a member of the first court, which then had a very extensive territory. I believe this was the first court in the valley of the Ohio and the first organized government west of the Alleghenies in Virginia. This court, of which James Caldwell was a member, organized the militia and recommending the officers to the governor for commission. This militia was engaged in defence of Fort Henry, at Wheeling, against British troops and Indians, and in various other military enterprises against the British and their Indian allies. James Caldwell was a civil officer, but in that capacity aided the revolution, being too old to enter actively into military service. The records of the court of Ohio County show, in their service respecting militia, sufficient evidence to have subjected him to a conviction for high treason had the revolution not been successful. His eldest son, John, built Fort Henry and was wounded during one of the sieges. The father was not in the fort but upon some property of his in



Scotch-Irish Blood in American Revolution

what is now the oil region in Tyler County, some forty or fifty miles from Fort Henry. He was driven out from his plantation after one of these sieges by one of the Girty family and a band of Indians, who burned down his improvements, sending him a fugitive with his wife, who was carried behind him on a pillion. Hearing the Indians were coming, they filled a large copper kettle with silver and money and other valuables, and buried it in the woods, and fled to Clayville, Pennsylvania. When they returned for their valuables they could not find where the house had stood nor any trace of their buried treasure. While they were at Clayville their youngest son was born, Joseph.

Mr. Alfred Caldwell of Wheeling has some words given before this court by administrators or executors, which are made payable to sitting justices, among them James Caldwell. The blanks used were some that seemed to have been printed before the Revolution as they were dated: "In the.....year of our Soverign Lord, King George the Third." These old rebel justices have had the words "in the year of our Sovereign Lord, King George the Third" crossed out with ink and inserted in lieu

thereof "in the.....year of the commonwealth."

From Pennsylvania, Alfred Caldwell settled at West Liberty, Virginia, where his wife, Elizabeth died. He finally settled at Wheeling, then called Fort Henry. The house that he built and in which he lived was torn down in 1902. The frame and some of the joists were black walnut logs and much of the timber was what is now considered very precious wood. The heavy timber was fastened together with wooden pins, and all the nails used in the house were hand-made and resembled horse shoe nails. Alfred Caldwell was a Presbyterian, but when he came to this country there was something in the doctrine of the Presbyterian Church that he could not subscribe to, and he never would take communion with the church but always took his communion by himself at home. He was a great grandson of Sir James Caldwell, Baronet, who resided at and owned Castle Caldwell on the north shores of lower Lake Erne in County Fermanagh in Ireland. The title is now in abeyance and Castle Caldwell, although still known by that name, has passed into other hands than the Caldwells, it having been inherited by some female member of the family whose descendants entirely dispensed with their patrimony. The old castle was not a large affair but is a picturesque ruin on the North shore of the lake. Mr. Alfred Caldwell, eldest, son, and one of his daughters, while in Europe visited Castle Caldwell in County Fermanagh, Province of Ulster, Ireland, the ancient seat of the Caldwells, and they describe the ruins as among the most picturesque and imposing that they visited while in the old world.

Sir James Caldwell was created Baronet by King William. His grandfather came with Cromwell from Ayrshire. John, born in 1753, the eldest son of James Caldwell, remained with his father in Maryland for some time, and later went to Wheeling with goods to sell to the Indians. The Indians took a great fancy to him. They put him in the creek and "washed all the white blood out of him," gave him an Indian name, and were very friendly to him. He had great influence over them, which he used to the advantage of the whites in their troubles with the hostile Indians. He was present at the great battle of Fort Henry.



ANCESTRAL ESTATE OF THE AMERICAN CALDWELLS IN THE OLD WORLD—Photograph taken at the ancient Castle Caldwell in County Donegal, Ireland—Descendants of this estate are now scattered throughout the United States and have been prominent in the building of the nation



Arms of the Caldwells in America Inherited through Sir John Caldwell



First Caldwells in America ames Caldwell, born November 30, 1770



Scatch-Irish Bland in American Revolution

There is a tradition of woman's bravery in this battle which I will relate. The powder was stored across the road from the fort. A Miss Boggs exclaimed to the commander that "a woman's life was not worth much," and offered to go and bring in a supply of this powder. Her persistence was such that the commander gave her authority. The Indians, thinking she was only a squaw, did not molest her. She filled her apron with powder and started back with it, when it dawned upon the Indians what she was doing. They fired at her, but she miraculously escaped into the fort safe with the powder. There is a tradition that it was a Miss Zane who carried the powder, but John Caldwell, who was present, said it was Miss Boggs. John Caldwell was at one time with McCullough when they were pursued by Indians. When they arrived at "Dug Hill," he and some others were in advance, McCullough who was behind, close pressed by the Indians, ran his horse down a steep precipice. The Indians looked on in astonishment. When they saw that he and the horse were not killed they declared it was a spirit and stopped their pursuit. place was afterward called McCullough's Leap. Colonel John Caldwell, after Braddock's defeat, accompanied Colonel Moses C. Chapline, Colonel Ebenezer Zane, Major John Good, Colonel Cresap and Colonel Lawrence Washington to Ohio to guard the frontiers against the French and Indians. John Caldwell was a man of great personal influence and character. married Iane Boggs.

Anne Caldwell, daughter of James Caldwell, was porn in 1755 and said to be the handsomest woman in Maryland. Her first husband was a Mr.

Swangenin of Maryland and her second husband was Jack Lee.

Mary Caldwell was born in 1756, and married, August 31, 1775, Colonel Moses Caton Chapline of Wheeling. She was the mother of General Moses W. Chapline, aid-de-camp to General Cass of the War of 1812. He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Josiah Fox, constructor of the first American Navy, whose historical record has been given in The Journal of American History.

Sarah Caldwell was born in 1758 and married Colonel Hughes. He owned the plantation called "The Mount," Havre de Grace, Maryland, where he had iron works and made cannon during the War of 1812, receiving an order from the government for several. Before he had delivered the cannon the British spiked them all, which resulted in their entire loss.

Frances Caldwell was born in 1760, she married Judge McClure and lived at West Liberty, Virginia.

Janet Caldwell was born in 1762 and died young.

Lovely Caldwell was born in 1764 and married Colonel Robert Woods. She was named on account of her beauty.

Elizabeth Caldwell was born in 1765 and married a Mr. Williamson. Jane Caldwell was born in 1767 and married Mr. John Ralph.

Samuel Caldwell was born in 1769 and married. He had a family but not much is known of him.

James Caldwell was born in 1770. He became a merchant and lived at St. Clairsville, ten miles from Wheeling, in Ohio, and went to Congress from that district. He was said to be the handsomest man in the state.

Investigations into American Foundations

2 Gaile 18

He was president of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank of Wheeling and at his death left a large estate. He married Nancy Booker of St. Clairsville. His son, Alfred Caldwell, was a graduate of Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, and of the Harvard Law School. He was an old time Whig and was seated by his party as Senator to the State Legislature of Virginia. In 1860 he became a Republican. The people of Richmond, the capital of Virginia, threatened to mob him if he, a Republican, came there and took his seat in the Senate. He accepted their challenge, went to the capital and made the first Republican speech ever heard there. Lincoln appointed him Consul to Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, where he remained through Lincoln's and Johnson's administrations. He also became mayor of Wheeling. He married, first, Hattie Baird, and their son was Alfred Caldwell, who was born in 1884 and educated at Professor Harding's Academy in Wheeling; at Liberty Academy in Ohio County, Virginia; at Oahu College near Honolulu, Hawaiian Island; and at Yale, taking the degree of Ph. B. in 1867. He studied law in his father's office, being admitted to the Wheeling bar in 1868. Alfred Caldwell went with his father to the consulate in Honolulu in 1861. They returned to America in the summer of 1864. On his way home he stopped in Western Mexico during the struggle between the Emperor Maxmillian and the Mexican patriots. In the fall of 1864, while on a visit to his brother George, an officer in General Sheridan's army in the Shenendoah Valley, Virginia, he was at the Battle of Cedar Creek, and saw General Philip H. Sheridan make his celebrated ride from Winchester to the front. He was clerk of the first branch of the council of the city of Wheeling from 1868-1875; state senator of West Virginia in 1875-1877, being a member of the court of impeachment which removed the state treasurer in 1876, and Attorney General of West Virginia two terms, 1885-1893. This descendant of the Caldwells still resides in Wheeling, practicing law. He married Miss Laura E. Goshorn in 1871.

Susannah Caldwell was born in 1772 and married a Dr. Hilliard.

Alexander Caldwell was born in 1774 and lived in Wheeling, where he was a lawyer, and through Henry Clay's influence was appointed United States Court Judge. He moved to Missouri in 1818, and practiced his profession there at St. Genevieve till 1820, when he returned to Wheeling. It was after his return that he was appointed judge. He was called the "poor man's friend." He married Eliza Halstead of New Jersey, and died in 1837.

Joseph Caldwell was born in 1777, the youngest or last child of James Caldwell. He was a merchant in Wheeling until 1817. He then moved to his farm just out of Wheeling. He was also president of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank from 1841 to 1860. He married three times: 1st, Mary Yarnall of Virginia; 2nd, Catherine R. Thompson; 3rd, Annie E. Pugh.

These fourteen children of a pioneer American have left, throughout the nation, thousands of descendants. This record is evidence of the power of heredity and is here recorded for its intrinsic historical values.



HISTORIC TRAIL THROUGH THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST

Memorial erected along the famous Santa Fe Trail
By the Daughters of the American Revolution
Photograph for Historical Record in The Journal of American History





An Historic Trail Through the American Southwest

Monuments Erected Along the Most Famous Highway in America to Mark the Progress of Civilization Through the Great West and Across the Continent & Memorials Dedicated by the American People & Reminiscences of Old Days on the Santa Fe Trail

HONORABLE GEORGE P. MOREHOUSE

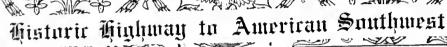
Former President of the Kansas State Historical Society—Former Member of the Senate of the State of Kansas

HE Old Santa Fe Trail was the most remarkable overland highway in the world. It extended southwest from the Missouri River, near the present Kansas City, to the quaint old Spanish-Mexican town of Santa Fe, New Mexico, a distance of nearly one thousand miles, and some of its traffic passed still further, for another thousand miles, to the heart of Old Mexico. The trails made by man have been of surpassing interest to the student and historian, for they mark the progress of the human race and the development of civilization. Even the ancient Indian trails tell of their habits and furnish many a missing link of information. How interesting the history of the paths of man in the Holy Land, Africa and Europe. The wonderful Appian Way, reaching from Rome to Brundusium, was 360 miles long and paved with square blocks of stone. Although built over two thousand years ago, much of it is still in a good condition and presents a powerful argument for the good roads movement. "Distance lends enchantment," and we often view with wonder the things afar and neglect things at home, although, at our very doors are often found as wonderful and interesting historical places as furnished by Rome or Russia, Asia or the Arctic regions.

It is well to preserve the ancient American landmarks, and the Daughters of the American Revolution of Kansas and Colorado, assisted by numerous historical societies, deserve much credit for suggesting and successfully completing the permanent marking of the Santa Fe Trail. When a member of the Kansas State Senate (1901-1905), it was my privilege, while talking with some newspaper men regarding this old trail, to suggest that it should be properly marked, and that possibly the United States Government might some time decide to make it a part of a great trans-continental highway. It seemed to me that it would be a good start to mark out the route by enlisting the interest of the school children, as I had noticed that along its course through Kansas many school houses were close to the old trail; and, if they became familar with its route and history it would never be forgotten. The idea was well received and renewed interest was taken in that famous old road which contributed so much to the development of the Great West. The Daughters of the







American Revolution of Kansas took hold of the matter with great vigor and worked in connection with the Kansas State Historical Society. whose able secretary, Honorable George W. Martin, with a corps of assistants, had the immediate task of locating the route and placing the markers and monuments.

In crossing the state from the northeast part to the southwest corner, a distance of some 600 miles, the route of the trail passed through the territory of some twenty counties and it was no small task to correctly locate its course; but, after consulting numerous old maps, some of which were procured from Washington, and after conferring with numerous old citizens, who had travelled it during the old-time plain days, its correct location was ascertained.

ITS EARLY HISTORY AND USE

The history of this famous overland highway is one of the most interesting chapters of American history, and never yet has been fully written.

Connected with its traffic there were developed peculiar phases of frontier life found in no other part of America-or even in the worldfilled with a history and romance such as had never before been experienced and will never be experienced again.

Some set dates regarding the commencement of its use as a roadway to and from the far Southwest, and limit its history to its connection with the overland trade to and from Santa Fe, New Mexico, which took place within the past one hundred years. The full history of this natural old trail is far more ancient, reaching back to pre-historic times.

There was a commerce of the prairies which passed back and forth over its general course many hundred years prior to the trade with Santa

It was the line of the least resistance—the natural route leading from the distant Northeast to the far Southwest.

Over this same general path, the ancient traders took copper from the regions of Lake Superior and furs from farther north-together with pipe-stone, from which came the ceremonial peace pipes and other articles and passing along this highway of ancient commerce, went as far as the Rio Grande and even on to the Southern Sea. These articles were traded for precious stones, gay plumage of birds, and woven fabrics of various kinds. No one knows how long ago this trade to and from the far Southwest began, but it was probably long before either the Norseman or Spaniard visited America. From early Spanish records, it is evident that several of their pioneer explorers passed over extensive portions of this route in a very early day.

As early as 1536, Cabeca De Vaca passed over this route, from the

Great Bend region of the Arkansas, to the Rio Grande.

In 1541, Coronado came from the Santa Fe region over quite a part of what afterwards became this trail. He was in search of the fabled Quivira; and came, at least, as far as the head of the Neosho River, and some think that he reached the Missouri River. His descriptions of distances across the Great Plains, the buffalo and other animals, the fruit and vegetation, and the topography of the country, all indicate where he passed.

Father Fray Juan de Padilla, a Jesuit priest, who was with Coronado, returned over the same route the following year, 1542, and labored among the Quivirans and other tribes until his untimely death, somewhere in the



Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail

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interior of Kansas. Padilla was the first Christian martyr in America,

and passed over practically the Santa Fe Trail route.

As early as 1599-1602, that intrepid Spanish explorer, Don Juan de Onate, with eighty soldiers, marched eastward from the Spanish settlements, over two hundred leagues, and passed over most of the Santa Fe Route, and described the same region filled with buffalo. Indians and verdure that Coronado had witnessed. They were also in search of Ouivira and were the first to mention the Indians. afterwards known as the Kansas or Kaw. They called them the Escansagues, from which name the word Kansas is derived.

In 1719. a Spanish expedition was sent from New Mexico to drive back the French, who were beginning to traffic with the Indians along the upper portion of the Mis-



MARKING THE SANTA FE TRAIL IN KANSAS
—Trail speakers at the Dedication of the Memorial
—Honorable George W. Martin, Secretary, Kansas
State Historical Society, and Ex-Senator George
P. Morehouse

souri River. By strategy, these invaders were thrown off their guard and all massacred somewhere near that river. This expedition passed over the exact route of what became the Santa Fe Trail, and for one hundred years Spain and France contested for supremacy in the region west of the Mississippi.

There are coming to light—from translations of rare old volumes—accounts of French traders meeting the Spanish Mexicans and Indians far out on the plains for trading purposes, prior to 1763, the date of the cession

of Louisiana to Spain.

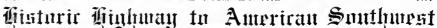
It also appears that some Spaniards came as far east as the Kansas and Platte Rivers to trade with the Indians during this same early period. There is an interesting account of some French traders, prior to 1763, going from the upper Mississippi region with some merchandise, which they transported by way of the Arkansas River to the Mexican Mountains, where they erected a temporary store for the purpose of trading with the Spanish and Indians. The Santa Fe Spanish traders thought this an infringement upon their rights and brought legal proceedings against the French and imprisoned them, after confiscating their goods. Strange to relate, this suit was finally disposed of at a Spanish court at Havana, Cuba; and the French won the suit on the ground that the store was on the eastern slope of the mountain summits and below the source of the Arkansas River, and hence within the boundaries of Louisiana, which, at that time had not been ceded to Spain.

I mention these early expeditions, back and forth along the general route of what afterwards became the famous Santa Fe Trail, to show that even when the first Americans began to cross the plains over this route, it was not entirely an unknown and untrodden way, but a natural road to









and from the far Southwest. It seems to support the contention that over parts of the way there were beaten tracks for ages before the expeditions of those who gave this great natural American pike the name of the Santa Fe Trail.

We now come to the consideration of the trail movements which took place within the last one hundred years, and which made it one of the most interesting overland roads ever trodden by man.

This period extended from Lelande's first trading expedition to Santa Fe, in 1804, down to the end of its use as a great roadway between the Missouri River and that old town, in 1872.

BAPTISTE LELANDE, 1804

This adventurous French Creole was from Kaskaskia, Illinois, and seems to have been the first American—if American he can be called to engage in merchandising across the plains to the distant and unknown Santa Fe.

With a small stock of goods, belonging to a merchant of that old Illinois town, he cautiously wended his way along streams and across limitless prairies till he arrived at that ancient Mexican town. Santa Fe, which, for three quarters of a century, was the Mecca of the ambitious trader who followed the commerce of the prairies.

Here Lelande traded, prospered and married, but entirely forgot his old merchant friend who had fitted him out and gave him his start in life; for, it is said that he never accounted for these goods, or even returned to thank the one who had made it possible for him to live a life of ease and luxury among these new found associates.

JAMES PURSLEY, 1805

Pursley was from Bardstown, Kentucky, and was out on the headwaters of the Platte with hunters and trappers. In some way, he drifted over the divide and down to old Santa Fe for trading purposes. Becoming captivated with the easy going civilization of that quaint old place, he lived and died without ever returning to the States. Zebulon Pike met him there, in 1807, and learned something of his experiences and life. He told Pike of the fine deposits of gold discovered near the Pike's Peak region, in the very vicinity where it was found in such abundance half a century afterwards, and where it is taken out by the millions at the present time, after over one hundred years. Pursley also told Pike that the Mexicans knew of his discoveries and probably would not permit him to return, as they often urged him to lead them to the place. This he refused to do, for patriotic reasons, for he thought it was within the domain of the United States. These facts about the gold discoveries of Pursley were published by Pike when he returned, but attracted little attention, and it is well that the development of these mines was not commenced until after that region had became the rightful domain of the United States.

Had Pursley not refused to take the Mexicans to those rich gold deposits, it might have entirely changed the conditions of the mountain district of America; for Spain or Mexico, enriched by such great wealth, might have remained, for generations, powerful obstacles against the winning of the West by the United States.

ZEBULON PIKE, 1806-1807

Pike crossed the plains from the Mississippi River in 1806, passing through the heart of the present State of Kansas. He visited the Pawnee







Monuments on the Old Santa Re Trail

Indian villages in the present Republic County and required that tribe to take down the Spanish colors and run up the Stars and Stripes. After reaching the mountains and discovering the great peak which bears his name, he passed on, was arrested and taken to Santa Fe. Here, as above stated, he met Pursley and learned about the great trade possibilities with the Spanish-Mexican civilization of that region, and also about the great gold discoveries. When he returned to the United States, he made a full report, and there is little doubt that to this report was due the early extensive attempts to open up commercial relations with Santa Fe. Until the formation of the Mexican Republic in 1821, there was much opposition to any trade with the United States, and the Spanish authorities were ready to arrest the traders and confiscate their goods. man to take the chances.



FAMOUS OLD COUNCIL OAK—Under this historic tree the Grand Council with the Indians was held August 10, 1825, and treaty signed for right of way for Santa Fe Trail across the plains

traders and confiscate their goods. Several of the early traders, prior to that date, were harshly treated and it required a brave and adventurous

MANUEL BLANCO, 1809

Blanco was a Spaniard, and in the latter part of 1809, started from St. Louis with a small stock of goods, and as companions, three Americans, McClanahan, Patterson and Smith. The fate of the expedition is a mystery, for the Great Plains seemed to swallow it up forever. It is thought that they perished on the desert, not knowing its dangers.

McKnight, Beard and Chambers, 1812

These three traders, with a dozen comrades, crossed the plains during tile summer of 1812, and arrived, with their stock of merchandise in good shape, at Santa Fe. But their troubles began at once. They were arrested as spies and their goods confiscated. With no means of defense, they were taken on to Chihuahua, Old Mexico, where most of them remained for nearly ten years. In some way, Beard and Chambers escaped and returned to St. Louis, and painted in such bright colors the trade possibilities, that in a few years, they led another expedition in the same direction.

AUGUSTE P. CHOUTEAU, 1815-1817

Chouteau, long an Indian trader, covered the route in safety with his partner, and several trappers and hunters. He had been out on the upper waters of the Arkansas, where he had established a trading place near the boundary line between Mexico and the United States.







Historic Highway to American Southwest

CAPTAIN WILLIAM BECKNELL AND HUGH GLENN, 1821-1822

In the year 1821, the Mexican Revolution was successful and the Mexican Republic was formed. The new regime was not so opposed to trade with the United States as were the Spanish authorities. The profits realized in taking goods to Santa Fe were enormous. The plainest cotton cloth brought three dollars per yard and everything else was in proportion. The people of Santa Fe and that region, were dependent upon receiving all their merchandise from certain Mexican seaports, slowly transported by the patient burro, and, of course, were delighted to buy goods of a better grade from the Americans.

The first really successful trading expeditions to carry large quantities of merchandise from the States to Santa Fe were those of Captain Becknell of Franklin, Howard County, Missouri, and Hugh Glenn of Ohio, during the years 1821-1822.

Becknell used a pack train of some thirty mules, and on his second trip, 1822, he took three wagons. He thus has the honor of being the first to cross the plains and mountains to Santa Fe with wheeled vehicles of any kind, although history usually records that the Storrs expedition of 1824 was the first to use wagons.

Becknell outfitted at the old town of Franklin, the leading trading point on the Missouri River of that day. It was opposite to the present town of Booneville, but was washed away in the flood of 1844. This old town will always have the distinction of being the starting place of the first large trading expeditions to pass over this old trail.

Becknell, although an experienced plainsman, attempted a rash act in trying to shorten the route by cutting across the unexplored country by what was afterwards known as the Cimarron route—the way over which most of the later day trail trade passed. Having but little water with them, they were soon famished with thrist, and only saved themselves by a timely retreat to the longer but safer route along the Arkansas river. The blood of their dogs and from the severed ears of their mules and the paunch contents of an old buffalo bull. luckily killed, alone saved them. Several years ago, the journal of Captain Becknell was published in a local Missouri paper and is very interesting in its details of the early days of the Trail. The enormous profits made by those early traders fired the ambitions of the speculative and adventurous, and the annual caravans from old Franklin increased in size and wealth.

The sight of the thousands of bright Mexican silver dollars, brought back to a country where money had always been scarce and where most business transactions were by barter, or measured by so many bear skins or coon skins—the former passing current for ten dollars and the latter for twenty-five or fifty cents—was enough to excite business activity in this overland commerce to old Santa Fe.

Years ago, I met an old Missourian, H. H. Harris, who related to me the facts of the commencement of the first extensive trade expedition to Santa Fe, which fitted up at old Franklin, where his father's family lived.

For years, Mr. Harris was an honored citizen of Marshall, Missouri,

and in substance, related to me as follows:

"The fur companies, with agents at St. Louis, would equip and send out annually to the Rocky Mountain region, trappers to catch beavers. These trappers were known as French Voyageurs and were men who had spent most of their lives in this business. They were usually accompanied



Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail



ROUTE OF THE OLD HIGHWAY ACROSS THE CONTINENT—Granite boulder monument and bronze tablet at Lost Springs, Kansas, marking historic Santa Fe Trail

by some half breed Indians and some skilled Kentucky hunters. It was the business of these hunters to kill enough game for the outfit and to act as guards. Upon reaching the mountain, one year, one of the hunters thought that he would take an outfit of traps and try his luck trapping on one of the tributaries of the Arkansas River. Reaching the divide, he crossed over and followed down another creek until he reached Taos, New Mexico, where he stopped all winter. In spring, he went on to Santa Fe, where he remained some weeks. When he decided to return, he struck across the country on foot with nothing but his rifle, and reached the Arkansas River, which he followed down for many miles. When far enough down that stream, he started across the country till he reached the Missouri River, which he followed to his home town, Franklin. When his friends asked him where he had been, and he said Santa Fe, they would not believe him. They knew nothing about that place except from maps. He told them that a red silk handkerchief was worth ten dollars, other goods in proportion, and that silver dollars were as common as chips.

"The next spring, in the year 1821, I think, several parties outfitted and started for Santa Fe, with twenty or more pack animals laden with dry goods. In the fall, they returned with about the same weight of silver dollars that they had taken out in merchandise." Mr. Harris continued: "My father saw them unload when they returned, and when their rawhide packages of silver dollars were dumped on the sidewalk, one of the men cut the thongs and the money spilled out, and clinking on the stone pavement, rolled into the gutter. Every one was excited and the next spring a second expedition was sent out. To show what profits were made, I remember one young lady, Miss Fanny Marshall, who put sixty dollars in the expedition, and her brother brought her back nine hundred dollars



Historic Highway to American Southwest

as her share. These bags of money and these large profits caused much excitement, but the means of communication being slow, it was for a long time local in its character."

Augustus Storrs Expedition of 1824

To the trading expedition of Augustus Storrs, of Franklin, Missouri, in the year 1824, more than all else was due the wide publicity of the route, and the great profits to be realized in the trade with the Mexicans.

In Storrs' expedition were eighty men; 156 horses; twenty-three four-wheeled wagons and one piece of artillery. It was the first expedition to extensively use wagons, although Becknell had three in his trip two years before. Storrs made the round trip in four months and ten days, and seemed to have kept a full account of all his experiences.

Upon request, he made a full report to Senator Thomas Benton of Missouri, and fully described the route and the great trade possibilities in the Santa Fe region. With this report as a text, Senator Benton made a glowing speech regarding the wonderful opportunities for opening up a vast internal commerce in which the entire country was interested.

In this speech in the Senate, Benton made prophesies regarding the development of the great West, which, though remote at that time, have all come true. But strange to relate, he had considerable trouble in passing a bill providing for the survey and marking of the Trail. Twelve senators opposed it, and in the house there was more opposition, some being urged on States Rights grounds. To carry the measure, Benton even called to his aid the opinion of ex-President Jefferson, who thought that the measure was not without precedent. Jefferson was then in retirement and his opinion was often used to direct the action of his party, but did not seem to have much influence in this matter. It is interesting to see with what authority Benton quotes the opinion of Jefferson regarding the right of the Government to provide for the survey and improvement of this great internal highway. Benton had visited Jefferson only a few days before making this speech. The bill passed March 3rd, 1825 and was signed by President Monroe as one of his last official acts. Its provisions were carried out by President John Q. Adams. It provided for the survey and marking of the route, and treaties with the Indians for right of way across the plains. The following United States Commissioners were appointed to earry out its provisions: Benjamin H. Reeves of Howard County, Missouri, who resigned as lieutenant-governor of his state to accept the position: Major George C. Sibley of St. Charles, Missouri, and Thomas Mather of Illinois. The Commission organized with Archibald Gamble as secretary: Joseph C. Brown as surveyor and W. S. Williams as official interpreter; and besides these, there were some fifteen or twenty others as assistants, guards and hunters.

They set out from Fort Osage, on the Missouri River, now Sibley, about twenty-five miles east of the present Kansas City, on the 17th day of June, 1825, and arrived at the town of San Fernando in the valley of the Taos, October 30th of that year. The next year, 1826, they received authority from the Mexican Government to examine a road, but not mark it out or work it. Major Sibley went on to Mexico City, while Reeves and the others returned and corrected the route. They made a very full report of the trip, with descriptive field notes, maps, and other data. The entire distance of this route to Santa Fe was 810 miles from Fort Osage. The



Monuments on the Old Santa Fe Trail



HISTORIC SITE OF TREATY WITH OSAGE INDIANS—Monument erected at Council Grove, Kansas, on spot where treaty was signed for right of way of Santa Fe Trail and the progress of civilization

date of the map and completed field notes is October 27th, 1827. It describes the country traversed, giving the distances both ways, of the important stopping places, valleys, rivers, creeks, springs, groves and water-holes.

This report and map have never been printed by the Government at Washington, and it is strange that most historians and Santa Fe Trail writers seemed to have overlooked this important document and survey of the Trail.

"COUNCIL GROVE"

On the 10th day of August, 1825, the expedition reached the valley of the Neosho, and held a council with the chiefs of the Great and Little Osage Indians in what was afterwards called Council Grove—close where the fine granite monument has recently been placed. Here they closed a treaty with these Indians for right of way for the Trail forever, and the Indians pledged themselves that the road should be for the use of the citizens of the United States and of the Mexican Republic, who should pass and repass thereon without any hinderance on the part of the Indians.

They further pledged themselves to render such friendly assistance as was within their power to the citizens using the Trail, whenever they met them on the way.

The consideration paid the Osages was eight hundred dollars in gold and merchandise. The name of the place, "Council Grove," and the distance from the Missouri River were marked on one of the large oak trees forming the forest—and this tree, still living, is known as the "Council Oak" and is close by the Council Grove monument. After this treaty, the commissioners passed on their long journey, carefully measuring and marking every turn and feature of the road.

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Historic Highmay to American Southwest

I find that this manuscript record also mentions a similar treaty made with the Kansas or Kaw Indians on the 16th day of August at a place some 70 miles west of Council Grove on "Sora Kansas Creek," which is the same as Dry Turkey Creek, near McPherson, Kansas.

It is strange that none of the Santa Fe Trail historians or writers make mention of this treaty with the Kansas Nation, which was really as important as the one with the Osages. It was very unfortunate that these two tribes, the Osage and Kansas, were alone treated with regarding the trail crossing the plains, for they only controlled part of the way. Had similar treaties been made with the Cheyennes. Kiowas, Comanches and Pawnees, they might have not been so hostile as they often were to the passing caravans. It must be remembered to the credit of the Osages and Kansas Indians, that they never made war upon the whites after that treaty, but lived up to its provisions. Last year a granite monument was erected at the place where this treaty was made with the Kansas or Kaw Indians, which is a few miles south of the present town of McPherson, Kansas.

It is to be hoped that at some future time the United States Government will publish a full and complete account of this original survey of the Santa Fe Trail by this commission appointed in 1825. It would be interesting reading for all those interested in such matters, and especially important now that it is being permanently marked and is attracting such wide attention.

From the Missouri River to the southwestern part of Kansas, where the Trail leaves the state, about one hundred of these granite monuments have been placed by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the State. The date 1822 is given, as representing about the time the first large caravans laden with merchandise crossed the plains to Santa Fe, although there were several small expeditions prior to that date.

By 1872, the traffic of the Santa Fe Trail had about ended, for the advent of the railway—Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe—had superseded the slower movement of the Trail, and its palmy old days, since that time, have been a dreamy memory—a phase of unique Western frontier life nevermore to return.

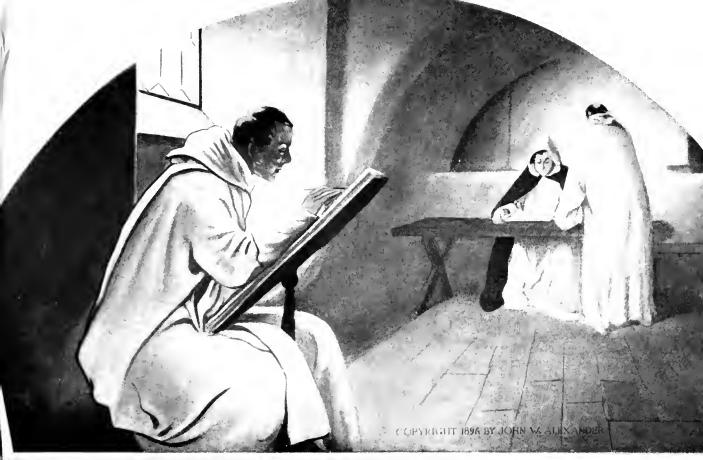
At present, the Daughters of the American Revolution are engaged in purchasing the site of the old Pawnee Rock for a small historic park, and thus preserve that noted place so famous in the annals of the Trail, and the scene of so many heroic incidents in Indian warfare of the border.

It has aroused the West to a study of its thrilling pioneer annals, which are being forgotten, and is resulting in other patriotic movements for the preservation of famous historic spots.

They are remembering that injunction of the Bible: "Remove not the ancient landmarks, which thy fathers have set," . . . "that when your children ask in time to come, saying, what mean ye by these stones? Then ye shall answer them . . . that these stones shall be for a memorial forever."

It has been a movement such as this country has seldom, if ever, experienced. Old settlers and old soldiers have been active in the matter, for it was over this famous old trail that the bright banner of the Stars and Stripes was first carried and our American domain extended to the distant Rio Grande. The marking of this noted highway is of national concern; for it was by far the most famous overland roadway in America, and this movement has so stimulated the study of local history along its way that it will be the means of saving to posterity many an interesting chapter of legend and romantic lore.

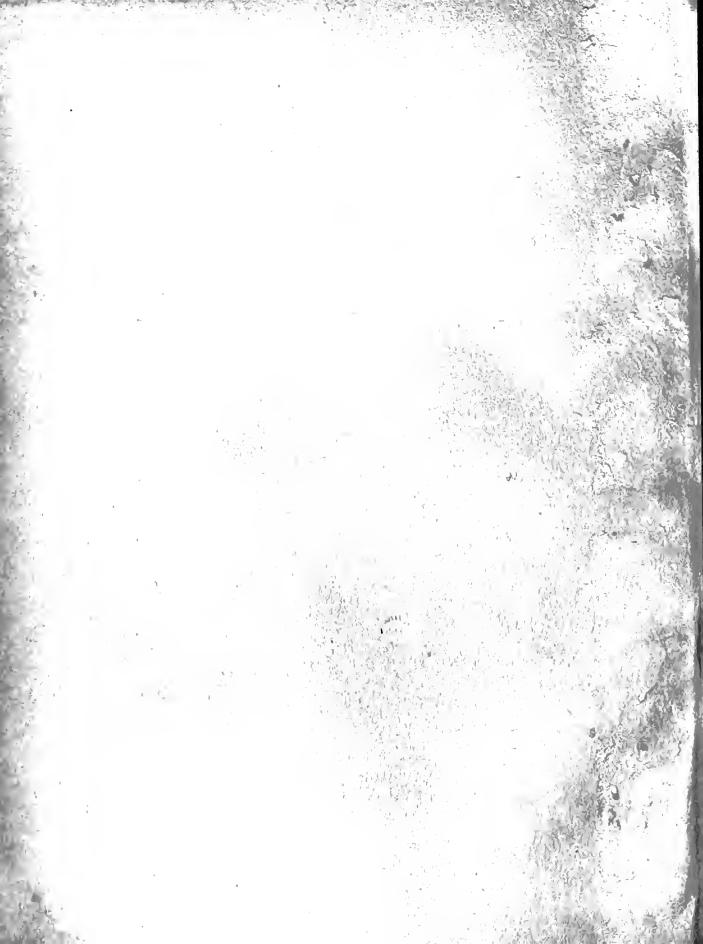




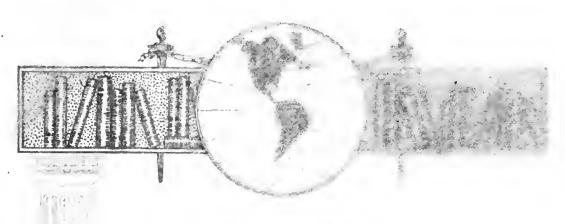
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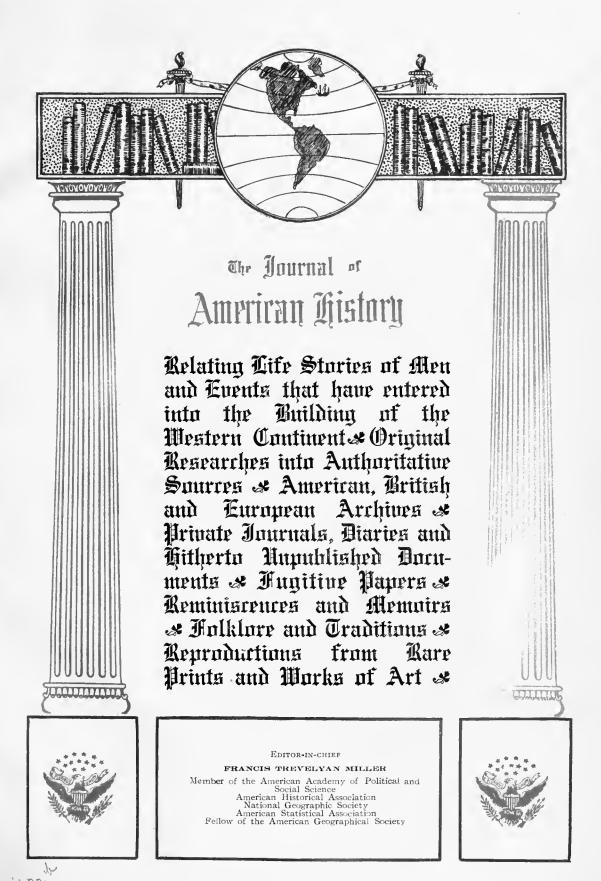
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NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

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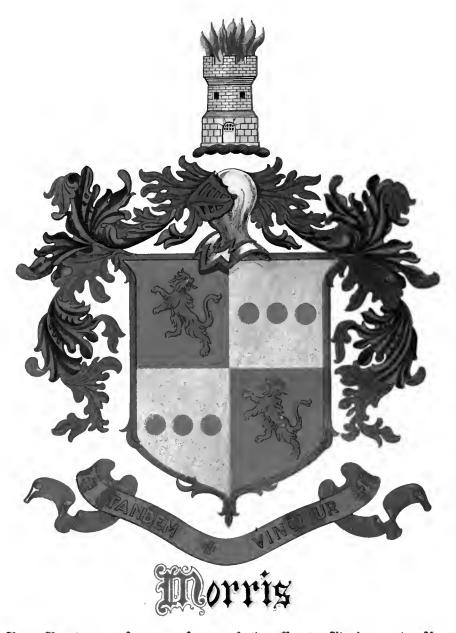
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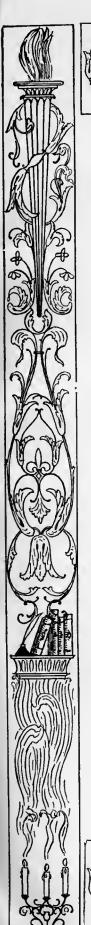
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First Families in America—Arms of the Morris Blood in the New World, whose Strains have Permeated American Character and have Entered into the Building of the Republic





The Journal of American History

VOLUME III



NUMBER IV

An Appeal to the American People

America Must Cead the Morld to the Reign of Peare Under Cam & The Mission of the Republic & An Appeal for an International Supreme Court of Arbitration Before Conference of the Peare Society of New York

1

ANDREW CARNEGIE, LL. D.

FOUNDER OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION AT WASHINGTON

N these, the closing days of the first decade of the Twentieth Century, it is becoming that in these pages of the first national journal of patriotism in America, an appeal should be made to the American people summoning them to the tremendous responsibility that lies before them. It is significant that in this great democracy, where all men are politically free and equal, the summons should come from an American whose worldly accumulations and material power are greater than that of kings and empires, but whose heart is so close to humanity that his greatest desire is to see his nation lead the world to the reign of peace and happiness, and to drive all strife and suffering from the earth. To this end he is devoting vast riches. It is interesting to note that in this appeal, issued to the peace conferences and embodied in the congressional records of the republic, he proclaims that the solution of universal peace is in the establishment of a Supreme Court of Arbitration at the Hague. It was recently the privilege of THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, as the repository for historic movements in America, to officially record the first draft of a Constitution of the United Nations of the World, in which this Supreme Court of Arbitration was proposed. The draft of this constitution from these pages was submitted to the members of the legislative bodies of the eighty civilized nations of the world, and is the fundamental doctrine upon which the brotherhood of the nations will ultimately be accomplished under the leadership of the United States of America.—Editor







Appeal to the American People

ONSIDER the world situation today. Individually the world has advanced in every respect. Physically, intellectually, morally, the race has everywhere risen. Conditions of human life have improved and the sentiment of brotherhood has begun to take root as the various peoples have come to know each other. All this strengthens the faith. We hold that progress, development, is the law of man's being—that which is better than what has been; that to come better than what is; no limit to man's upward ascent.

So much for man viewed individually.

When we come to consider him nationally, all is reversed. The chief nations of Europe have recently retrograded and are now spending nearly one-half of all their revenues arming themselves against each other, as if mankind were still in the savage state.

Fresh clouds have just risen upon the horizon. Never in our day has the world's peace been so seriously threatened. We have been assured that "an overpowering army and navy is the cheap insurance of nations;" that "peace is secured by nations arming themselves until they are too powerful to be attacked;" and "if you wish peace, prepare for war."

These maxims the chief nations have long followed, ever building new and more destructive weapons, yet their relative positions remain substantially the same. None are more secure from attack than before; on the contrary, the danger of war has increased as their attitude as jealous rivals arming themselves against each other has become more and more pronounced. Britain spent upon army and navy last year \$345,000,000, most of this upon her navy; Germany \$233,000,000, about half upon the navy; our peaceful republic expended upon army, navy and war pensions no less than \$470,000,000.

Never were nations as busy as today in the nopeless cask of becoming "too powerful to be attacked." Britain has just discovered in Germany a menace to her existence. Germany, having equal rights upon the sea, fails to recognize the right of Britain to remain a menace to her, which she has long been, claiming to be "mistress of the seas." The United States, no longer free from naval conditions, is in no mood to remain menaced by any power. France and Japan are building "Dreadnoughts" which "have returned to plague the inventor," and Russia about to follow. Italy is to build two. Last of all, Austria announces she has resolved to build three "Dreadnoughts." Ominous decision, indeed; suggestive of German alliance. Europe has awakened at last to the presence of impending danger.

Britain and Germany are the principal contestants. Britain has a strong case. She cannot feed her people if supplies of food be interrupted on the sea. The fear of starvation would instantly create panic, and general pillage of food supplies would ensue. She is powerless with open ports and open sea. Hence she claims she must possess overwhelming fleets and must oppose the great advance which the other powers urgethe immunity of commerce upon the sea.

Germany also has a case quite strong enough to give her loyal support of the nation. She also cannot feed her people and has to import largely.



Mission of Republic & By Andrew Carnegie

Articles of food were imported in 1906 to the value of over \$1,100,000,000. In a contest, her danger from lack of food supplies would be serious indeed, were imports by sea prevented. Hence she also feels that she must possess an all-sufficient navy.

Nations are only aggregations of men, and the history of man proves the folly of arming themselves in the vain hope of securing immunity from attack. California is one of the most recent examples. Her gold mines attracted hardy adventurers from all parts of the world. Courts of justice were unknown. The maxims quoted above were followed for a time, each individual resolving to become "too powerful to be attacked," and arming himself as the best means of securing peace and safety. The result was entirely the reverse, as it has proved to be with nations. The more men armed themselves the greater the number of deadly feuds. There was no peace. Anarchy was imminent. The best element arose and reversed this policy. At first the vigilance committee, a rude court, was formed of the most enlightened citizens, which was soon superseded by regular courts of law. Only when the arming of men was not permitted did the reign of peace begin. Thus was that community led to peace under law, by disarmament, and thus only can international peace be finally established and nations rest secure under a police force to maintain, never to break the peace. Europe is at last realizing the danger into which the policy of mutual arming has led, but is slow to see that there is but one mode of escape, and that through concurrent action of some or most of the naval powers.

Within a small radius the two gigantic fleets of Britain and Germany will operate, often in sight of each other. The topic of constant discussion in every ship will be their relative power and the consequences of battle. The crews of the respective navies will regard each other with suspicion, jealousy and hatred; in this, representing only too truly the feelings of their countrymen. Under such strain a mere spark will suffice. A few marines ashore from two of the ships, British and German, would be enough; a few words pass between them; an encounter between two begins, both probably under the influence of liquor; one is wounded, blood is shed, and the pent-up passions of the people of both countries sweep all to the winds. The governments are too weak to withstand the whirlwind; or, being men of like passions with their fellows, probably are in part swept away themselves, after years of jealous rivalry, into thirst for revenge. Such the probable result; given national jealousy and hatred. any trifle suffices to produce war,

War has seldom an adequate cause. It is usually stimulated by invidious comparisons as to relative strength and warlike qualities, which render nations suspicious of each other.

The real issue between nations usually matters little. The spirit in which nations approach each other to effect peaceful settlement is everything. No difference too trifling to create war; none too serious for peaceful adjustment. The disposition is all. Secretary Root gave full expression to this vital truth in his address in Washington at the laying of the foundation stone of the Bureau of American Republics. It is one of the







An Appeal to the American People

many valid objections to the policy of armament that every increase of naval and military power is in the nature of a challenge to other powers, which arouses their jealousy and their fears, rendering them less disposed to settle peacefully any difference that may arise.

But even if a collision be miraculously avoided, the guiltless, peace-loving naval powers of the world in turn will have been compelled to embark upon the building of excessive navies, many of these obtained and maintained only by extorting millions from people already bordering upon the brink of starvation. A fatal objection to the policy of securing peace through increasing armaments is that success is only attainable by exhausting the resources of rivals, a mutually destructive task, probably ending in exhausting both belligerents; failing that, it results in an armed truce, under which the nations are in perpetual fear of attack, each straining its resources to increase its armament, as they are today.

Hence, to save nations from themselves there must sconer or later emerge from the present unparalleled increase of armaments a league of peace, embracing the most advanced nations, proclaiming that since the world has now shrunk into a neighborhood and is in instantaneous communication, its total commerce yearly exceeding \$28,000,000,000, all civilized nations are deeply interested in world peace, and that the time has passed when any one or two nations can be permitted to break it. Their disputes must be arbitrated. Civilized nations have now acquired a common right to be consulted when the peace of the world is at stake, and the crime of man killing man, the crime of crimes, is threatened.

The late Prime Minister of Britain, in his speech to the Interparliamentary Union in London, two years ago, advocated such a league which would naturally be followed in due course by the international supreme court. This court the last Hague Conference approved in principal unanimously, differing only upon the manner of selecting the judges which is surely a detail not impossible of solution.

The only alternative is an anxious period of ever-increasing armaments and feverish unrest, probably ending in devastating wars, mutually destructive, and sowing the poisonous seeds of jealousy, distrust, and mutual hatred, parents of future wars in generations to come. For what can war but other wars breed?

Meanwhile, let us congratulate ourselves upon the world having moved one step forward. Whatever solution may be found of the war specter, now so luridly appearing before us, this we now know—it can not be through increased armaments. The last few weeks have torn that supposed panacea into fragments. There is nothing left of it. But it has served this great end: It has brought the nations face to face at last with the truth that increased armaments of one mean increased armaments of others, with no gain to either. On the contrary, their rivalry is intensified and the dangers of war greater than before. When either men or nations differ, if one begins to arm, the other loses no time in also grasping his weapon. Peace flies when arming begins. Thus the fallacy that increased armaments insure peace is exploded and another policy must soon be tried.





PASSING OF THE OLD CIVILIZATION

Sculptural Conception of "The Despotic Age" when Tyranny and War Reigned over Mankind—America's Message of Liberty has Emancipated Man from the Thraldom of the Ages and unveiled the Dawn of a Day when there shall be no Bloodshed

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Bronze at the Metropolitan Museum in New York By Isidore Konti, Sculptor Member National Sculpture Society



Missian of Republic & By Andrew Carnegie

Let us remember that Britain and Germany are only two of the naval powers. Our own country today is, as a naval power, second in rank, and there are other powers which have a right to be heard in this crisis dangerous to all, since all are forced to suffer under present conditions. Is our peace-loving Congress, which has shown a wise reluctance for years to any great increase of battleships, to be compelled to reverse its pacific policy and increase our fleet solely because of British and German rivalry, from which we have a right to be free? The nations which have resisted wasting their revenues upon navies and armies, and which wish to continue this pacific policy, have rights in this matter. It cannot be doubted that our President and Secretary of State are today gravely concerned about this momentous question.

We have no right to assume that either Germany or Britain would decline a conference or refuse to consider a league of peace proposed by the late Prime Minister of Britain; but whatever might be the result, we should be able to fix the responsibility for consequences upon the real disturber of the world's peace. The peaceful nations have a right to know the guilty nation or nations, whether one or more—heavy, indeed, will be the respon-

sibility of the guilty.

It seems pre-eminently the mission of our peaceful industrial republic, which most frequently lies beyond the vortex of militarism which engulfs Europe, to lead the world to the reign of peace under law. She it was who lead the Hague Conference in urging an international supreme court. Her Congress, alone among the chief nations, has shown a wise moderation in voting from time to time only one-half the number of "Dreadnoughts" recommended by the Executive. She covets no new territory. On the contrary, she has relinquished control of Cuba, and is preparing the Filipinos for independence, and is at heart the friend of all nations. She has not today one open question with any nation, the last having been referred to the Hague court. She is pre-eminently the apostle of peaceful arbitration. Such is her peaceful policy. Such her example to the disturbing naval powers. One cannot but indulge the hope that our President, in due time, may find a way open, without being intrusive, to exert his vast influence in favor of peace; to call the attention of the two disturbing powers to the fact that our country has a right to speak, if not to protest, in behalf of its own imperiled interests; and perhaps to invite the leading naval powers to consider whether some agreement could not now be reached that would avert the appalling dangers which today threaten to convulse the world in the not distant future.

Meanwhile it is the duty of all our members, as haters of war and lovers of peace, to urge in season and out of season the precious truth that lasting peace is only to be attained by an international league of peace, prepared if necessary, to enforce peace among erring nations, as we enforce obedience to law among erring men; this league finally to be perfected by an international supreme court. "To this complexion must it come at last."



BURDENS OF THE AGE OF GREED AND STRIFE

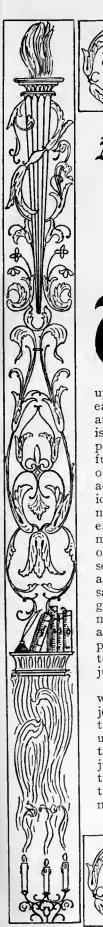
Sculptural 'Conception' of 'Humankind "Earth-bound" and Weighed Down by Envy, Jealousy and Warfare which has been Carried on the Shoulders of the Generations until Today the Burdens are to be Lifted by a New Age of Universal Brotherhood and Peace



HARMONICS OF EVOLUTION

Man's Conquest over Self and His Rise from Chaos and Carnagto the Light of Love and Reason in which there shall be no more War and Mankind shall dwell together in Peace, Prosperity and Happiness

> By J. Otto Schweizer of Philadelphia Member of the National Sculpture Society





America Responsible to the World

Civilization Looks to America for the Age of Peace and Universal Brotherhood & American Professions and Principles are in Accord with Highest Hopes of Mankind & Historical Record of Address at Take Mohonk Conference

BY

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, LL. D., PH. D.

PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, NEW YORK

ODAY the most optimistic observer of the movement of public opinion in the world, and the most stoutly convinced advocate of international justice, must confess himsel perplexed if not amazed by some of the striking phenomena which meet his view. Expenditure for naval armaments is everywhere growing by leaps and bounds. Burke said that he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people; but perhaps it may be easier to detect some of the signs of emotional insanity than to draw an indictment for crime. The storm center of the world's weather today is to be found in the condition of mind of a large portion of the English people. The nation which, for generations, has contributed so powerfully to the world's progress in all that relates to the spread of the rule of law, to the peaceful development of commerce and industry, to the advancement of letters and science, and to the spread of humanitarian ideas, appears to be possessed for the moment—it can only be for the moment—with the evil spirit of militarism. It is hard to reconcile the excited and exaggerated utterances of responsible statesmen in Parliament and on the platform; the loud beating of drums and the sounding of alarms in the public press, even in that portion of it most given to sobriety of judgment; and the flocking of the populace to view a tawdry and highly sensational drama of less than third-rate importance for the sake of its contribution to their mental obsession by hobgoblins and the ghosts of national enemies and invaders, with the traditional temperament of a nation that has acclaimed the work of Howard, Wilberforce and Shaftesbury, whose public life was so long dominated by the lofty personality of William Ewart Gladstone, and of which the real heroes today are the John Milton and the Charles Darwin, whose anniversaries are just now celebrated with so much sincerity and genuine appreciation.

What has happened? If an opinion may be ventured by an observer whose friendliness amounts to real affection, and who is, in high degree, jealous of the repute of the English people and of their place in the van of the world's civilization, it is that this lamentable outburst is attendant upon a readjustment of relative position and importance among the nations of the earth, due to economic and intellectual causes, which readjustment is interpreted in England, unconsciously, of course, in terms of the politics of the first Napoleon, rather than in terms of the politics of the industrial and intelligent democracies of the Twentieth Century. Germany is steadily gaining in importance in the world, and England is, in





America's Responsibility to the World

turn, losing some of her long-standing relative primacy. The causes are easy to discover, and are in no sense provocative of war or strife. Indeed, it is highly probable that war, if it should come with all its awful consequences, would only hasten the change it was entered upon to prevent.

It must not be forgotten that while there has long existed in Europe a German people, yet the German nation as such is a creation of very recent date. With the substantial completion of German political unity after the Franco-Prussian war, there began an internal development in Germany even more significant and more far reaching in its effects than that which was called into existence by the trumpet voice of Fichte after the disastrous defeat of the Prussian army by Napoleon at Jena, and guided by the hands of Stein and Hardenberg. This later development has been fundamentally economic and educational in character, and has been directed with great skill toward the development of the nation's foreign commerce, the husbanding of its own natural resources, and the comfort and health of the masses of its rapidly growing population.

Within a short generation the pressure of German competition has been severely felt in the trade and commerce of every part of the world. The two most splendid fleets engaged in the Atlantic carrying trade fly the German flag. Along either coast of South America, in the waters of China and Japan, in the ports of the Mediterranean, and on the trade routes to India and Australia, the German flag has become almost as familiar as the English. The intensive application of the discoveries of theoretical science to industrial processes has made Germany, in a sense, the world's chief teacher in its great international school of industry and With this over-sea trade expansion has gone the building of a German navy. It appears to be the building of this navy which has so excited many of the English people. For the moment we are not treated to the well-worn paradox that the larger a nation's navy the less likely it is to be used in combat and the more certain is the peace of the world. The old Adam asserts himself long enough to complain, in this case, at least, that if a navy is building in Germany it must be intended for offensive use; and against whom could the Germans possibly intend to use a navy except against England? Their neighbors, the French and the Russians, they could readily, and with less risk, overrun with their great army. The United States is too far away to enter into the problem as a factor of any real importance. Therefore the inference is drawn that the navy must be intended for an attack upon England. It is worth while noting that, on this theory, the German navy now building appears to be the first of modern navies intended for military uses. It alone of all the world's navies, however large, however costly, is not a messenger of peace.

One must needs ask, then, what reason is to be found in the nature of the German people, in the declaration of their responsible rulers, or in the political relations between Germany and any other nation, for the belief that the German navy alone, among all modern navies, is building for a warlike purpose? Those of us who feel that the business of navy building is being greatly overdone, and that it cannot for a moment be reconciled with sound public policy or with the increasingly insistent demands for social improvements and reforms, may well wish that the German naval programme were much more restricted than it is. But waiving that point for a moment, what ground is there for the suspicion which is so widespread in England and Germany, and for the imputation to Germany





Universal Peace & By Nicholas Butler

of evil intentions toward England? Speaking for myself, and making full use for such opportunities for accurate information as I have had, I say with the utmost emphasis and with entire sincerity that I do not believe there is any ground whatever for those suspicious or for those imputations. Nor, what is more important, has adequate ground for those suspicions and imputations been given by any responsible person.

Are we to believe, for example, that the whole public life in both Germany and Eng'and is part of an opera-bouffe, and that all the public declarations of responsible leaders of opinion are meaningless or untrue? Are the increasingly numerous international visits of municipal officials. of clergymen, of teachers, of trade unionists, of newspaper men as well as the cordial and intimate reception given them by their hosts, all a sham and a pretense? Have all these men daggers in their hands and subtle poisons in their pockets? Are we to assume that there is no truth or frankness or decency left in the world? Are nations in the Twentieth Century, and nations that represent the most in modern civilization at that, so lost to shame that they fall upon each other's necks and grasp each other's hands and swear eternal fealty as conditions precedent to making an unannounced attack upon each other during a fog? Even the public morality of the Sixteenth Century would have revolted at that. The whole idea is too preposterous for words, and it is the duty of the thoughtful and sincere friends of the English people, in this country and in every country, to use every effort to bring them to see that unreasonableness, to use no stronger term, of the attitude toward Germany which they are at present made to assume.

But, says the objector, England is an island nation. Unless she commands the sea absolutely her national existence is in danger; any strong navy in hands that may become unfriendly threatens her safety. Therefore she is justified in being suspicious of any nation that builds a big navy. That formula has been repeated so often that almost everybody believes it. There was a time when it was probably, and within limits, true. One cannot but wonder, however, whether it is true any longer. In the first place, national existence does not now depend upon military and naval force. Italy is safe; so are Holland and Portugal, Mexico and Canada. Then, the possibilities of aerial navigation alone, with the resulting power of attacking a population or a fleet huddled beneath a cloud of monsters travelling through the air and willing to risk their own existence and the lives of their occupants for the opportunity to approach near enough to enable a vital injury to be inflicted upon other people, to say nothing of the enginery of electricity, have changed the significance of the word "island." Although an island remains, as heretofore, a body of land entirely surrounded by water, yet that surrounding water is no longer to be the only avenue of approach to it, its possessions, and its inhabitants. Even if we speak in the most approved language of militarism itself, it is apparent that a fleet a mile wide will not long protect England from attack or invasion, or from starvation, if the attacking or invading party is in command of the full resources of modern science and modern industry. But if justice be substituted for force, England will always be safe; her achievements for the past thousand years have been made certain.

The greatest present obstacle to the limitation of the armaments under the weight of which the world is staggering toward bankruptcy;







"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

Warning of the Voice of the Prophets to the Nations Sculptural Conception of "Hebrew Law" at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences

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the greatest obstacle to carrying forward those social and economic reforms for which every nation is crying out, that its population may be better housed, the public health more completely protected, and the burden of unemployment lifted from the backs of the wage-earning classes. appears to many to be the insistence by England on what it calls the "two-power naval standard." So long as the British Empire circles the globe and so long as its ships and its goods are to be found in every port, the British navy will, by common consent, be expected to be much larger and more powerful than that of any other nation. Neither in France nor in Germany nor in Japan nor in America would that proposition be disputed. Even the two-power standard might not bring poverty and distress and wasteful expenditure to other nations if naval armaments were limited by agreement or were diminishing in strength. But, insisted upon in an era of rapidly increasing armaments, in this day of "Preadnoughts," the two-power standard leads, and must inevitably lead, to huge programmes of naval construction in every nation where the patriotism and good sense of the people do not put a stop to this modern form of madness. The practical sense of the world is against it; only so-called "expert theories" are on its side.

Under the prodding of alarmists in Parliament, and the press, a'Liberal ministry has been compelled to say that it would propose and support measures for naval aggrandizement and expenditure based upon the principle that the fighting strength of the British navy must be kept always onetenth greater than the sum total of the fighting strength of the two next most powerful navies in the world. At first it was even proposed to include the navy of the United States in making this computation. Later that position was fortunately retreated from. But it will be observed that in computing the so-called "two-power standard" the English jingoes count as contingent enemies the French and the Japanese, with both of whom their nation is in closest alliance, and also the Russians, with whom the English are now on terms of cordial friendship. In other words, unless all such treaties of alliance and comity are a fraud and a sham, these nations, at least, should be omitted from the reckoning. This would leave no important navy save that of Germany to be counted in possible opposition. For this reason, it is just now alike the interest and the highest opportunity for service of America and of the world to bring about the substitution of cordial friendship between England and Germany for the suspicion and distrust which so widely prevail. When this is done, a long step toward an international aggreement for the limitation of armaments will have been taken; new progress can then be made in the organization of the world on those very principles for which the English themselves have time-long stood, and for whose development and application they have made such stupendous sacrifices and performed such herculean service.

If America were substituted for England, it would be difficult to see how any responsible statesmen who had read the majority and minority reports recently laid before Parliament by the poor-law commission could for one moment turn aside from the stern duty of national protection against economic, educational and social evils at home to follow, the will-o'-the-wisp of national protection against a non-existent foreign enemy. England today, in her own interest, needs to know Germany better; to learn from Germany, to study with care her schools and universities, her

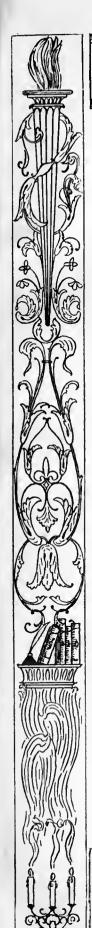


America's Responsibility to the World

system of workingmen's insurance, of old-age pensions, of accident insurance, of sanitary and tenement-house inspection and reform, and all her other great social undertakings, rather than to spend time and energy and an impoverished people's money in the vain task of preparing, by monumental expenditure and waste, to meet a condition of international enmity which has only an imaginary existence. It is the plain duty of the friends of both England and Germany—and what right-minded man is not the warm friend and admirer of both these splendid peoples—to exert every possible influence to promote a better understanding of each of these peoples by the other, a fuller appreciation of the services of each to modern civilization, and to point out the folly, not to speak of the wickedness, of permitting the seeds of discord to be sown between them by any element in the population of either.

I like to think that the real England and the real Germany found voice on the occasion of a charming incident which it was my privilege to witness in September of last year. At the close of the impressive meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, held in Berlin, the German Imperial Chancellor offered the gracious and bountiful hospitality of his official residence to the hundreds of representatives of foreign parliamentary bodies then gathered in the German capital. Standing under the spreading trees of his own great gardens, surrounded by the leaders of German scholarship and of German political thought, Prince von Bulow was approached by more than two score members of the British Parliament, with Lord Weardale at their head. In a few impressive, eloquent and low-spoken sentences Lord Weardale expressed to the Chancellor what he believed to be the real feeling of England toward Germany, and what he felt should be the real relationship to exist between the two governments and the two peoples. In words equally cordial and quite as eloquent, Prince von Bulow responded to Lord Weardale with complete sympathy and without reserve. The incident made a deep impression upon the small group who witnessed it. It was over in a few minutes. It received no word in the public press, but in my memory it remains as a weighty and, I hope, as a final refutation of the widespread impression that England and Germany are at bottom hostile, and are drifting inevitably toward the maelstrom of an armed conflict. What could more surely lead to conviction of high crimes and misdemeanors at the bar of history than for two cultured peoples, with political and intellectual traditions in their entirety unequaled in the world's history, in this Twentieth Century to tear each other to pieces like infuriated gladiators in a bloody arena? The very thought is revolting, and the mere suggestion of it ought to dismay the civilized world.

The aim of all rational and practicable activity for the permanent establishment of the world's peace, and for the promotion of justice, is and must always be the education of the world's opinion. Governments, however popular and however powerful, have ceased to dominate; everywhere public opinion dominates governments. As never before, public opinion is concerning itself with the solution of grave economic and social questions which must be solved aright if the great masses of the world's population are to share comfort and happiness. A nation's credit means the general belief in its ability to pay in the future. That nation which persistently turns away from the consideration of those economic and social questions, upon which the productive power of its population must



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in last resort depend, limits and eventually destroys its own credit. nation which insists, in response to cries more or less inarticulate and to formulas more or less outworn, upon spending the treasure taken from its population in taxes upon useless and wasteful armaments, hastens its day for docm, for it impairs its credit, or ultimate borrowing capacity, in a double way. It not only extends, unproductively and wastefully, vast sums of the nation's taxes, but it substitutes this unproductive and wasteful expenditure for an expenditure of equal amount, which might well be both productive and uplifting. The alternative to press upon the attention of mankind is that of huge armaments or social and economic improvement. The world cannot have both. There is a limit to man's capacity to yield up taxes for public use. Economic consumption is now heavily taxed everywhere. Accumulated wealth is being sought out in its hiding places, and is constantly being loaded with a heavier burden. All this cannot go on forever. The world must choose between pinning its faith to the symbols of a splendid barbarism and devoting its energies to the tasks of an enlightened civilization.

Despite everything, the political organization of the world in the interest of peace and justice proceeds apace. The movement is as sure as that of an Alpine glacier, and it has now become much more easily perceptible.

There is to be established at the Hague beyond any question, either by the next Hague Conference or before it convenes, by the leading nations of the world, acting along the lines of the principles adopted at the Second Hague Conference two years ago, a high court of international justice. It is as clearly indicated as anything can be that that court is to become the supreme court of the nations of the world.

The Interparliamentary Union, which has within a few weeks adopted a permanent form of organization and chosen a permanent secretary whose headquarters are to be in the Peace Palace at The Hague itself an occurrence of the greatest public importance, which has, to my knowledge, received absolutely no mention in the press-now attracts to its membership representatives of almost every parliamentary body in exist-At the last meeting of the Interparliamentary Union, held in Berlin, the parliament of Japan, the Russian Douma, and the newly organized Turkish parliament were all represented. By their side sat impressive delegations from the parliaments of England, of France, of Germany, of Austria-Hungary, of Italy, of Belgium, of the Netherlands. and of the Scandinavian nations, as well as eight or ten representatives of the American Congress. In this Interparliamentary Union, which has now passed through its preliminary or experimental stage, lies the germ of a coming federation of the world's legislatures which will be established in the near future, and whose powers and functions, if not precisely defined at first, will grow naturally from consultative to that authority of which wisdom and justice can never be divested. Each year that the representatives of a national parliament sit side by side with the representatives of the parliaments of other nations, look their colleagues in the face, and discuss with them freely and frankly important matters of international concern, it will become more difficult for them to go back and vote a declaration of war against the men from whose consultation room they have but just come. Among honest men, amiliarity breeds confidence, not contempt.



America's Responsibility to the World

Where then, in this coming political organization of the world, is the international executive power to be found? Granting that we have at The Hague an international court; granting that we have sitting, now at one national capital and now at another, what may be called a consultative international parliament, in what direction is the executive authority to be looked for? The answer to this vitally important question has been indicated by no less an authority than Senator Root, in his address before the American Society of International Law, more than a year ago. Mr. Root then referred to the fact that because there is an apparent absence of sanction for the enforcement of the rules of international law, great authorities have denied that those rules are entitled to be classed as law at all. He pointed out that this apparent inability to execute in the field of international politics a rule agreed upon as law, seems to many minds to render quite futile the further discussion of the political organization of the world. Mr. Root, however, had too practical as well as too profound a mind to rest content with any such lame and impotent conclusion. He went on to show, as he readily could, that nations day by day yield to arguments which have no compulsion behind them, and that. as a result of such argument, they are constantly changing policies, modifying conduct, and offering redress for injuries. Why is this? Because, as Mr. Root; pointed out, the public opinion of the world is the true international executive. No law, not even municipal law, can long be effective without a supporting public opinion. It may take its place upon the statute book, all constitutional and legislative requirements having been carefully complied with; yet it may, and does, remain a dead letter unless public opinion cares enough about it, believes enough in it, to vitalize it and to make it real

In this same direction lies the highest hope of civilization. What the world's public opinion demands of nations or of international conferences it will get. What the world's public opinion is determined to enforce will be enforced. The occasional brawler and disturber of the peace in international life will one day be treated as is the occasional brawler and disturber of the peace in the streets of a great city. The aim of this conference, and of every gathering of like character, must insistently and persistently be the education of the public opinion of the civilized world.

We Americans have a peculiar responsibility toward the political organization of the world. Whether we recognize it or not, we are universally looked to, if not to lead in this undertaking, at least to contribute powerfully toward it. Our professions and our principles are in accord with the highest hopes of mankind. We owe it to ourselves, to our reputation and to our influence, that we do not by our conduct belie those principles and those professions; that we do not permit selfish interests to stir up among us international strife and ill feeling; that we do not permit the noisy boisterousness of irresponsible youth, however old in years or however high in place, to lead us into extravagant expenditure for armies and navies; and that, most of all, we shall cultivate at home and in our every relation, national and international, that spirit of justice which we urge so valiantly upon others. Si vis pacem para pacem!



SIGNING THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York Executed by J. and R. Lamb



WILLIAM PENN SUBMITTING DRAFT OF FIRST CONSTITUTION OF PENNSYLVANIA—Memoria in Plymouth Church. Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





Historical Painting in America

Art as a True Record of a Nation's Progress & Memorializing the Historical Development of a Great People and Its Value to the Annals of Civilization & The Permanent Influence of Pictorial Impressions in the Preservation of the Traditions of a Nation and Its Effect Upon National Spirit and Character

WITH DEDICATORY REMARKS BY

DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS

Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York
INTRODUCTORY BY THE EDITOR

HE American people are beginning to recognize that Art is as true a record of a Nation's progress as that of written scroll. The permanent influence of pictorial impression is oftentimes greater than that of the written word, and its effect more lasting upon national spirit and character. Historians have always been loathe to admit the value of Art in the historical annals of a nation, but modern American thought and progress, nevertheless, are granting eminent recognition to the painter and pigments. That the artist has always been an historian has been proved by the generations who have gathered a truer conception of the Old World civilization from its priceless masterpieces than from any other source. It is further evidenced in the New World civilization by the installation and dedication of the stained glass windows in historic Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, New York, depicting the chronological development of Puritan character and its influences on American foundations and life. It is the privilege of these pages to reproduce here a collection of these eminent contributions to the nation's historical records. These windows will impress their historical truths more indelibly upon the minds of the thousands that will witness them than that of any possible printed word. They tell their own story of the foundations upon which a great civilization has been built. Accompanying this historical record are excerpts from the dedicatory remarks of Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, pastor of the famous Plymouth Church, where these contributions to American history and art have been unveiled. The reproductions are with the special permission of the artist, Frederick Stymetz Lamb, from original prints loaned from his studio for this record in THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. The painter studied at the Beaux Arts, and with Mon. Le Fevre and Boulabger. He was an honor student under M. Millet. In America he was an organizing member of the Municipal Art Society, the National Society of Mural Painters, the National Arts Club, and the American Society for the Preservation of Scenic and Historic Places. Among his many important historical works is the design of the entire scheme of glass for the Leland Stanford University. He is also a recipient of a Gold Medal from the French Government in recognition of his work in glass. The studies for these windows were made from the best authenticated portraits, with fidelity to historical accuracy in the costumes.—Editor



Dedicatory Remarks by Dr. Newell Killis

HE renaissance was the reformation of the intellect in Italy.

The reformation was the renaissance of the conscience in Germany. The Elizabethan age of Shakespeare was the flowering of the reason in England. The political revolution in England was the flowering of conscience. The Pilgrim Fathers' founding of the New England was the flowering and fruiting of the will, taught by the new intellect, refreshed by the newly quickened conscience, and supported by the presence of the over-ruling God. . . They were led by Cambridge men of the highest culture. In his history of England, Green tells us that the progress of England for the last two hundred and fifty years has been nothing but the history of these Puritans, half of whom remained at home and half of whom

came to found a new England.

The impulse that brought them was purely religious. On the prow of Columbus' vessel stood the Spirit of Science; the unseen pilot on Francis Drake's ship was the Spirit of Adventure: Cortez was moved by the love of gold; but the Spirit of Religion guided the destiny of the little "Mayflower," that was freighted with issues more important to democracy than that of any ship that ever put out to sea. These Pilgrim Fathers claimed for themselves, in the hour they sailed, the command given to Abraham, "Get thee out from thy country unto a land which I shall show thee, and in thee and in thy children shall all the families of the earth be blessed." Their watchwords were five: Liberty, equality, opportunity, intelligence, and integrity. Liberty for every man to work out his own destiny; equality that every man of every order and degree of talent, like shrub and vine, oak and palm, might unfold each his own gift and do his own work in God's way; opportunity, that all should have a chance to work and grow, the baker's son and the widow's boy alike bearing the image of God, both being free to climb as high as ambition, industry and talent warrant; intelligence, and integrity, that sound knowledge and moral worth are the foundation of all individual excellence and national great-

In retrospect, all men now perceive that Plymouth Rock, where our Pilgrim Fathers landed, is the true Bethlehem of Democracy, the cradle of Liberty. Therefore, in these windows we seek to register the story of God's providence. What God thought it worth while to do, we think worth while to celebrate and remember. Some churches limit the windows in their buildings to the age of the prophets and the apostles. No man can over-estimate the importance of such recognition through ecclesiastical art and architecture.

But the time has fully come for us to widen our thoughts. When we proposed these windows, setting forth the immanence of God, in the countenance of his loving providence, and asserting that God is pouring out His spirit upon al flesh, through the Puritans, some men called it sacrilegious. But when long time has passed, the storm of controversy and criticism will die out of the air. Men will understand that the setting



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HUGUENOTS IN THE CAROLINAS AND THEIR INFLUENCE UPON THE SOUTH—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Prederick Stymetz Lemb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb



forth of what God did for our fathers does not deny what God did also for the prophets and apostles. It rather supplements and completes the story. Once medieval art was bound in grave-clothes. When liberty to choose new subjects came, the renaissance of art came also. Is it not God pouring out His spirit upon American artists? Has not the era of conventional angels, and conventional prophets, and conventional apostles fully passed? Do not say that the era of romance and poetry is gone. It has just come. God poured out his spirit on Millet. Men had thought that the only sacred subjects were a phophet with a staff, but Millet took a peasant boy and girl with their hoes. He steeped the clods in poetry, bathed the hoe handles in romance, and made them glisten like the sceptre of God.

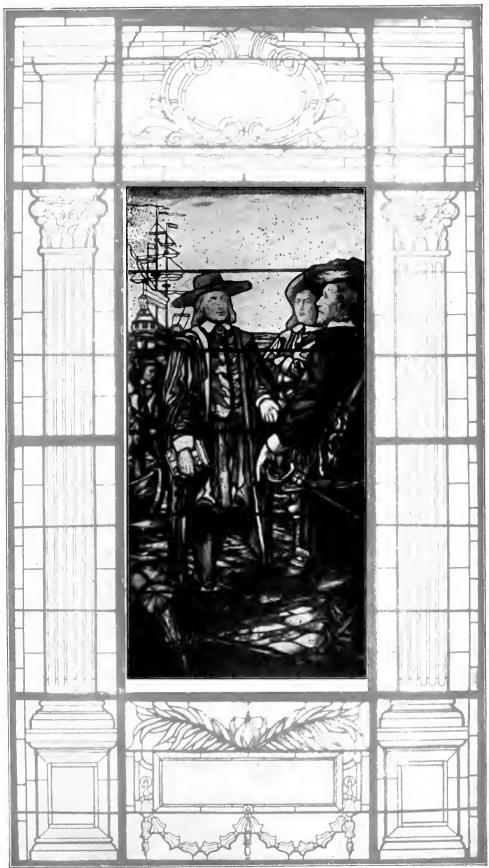
This old Puritan meeting-house will henceforth publish the story of the Pilgrim Fathers and the pioneers of modern religious liberty, and declare the democracy of Jesus and the universality of God. And when the controversy has died away, we hope and pray that men all over this land will give up the old conventional art, and through the windows in library and chapel and church the sons and daughters of the republic may come to feel that the God who once walked with holy men in Palestine still walks and works with the soldiers who keep the state in liberty, with our surgeons and physicians who keep the state in health, with our educators who keep the state in wisdom and knowledge, with our publicists and statesmen who keep the state in law and ethics, with our merchants and manufacturers who feed and clothe the people, with our poets and prophets who inspire and support the pilgrim host. There are no better themes for stained glass, in solemn aisles and glorious windows of libraries and galleries, than the themes of modern liberty, religious and political, where God hath made known His will to men. In the full confidence of a new era of art, in our chapels and libraries and churches, we have set forth the influence of Puritanism upon the people and institutions of the republic.

HISTORY OF THE PURITANS RELATED IN AMERICAN ART

HE whole history of Puritanism and its influence upon the people and institutions of the republic is told in these windows. Those which pertain directly to the Puritans in the New World are reproduced in these pages, although the Old World antecedents are included in the series of historical windows in Plymouth Church. Modern Democracy and liberty began with the Plea for the Bill of Rights before Charles the First. The

plea was made by John Hampden called "the most patrician gentleman of his era," and John Pym, the first man in history to be spoken of as "the Old Man Eloquent." The two patriots organized a movement against the doctrine of the divine right of kings. They denied the king's right to impose taxes and personally expend the people's money. At the risk of the Tower or the headsman's axe, they insisted upon the rights and duties of the people's elected representatives. When Charles demanded





LANDING OF THE FIRST DUTCH MINISTER AT NEW AMSTERDAM—Jonas Michælius—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb



COMING OF THE PURITANS-Last Prayer of John Robinson on the Deck of the "Speedwell"—Memoria in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb



DAWN OF PERSONAL LIBERTY IN AMERICA—Roger Williams Settling Rhode Island—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb

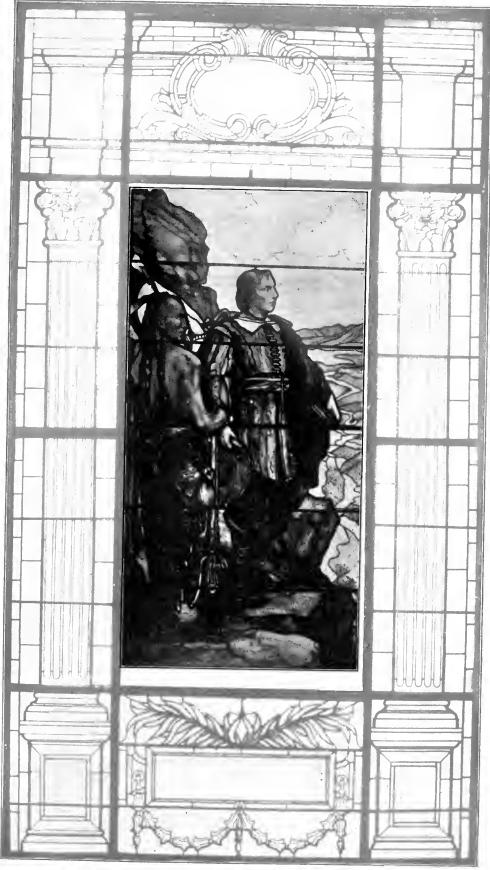


the persons of three members of the House whose criticisms of the throne were offensive, the Speaker answered "I have no ears with which to hear your commands, no hands with which to arrest these members, no eyes with which to see them, until the House of Commons, by a majority of votes, bids me so do." Their plea for the rights of the people was made in the House of Parliament. Hampden is speaking, and about Charles are grouped the Earl of Strafford. Archbishop Laud, Prince Rupert and Lord Digby.

John Milton made the first plea for the freedom of the Press. He believed that the people had full power to distinguish between truth and falsehood, wisdom and error. He insisted that the printing-press must sow the land with the good seed of universal wisdom and knowledge. To this end the author, the philosopher, and statesman must be free to publish their views. He made a thrilling protest against the imprisonment of a writer because his pamphlets and books were unfriendly to the existing government. The influence of the Areopagitica has been world-wide. No record exists of the argument, save in a printed form. The window therefore represents Milton as seated in his study, surrounded by manuscripts and illuminated missals, and writing his plea for intellectual liberty. Although a Puritan by conviction, John Milton was a courtier, and throughout his entire career as Secretary of State during Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, the poet dressed in the rich costume of the era.

During his boyhood, Oliver Cromwell witnessed the flogging and mutilation of a Non-conformist clergyman. The old minister was at once author, orator and preacher. The youth was stirred to a fury of indignation when he heard later that three hundred of the moral teachers of England had been imprisoned or exiled. Then and there he registered a vow that if God ever gave him the opportunity of smiting ecclesiastical intolerance and bigotry, that he would strike the hardest blow that he could. Some years passed by, and Cromwell had climbed to England's greatest palace, Whitehall. As Lord Protector of the Commonwealth, one day he heard that George Fox, the Quaker, had been thrust into jail, because he would not conform. Oliver Cromwell brought the Quaker out and gave him his liberty. He announced his judgment that the commonwealth should be founded upon liberty, toleration and charity in religion. After his release George Fox went to Hampton Court, where the interview with the Lord Protector took place.

When some of the Puritans found they could not live a free life, and work out their own mission and destiny under bishop and king, they removed to Holland. There they dwelt apart, for twenty years. They maintained an absolute democracy, political and ecclesiastical. Their leader was John Robinson, a man of unique genius and character, the author of the proverb. "More light is yet to break forth from God's throne." Robinson was one of the pioneers and heroes of religious liberty. He believed that to the Pilgrim Fathers, as to Abraham, God had said in His providence, "Get thee out from thy country and thy kindred to a land which I will show thee. And I will bless thee, and in thee and thy children



BIRTH OF THE GREAT WEST—Manassas Cutler Crossing the Appalachian Range—Memorial in Plymouth Church. Brooklyn. New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York

Executed by J. and R. Lamb



after thee shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." On the 20th of September, 1620, John Robinson and the Pilgrim Fathers marched down the street of Delithaven reciting a psalm. Kneeling on the deck of the "Speedwell" he committed the pilgrim band into the guidance of that God who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, and bringeth the stormtossed into the desired haven. About Robinson are grouped the leaders of the company.

From the beginning the Pilgrim Fathers recognized the all but insurmountable obstacles to the founding of a colony and the subduing of a continent. Forecasting these difficulties, they determined to enter into a solemn compact for mutual aid and comfort, in the interest of unity of action, and strength against all enemies. The genius of the compact is, each for all, and all for each. The principles set forth have been called the seed corn from which grew the Declaration and the Constitution.

The log book of the "Mayflower" runs thus: "This day, before we came to harbour, observing some not well effected to unity and concord, but giving some appearance of faction, it was thought good there should be an association and agreement that we should combine together in one body, and to submit to such government as we should by common consent agree to make and choose." In this window appear Carver, Bradford and Winslow, all governors of the colony at later dates.

Much to the surprise of the leaders, the "Mayflower" touched the coast of Massachusetts instead of the Virginias. After careful exploration of the shore, by men sent forth to spy out the land, Plymouth was selected as the site of the colony. "We came to a conclusion by the most voices to set on the main land on the first place, on a high ground, where there is a great deal of land cleared, and hath been planted with corn three or four years ago; and there is a sweet brook that runs under the hillside, and as many delicious springs of good water as can be drunk, and where we may harbour our shallops and boats exceeding well." In the foreground of the window are Brewster, Governor Carver and Priscilla Alden, representing the church, the civil government and the family. In the distance is the "Mayflower," and in the background men debarking from the vessel.

From the moment of their landing the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritans planned the education of the Indians. From London came a letter from John Eliot, who coveted the task of missionary to the forest children. Soon after an invitation was sent from the colony that was accepted by Eliot, who landed in Boston in 1631, and immediately began his preparation for evangelizing the Indians. He soon found a young chief who spoke the English fluently, and, working together, Eliot and the Indian made the first dictionary and grammar and translated the Bible into the Indian tongue. Eliot soon became known as the Apostle to the Indians, and the story of his influence, reaching England, moved John Hampden to visit the colony. Tradition tells us that John Hampden walked from Boston to the banks of the Connecticut, where John Eliot was then encamped with a tribe of Indians. In a few years Eliot built up a strong



POUNDATION UPON WHICH A NATION WAS LAID—The Landing of the Pilgrims—Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb

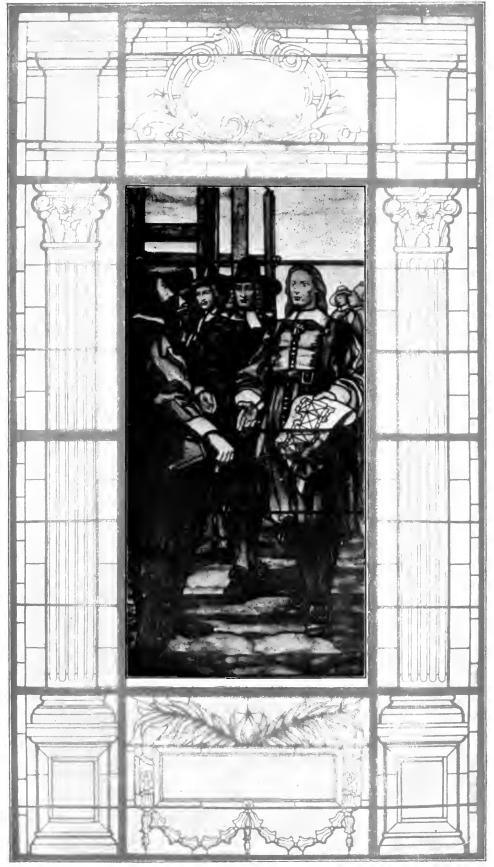
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Indian church. On his return to Boston, the Apostle to the Indians recommended the policy of peace and good will, urging a treaty of friend-ship along the lines afterwards wrought out so successfully by William Penn, in Philadelphia. Had Eliot's recommendations prevailed, it is believed that the white man's relation with the Indian during the past centuries might have been one of peace and friendship, instead of bitter hate and cruel warfare.

Twelve years after their landing at Plymouth, the Puritans united to found Harvard College, in the interest of the higher education. Free institutions and the democracy assumed that every colonist was not simply a patriot towards his country and a Christian toward his God, but a scholar toward the intellect. In the monarchy it is necessary to educate only the royal family and the upper ruling class. In the republic, where all are kings and rulers, all must be made scholars. Training in the fundamentals was not enough. Men must be made wise toward political problems, economic problems, social problems, and moral problems. At a time when they had scarcely enough strong men to act as trustees, and to serve as teachers, the Puritans founded an institution of the higher education, anticipating a day when young men would crowd their rooms. The founder of the college was John Harvard, who died six years after the first timbers were lifted into their places. The record of Harvard University says, when John Harvard died, in 1638, it was found it had pleased God to stir up his heart to give one-half of his estate toward the erecting of a college, and all his library. The committee that met John Harvard, and received at his hands the gift, was composed of twelve prominent members of the colony. In the window there appear the figures of Governor Winthrop, the minister John Cotton, Shepard and others.

This wonderful story in American foundations includes art windows depicting—Roger Williams and Personal Liberty, Rhode Island; John Hooker's Plea for Independency, The Contribution of Connecticut; The Contribution of "Brave Little Holland," and the Dutch in New York; The Quaker's Gospel of the Inner Light and the Peace Movement in Pennsylvania; The Cavalier, and the Contribution of the Episcopacy, Virginia; The Huguenot, and His Influence upon the South; The Overflow of Puritanism upon the Great West; The World Movement, the Haystack Prayer Meeting at Williams College, and the Founding of the American Board in 1806.

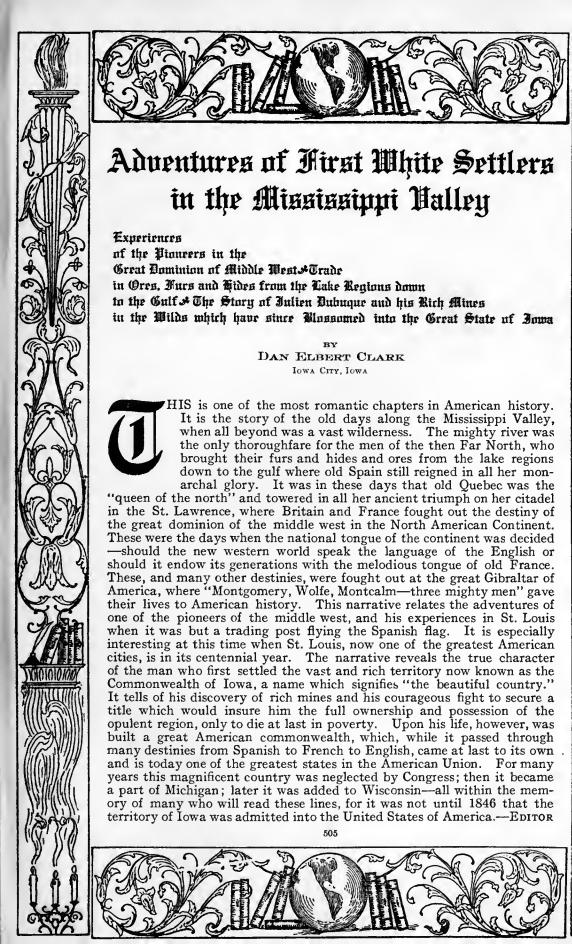
It is one of the most complete records of American foundations that has ever been placed before the American people and will become an historic shrine before which travellers will stand as they do before the ancient cathedrals of Europe. These windows are the beginning of a new epoch in American history in which the churches of the nation are to become the shrines of tourists, of historians and of the people of the nations who desire to look upon the historical, spiritual, and intellectual influences that have built the greatest civilization that the world has ever known.



BEGINNING OF INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM IN AMERICA—Founding of Harvard College—Memorial in Plymouth Church Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb



LIGHT OF CIVILIZATION ON THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE—John Eliot Preaching to the Indians Memorial in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, New York—By Frederick Stymetz Lamb of New York—Executed by J. and R. Lamb





First White Settlers in Mississippi Valley

N the southern bank of the St. Lawrence, in the District of Three Rivers, lay the little village of St. Pierre les Brecquets. Fifty miles down the river rose the mighty fortress of Quebec, while at an equal distance to the southward was gay Montreal with its ever changing throng of traders, trappers and soldiers of fortune. It was the tenth day of January, 1762, and the wintry winds howled around the cabins of the little hamlet. Without, all was snow clad and desolate, but there

of the little hamlet. Without, all was snow clad and desolate, but there was rejoicing in the cabin of Noel Augustin Dubuque and his wife, Marie, for a son had been born. We may well imagine that, following the custom of his time, the proud father had called in his friends and neighbors to celebrate the happy event with songs and feasting.

Julien Dubuque, the cause of all this merriment, grew to be a bright, active lad, the pride of his parents, and the village favorite. Quick of wit and reckless of danger, he was, doubtless, the leader of his boy friends in all their adventures. From his fertile imagination must have resulted many exciting make-believe expeditions into the wilds in search of game and furs. The boy was given the best education the province afforded, probably in the Jesuit schools at Sorel. He was quick to learn and attained remarkable fluency of expression in the language of his ancestors, who had come out to Quebec from France early in the Seventeenth Century. But the youthful Julien soon became impatient of the restraints of the school-room. The field of learning had no great attractions for him.

The spirit of adventure filled the air. Right at Dubuque's doorway, to the westward, lay an unknown and alluring world which called him irresistibly. Men were daily returning from this wonderful playground, bearing tales of its marvelous wealth and resources. Almost every week Julien Dubuque might have heard the rousing songs of the voyageurs as they plied their paddles up the St. Lawrence to Montreal, thence to plunge into the untracked regions beyond. It is not difficult to imagine that many times the boy begged his parents to allow him to go out into this land of promise, and that as many times he was told that he must wait until he was older.

But the day came at last when the parents could no longer keep their son at home. He had grown up and was a young man; small, stout and muscular, with jet-black hair, piercing eyes and a shrewd, determined face. In the spring of 1785, when Julien was twenty-three years old, he said farewell to his parents and friends gathered on the bank of the river, and joined a boat-load of men on their way up the St. Lawrence. The ambition of his life was at last being realized. He was going to seek his fortune in the land of his golden dreams. The boats paddled up the river and Julien Dubuque had seen his parents and the little village of St. Pierre les Brecquets for the last time. Henceforth he was to play his part in the new world of which he had heard so much.

At Montreal a brief stop was probably made for rest, the purchase of supplies, and a last glimpse of civilization. Then on and on to the westward pressed the men. There were long days of hard rowing and wearisome portages, followed by periods of revelry and carousing. Gradually the party became smaller. One by one the men dropped off, some to settle down for a summer's trade and trapping, while others, tired of the hard journey, turned back again to Montreal. But Dubuque wished to see the country further to the west, and on he pushed, until at last, with

The Great Dominion of the Middle West

only a few companions, he glided down the Wisconsin River to its union with the Father of Waters. There he found the lonely trading post of Prairie du Chien, so called from a band of Fox Indians, known as the Dogs, who once had their home there

For many years, ever since 1737, Prairie du Chien had been the temporary halting place of French traders and trappers coming down from the lake country, but it was not until in 1783 that settlements of a permanent nature were made. The village which Julien Dubuque saw in 1785 consisted of ten or fifteen log huts and a number of Indian lodges scattered about on a fertile prairie overlooking the Mississippi, and bordered on the rear by a picturesque range of grassy bluffs. The inhabitants, numbering about two hundred, were mostly French-Canadians and half-breeds, engaged in farming, trading and trapping. Wild and intractable though they were, free from all restraints of law or religion, yet they were apparently happy and contented, and they lived at peace with their Indian neighbors until the rumblings of war broke in upon the tranquility of the little settlement.

Here at Prairie du Chien, in the heart of the Indian country, in a land of wonderful fertility, abounding in the precious furs, Dubuque decided to try his fortune. He quickly made friends and very soon was engaged in an active traffic with the Fox Indians on the west bank of the Mississippi. Especially in the village of the old warrior, Kettle Chief, was he a welcome visitor. By a judicious use of presents, and by his natural strength of character and that ready adaptability to environment so peculiar to the early French traders, he gained a remarkable influence over this band of Indians who called him "Little Cloud."

Very early in his wanderings Dubuque learned that the bluffs in the vicinity of Kettle Chief's village were rich with lead ore. Peosta, the squaw of a Fox warrior, had discovered the lead several years before, and the Indians were mining it in a primitive fashion. Dubuque, who had received some training in mineralogy, was shrewd enough to realize that the ore-laden hills possessed great possibilities if only they could be mined on a large enough scale. A way to wealth greater than he had even dreamed of seemed to open up before him. And so, with patience and skill, he steadily increased his power and influence over his Indian friends, until at last, on November 22, 1788, the chiefs and warriors assembled at Prairie du Chien, and by written statement gave Julien Dubuque the exclusive right to work the mines discovered by Peosta, the squaw.

Dubuque immediately moved across the river and made his abode in the Fox village, taking with him ten of his French-Canadian brethren from Prairie du Chien. He built cabins for himself and his men, laid out farms, and in every way prepared to be comfortable in the place where he was to spend the remainder of his days. He set up a smelting furnace and opened a store, for he still continued his trade with the Indians.

The digging of the lead was carried on in a very simple manner. No shafts were sunk. Drifts were run into the bluffs and the ore was patiently and laboriously dug out with the pickaxe, the crowbar and the shovel, and carried to the smelters in baskets. Gunpowder was either too scarce or its use for blasting purposes was unknown. The mining was done





First White Settlers in Mississippi Valley

entirely by the Indians, mostly by the women and old men. The Canadians acted as overseers and smelters, and aided Dubuque in carrying on the fur trade. Primitive though the methods were, a considerable amount of lead was mined each year and prepared for the market.

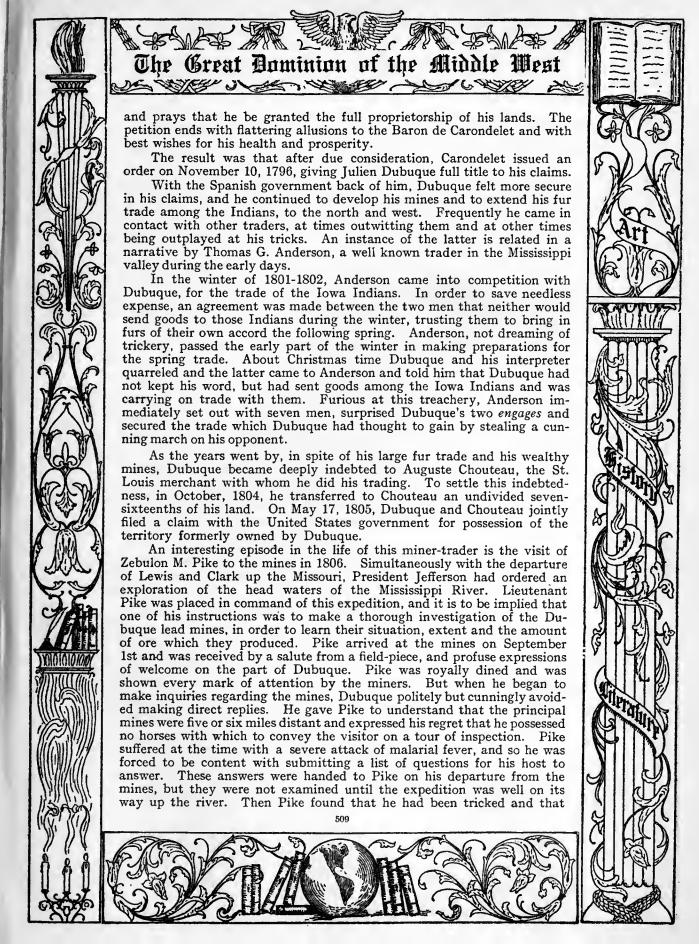
Twice every year boats were loaded with lead and furs and hides, and paddled five hundred miles down the Mississippi to St. Louis. These trips were the happiest days in the miners' lives. It is not difficult to imagine the picturesque little flotilla as it glided down the broad river, manned by the Frenchmen, chanting their joyous boat songs. They were usually accompanied by several of the Fox chieftains, decked in their gaudiest paint and feathers. Down the stream went the boats, peered at by groups of dusky savages on the banks. Occasionally they would meet a band of explorers or a trader returning home from St. Louis with his boat laden with supplies. At other times days passed, and the only living things the party saw were the wild animals of prairie and forest. Finally, after days of paddling, passing in safety the perilous rapids, the boats arrived at their destination and the cargoes were unloaded. Then followed several days, perhaps a week, of unalloyed pleasure for Dubuque and his men.

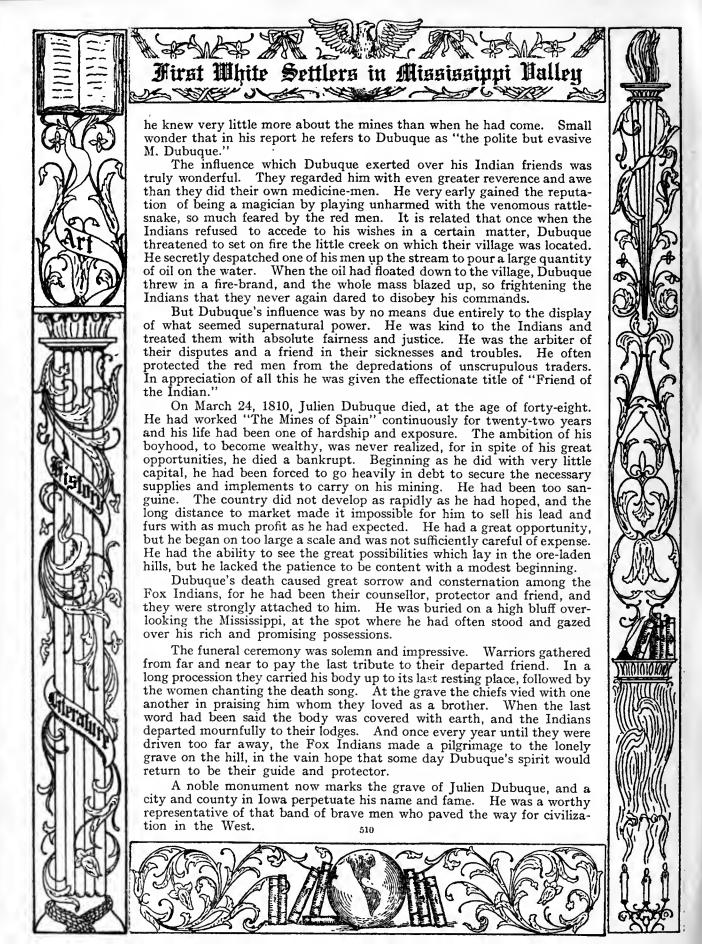
Julien Dubuque came to be a well known figure in the frontier town of St. Louis, for he was one of the largest traders from up the country. His arrival invariably caused a stir of excitement, and active preparations were made for his entertainment. This entertainment usually took the form of a grand ball given in his honor and attended by all the great people of the town. Courteous and affable, with all the grace and gallantry of the typical Frenchman, Dubuque was a great favorite with the ladies on these occasions. His tact and diplomacy won him the respect and admiration of the men with whom he traded, and they were ever ready to do him honor. At one of these balls it is related that Dubuque snatched a violin from a musician and, greatly to the wonder and amusement of the onlookers, executed a difficult and graceful dance to the strains of his own music.

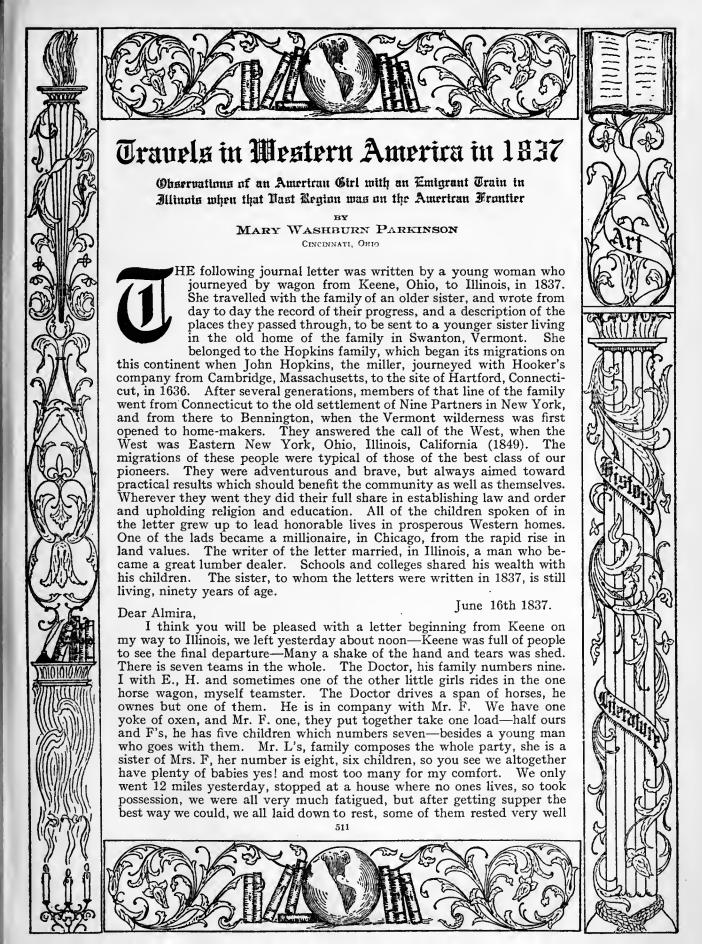
After the festivities were over and all the necessary business had been transacted, the boats were loaded with supplies, mining tools and trinkets for the Indian trade, and the weary voyage up the river commenced. Arriving again at the mines, the men took up their old routine of work and began to count the days until the next expedition to St. Louis.

Dubuque realized more and more, as the years went by, the increased value which time and the settlement of the country would bring to the land granted him by the Indians. And so, in 1796, after he had lived in his possessions for eight years, he petioned Baron de Carondelet, the Spanish governor of the Province of Louisiana at New Orleans, to confirm his title to the property, claiming that he had paid the Indians for the land. The territory claimed by Dubuque at this time, comprised a strip of land about twenty-one miles long and nine miles wide, extending along the west bank of the Mississippi between the streams now known as the Little Maquoketa and the Tete des Morts.

The petition to the Spanish governor was worthy of the most skillful and practiced diplomat. In the opening words Dupuque refers to himself in the most humble manner and relates his trials and hardships. Since none but Spaniards could hold mines in the Province of Louisiana, he calls himself a Spaniard. He calls his mines "The Mines of Spain"









Travels of an American Girl into the West

(or thats the say) as for me I thought it was a rather hard bed, feel a little stiff, together with a hard head ache. H. is quite unwell, she has a bad cold. I think she must take some physick. O dear me, what a trouble it is to journey with so many little ones. Well sister another morning has made its appearance. H. was quite unwell yesterday, took a dose of salts last night, is some better this morning, we had a hard days ride, it's been nothing but up hill and down they say we shall get off the worst of the road today (that is it will be more level). it seems long since we started, only 26 miles have we been. I find no time to write only when we stop and wait for each other. They have 25 head of cattle in all to drive, often have to wait for them, to see if they are altogether, they have one boy to go as far as Newark to help drive them—the Dr. has two cows. H. and P. have a yearling heifer of their own. A. is singing, she is a sweet singer, has a very soft voice. We have our waggons all covered. Ours with cotton, some of the others with linen.

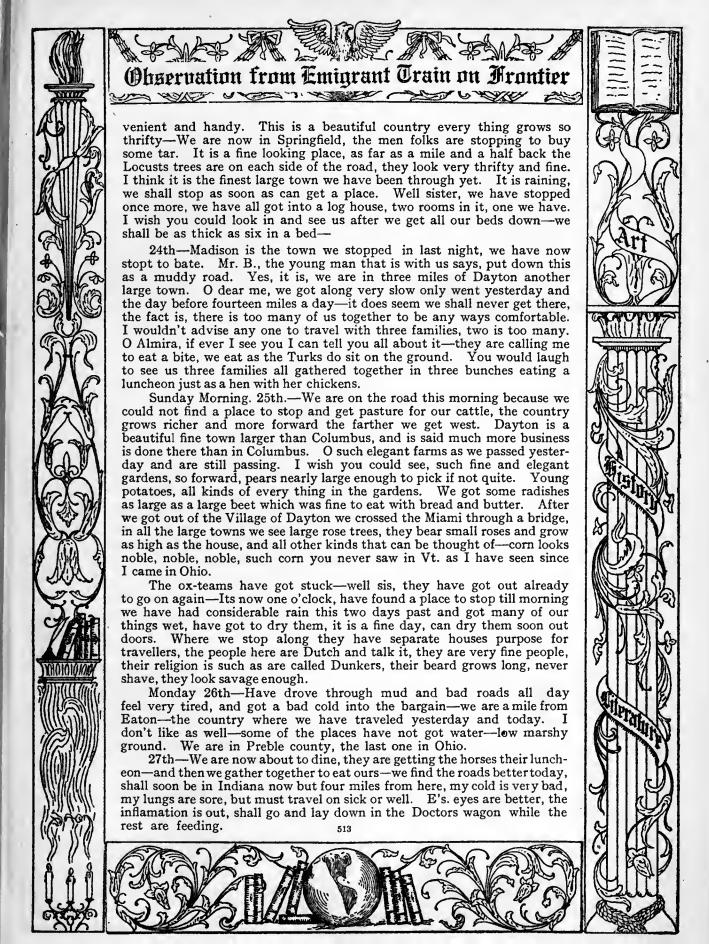
Sunday morning.—We are three miles beyond Newark, we have so far been very lucky in getting good places to stop—Where we are now the man of the house lost his wife two months since, left ten children. I feel very fatigued. H. is better—sister looks worn out—E. is more trouble to see to, and take care of than the little one—Before we left she hurt her eye, the inflamation set in, she seems quite well day times, but as soon as it is night, the light of the candle hurts her, so we have to carry her victuals to her from the light, help to dress her and see to things. I assure you it is no little job, when we have to see to all and everything else—O dear me, it seems I can't stand it through—we stop today, I think we shall all be better by tomorrow, the roads are much better. Well sister its near sun down, we have it so we can cook anything we wish just the same as at home only not quite so handy, the women are getting supper for the family we stay with, he has no house-keeper. We have had very pleasant weather thus far.

Tuesday, 20th.—Yesterday it was a rainy day, but not to stop us, we passed through Kerkersvile, Etna, and stopped in Hebernia, all very decent places, the rest of the way was mostly woods, some very nice farms. I think now I would never go by land again on no account, especially with two and three families it is such hard work to wait on them, when you feel not able to take care of yourself. However I endeavor to do as well as I can and trust the Lord for the event. We are on the national road it is very fine. Afternoon 2. o'clock—at Columbus—it is a fine looking place, we crosst the river Iota through a long splendid bridge and now stop to bate—wont you call and take a bite with us.

Thursday 22d.—I am in the wagon already for another start, H. is with me playing with her little red shoes, the others are getting ready. I feel sick enough to keep the bed today. Yesterday we had a hard day ride, be sure we were on the national road, but they had been covering it with small stones, it was hard for the horses, and for us. The most principal towns were Jefferson, Lafayette, there is much travelling on this road, every once in a little ways, you'll see signs reading thus "Travellers Rest" and "Entertainment for Travellers." Yesterday it was very cold, it was not uncomfortable with cloaks on, and my hands ached for want of mittens, today much warmer.

Friday 23d.—We are two miles from Springfield, stopping to a widow womans house. She was formerly from St. Albans, has lost two husbands since she came to Ohio, is well off, a large beautiful farm, every thing con-







Travels of an American Girl into the West

28th. Well Almira, I have just arrived at the top of a very steep hill, am awaiting for the rest to get up—I think I shall learn how to drive by the time I get there, through thick and thin we go—we stopped a mile from Richmond, Indiana last night, have got through the town, and still on the top of the hill, they have some difficulty in getting up. I like the town much, there are many Quakers there, some passing now going to a monthly meeting they said, they were more than half Quakers. Five teams just passed us going to Illinois, they are all the while passing, going there we to Indiana, many we have seen returning, some praise it very much, others don't like.

Almost Sundown—The Doctor is in a great mud hole—the bolt to his wagon has broke; the fore wheel ran from under him, left him in a bad condition, as good luck will have it we are near a house—shall stop all night—we find it very inconvenient to be with so many where we stop, we can hardly navigate sometimes as house rooms are so small and another thing, we all have to wait for each other, it takes up much time, we shant get to our journeys end near so quick.

29th—A year ago today 29th I arrived in Keene at Doctor B's, how many changes in one short year—Doctor got a new bolt to his wagon, have got only seven miles today, now eating dinner-We have had some rains, which makes the roads very bad, most shocking. Mr. F has just rode up says his bolt to his wagon has broken—they have all gone a piece back to assist him—he has arrived without much difficulty, shall go on again— 30th.—Well sister, we only went eight miles yesterday—one of Mr. F. cows was missing had to go back two miles or more. H. and F. were gone until after dark; did not find her. Mr. B. has gone back this morning a hour back, the rest of us have started on, and now stopt in the mud deep enough—the ox teams have got stuck all hands are helping. H. has come says the bolt has broken again. We passed the stage driver, he says it will take up two weeks to get to Lewisville, it is only eight miles, so you may judge about the roads. We staid with an old Bachelor last night—he was nasty enough—we lived through it, and thats all.

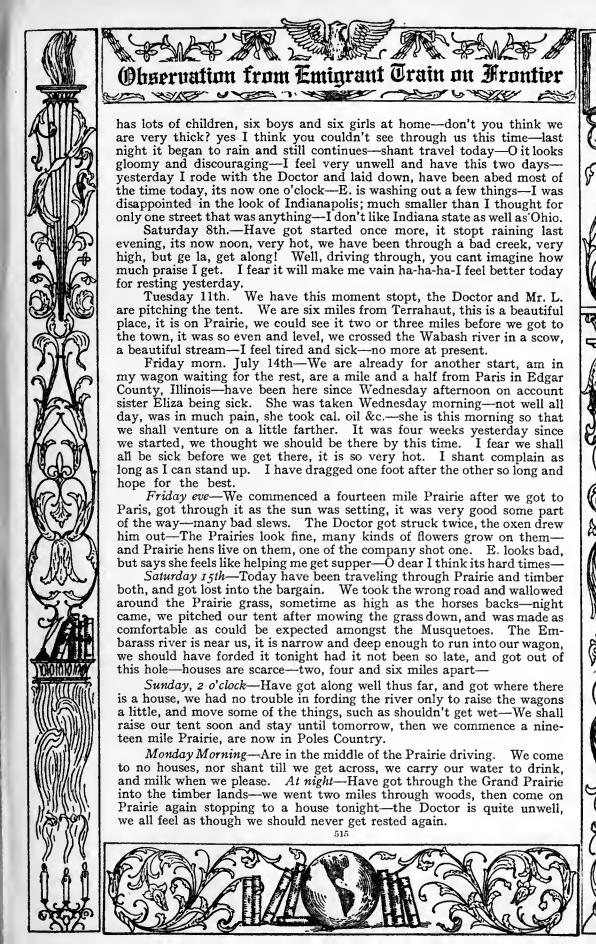
P. M. We have had the good luck to get out of the mud hole, since that Mr. S. has broke down, the bolt gave away to his—now all is well with us once more, are now dining, we are in Henry's County, and found the lost cow into the bargain. There were three families that tented near by us last night, going to Illinois, they were from Vermont, our Company talks of getting cloth for one, and tent out nights.

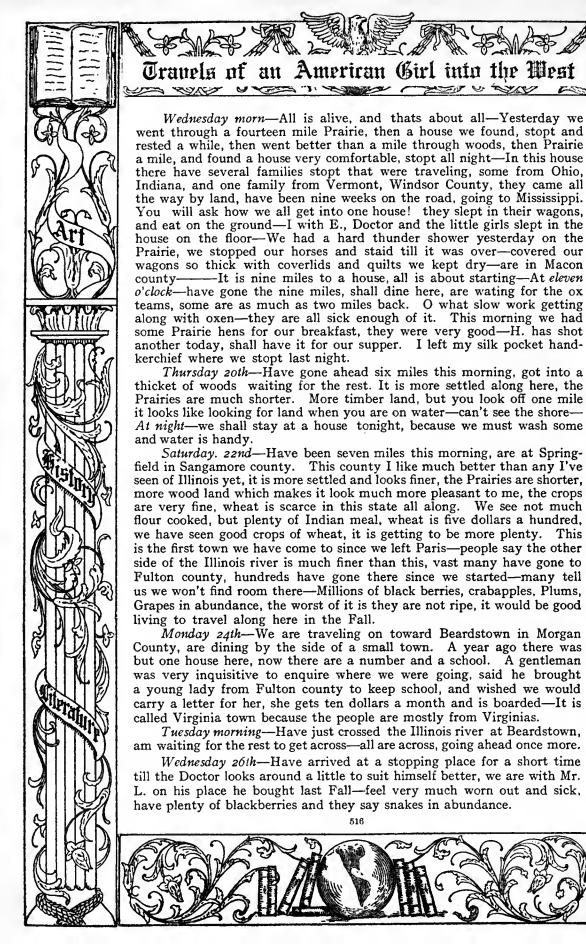
Monday, July 3rd.—Are in Greenville, have stopped to shoe a horse; in Hancock County—we stopt seven miles from this and staid over Sunday. Saturday night five of our horses got out of the pasture, went back as hard as they could go, after going 22 miles a tavern keeper stopt them, put them up. H, Mr. L. and Mr. F. went for them. Saturday we went through tremendous holes and mud very deep. We have got cloth for a tent and partly made, shall stop before dark and get it up.

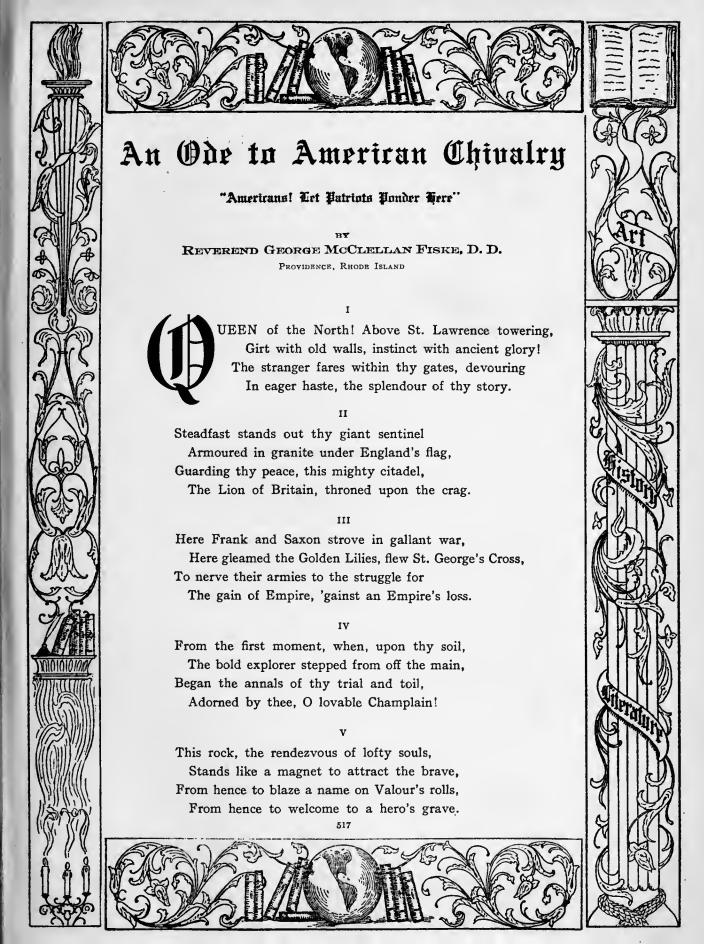
Tuesday, 4th of July. I think very likely you are celebrating this day in Swanton in some way or other—we got our tent done and slept in it last night, it went very well—its bad about not having chairs nor table, we have only one chair, the one that was brought from Swanton, they sold their table, Bureau chairs, etc., bought their stand—it will be much cheaper to tent out, the roads are better.

Friday 7th.—Are in Putnam County half way from Indianapolis to Terrahaut, at a Mr. Drights—very pleasant people lately from Kentucky,













V

ETROPOLIS of Saints! The Church of GOD

Has bathed thee in an atmosphere of Prayer,
Thy streets say, ALLELUIA! and thy sod
Blossoms with Altars: Heaven is thine own air.

VII

Christ's servants pass in reverend array,
Priest, prelate, missionary, monk and nun,
Marquette, Laval, Le Jeune, Noué,
Holy Madame de L'Incarnation.

זוזע

Bright glows the constellation of thy friends Celestial: Mary, Joseph, Stars of man, While from Beaupré with these, benignant, blends Thy ray of healing, O la bonne St. Anne!

IX

Nor hast thou lacked the martyr's aureole, For JESU'S soldiers drained the reseate font Of pain. While Honour's voice from pole to pole Breathes out those deathless names, Brébeuf, Lalement.

X

Here too flowed full and fast, in mirth and glee, The tide of reckless pleasure, glittering vice Of prodigals, and unjust stewards' waste. And Canada was sold for such base price.

ΧI

Sad was the day for France, when in the dust, Rapacity and Greed her banner trailed, When in her courts reigned Avarice and Lust, When from her councils Light and Wisdom failed.

XII

Yet mid the faithless, still the faithful stand, Truth overcomes weakness of circumstance, When rose to be, twice ruler in the land, A figure of superb, Old-World romance.

XIII

The courtly and intrepid Frontenac,
"Clive of Quebec" Well doth the scribe so say,
And when he came, Versailles a ray gave back
Of royal light to glorify his sway.

518







SEE La Salle! The "course of empire" leads Him far; and in the Continent's expanse He writes upon the wild his dauntless deeds, His tragic death: Dreamer of noble dreams for France!

Fearless, reproachless, Bayard of the West! With Saints of Christ, worthy to bear the palm, Far from his earthly home to reach his rest, To thee, Quebec, came that true Knight, Montcalm.

XVI

Who comes? A dying youth! yet Nature's law Was swiftly superseded by the sword, When Wolfe with sudden vision of the dying, saw The road to win, though, through his blood outpoured.

The magic of his warcraft thrilled the world, As on the Plains of Abraham he traced His soldiers' scarlet line, his flag unfurled, And with his death, that field forever graced.

XVIII

That day two battling nations, mourned and wept. Victor and Vanquished, mingled mutual tears, In death, serenely, both their chieftains slept, And Fame Immortal o'er their ashes rears

Its shafts to say "Here died Wolfe victorious!" "Honour to Montcalm!"—these in one breath— The one defeated, has a guerdon glorious The glory, through all ages, of a glorious death.

Americans! Let Patriots ponder here. Along Cape Diamond's rugged side there dwell Memories to Sons of Liberty most dear, For in the van 'twas "Here Montgomery fell."

Montgomery! Wolfe! Montcalm! Three Mighty Men! Whose might shall stand supreme o'er Time's worst wreck, In them old chivalry has lived again, Their gentle blood hath hallowed thee, Quebec.







Historic Sculpture in America

Achievements of the Nation in War and Peace Immortalized by the Monuments Erected on the Western Continent & The True History of a People is Written in its Sculpture & Material Greatness of the Republic Symbolized in its Memorials to Builders of the Nation & Historical Interpretations in Art

MERICANS realize that the true history of a people is written in its art. Throughout the country magnificent memorials are being erected to the builders of the nation and their achievements in war and peace. That America has a distinct national art is also being proved, despite the frequent charges from old Europe that this is a nation of material greatness and grossness without any comprehension of the finer sensibilities of life, such as sculpture, painting and music. It has been the privilege of The Journal of American History to disprove these charges many times during the last three years. Every issue of these pages has presented indisputable evidence that America has a well defined

sion of the finer sensibilities of life, such as sculpture, painting and music. It has been the privilege of The Journal of American History to disprove these charges many times during the last three years. Every issue of these pages has presented indisputable evidence that America has a well defined art culture and that its character is not wholly material. The art of a nation, especially its sculpture, is so fundamentally historical that it is the duty of an historical journal to record its progress simultaneously with its political, economic and sociologic development. History does not consist merely of records of war, or statistics of events and settlements. They are but foundations upon which real history is built—not a hundred years ago, nor yesterday—but today. The mere facts of historical incidents are worthless except as they form a basis from which may be traced the intellectual and spiritual growth of a people, as well as the material and political. Historical records are valueless except as they may be interpreted into some deep philosophical truth in life, and serve as a guide to a higher intellectual and moral state of mankind. Sculpture, and all art, is a culmination of historical sequences. It represents a high standard of civilization, built upon historical progressions. It is not strange, then, that it should accurately reflect the various periods of national transition, and that it should be one of the truest interpreters of a nation's history. To record in the annals of a people a great work of sculptural interpretation is of far greater honor and import to a nation than to record its battles and political dissensions. The Journal of American History is pledged. therefore, to the recognition and encouragement of art in America as one of the noblest testimonials of the historical worth of the American people. In these pages are presented some of the recent contributions to historical art with exclusive permission from the American sculptors who have loaned their work to The Journal of American History as the recognized historical repository for all that pertains to the finer arts and finer instincts of American life. The collection herewith represents hundreds of thousands of dollars which the American people are expending in aesthetic achievements which are equally as notable as the material accomplishments which are making the Americans the richest and most powerful race that the world has ever known—in art as well as commerce and trade —Editor



THE FIRST AMERICANS

Civilization Driving the Aborigine Westward Sculptural Conception of the "Destiny of the Red Man"

> By ADOLPH A. WEINMAN of New York

Member of the National Sculpture Society





AMERICA'S MASTERY OF THE SEAS

Sculptural Conception of the Young Republic of the New World before the Genius of Navigation

> By ISIDORE KONTI of New York

Member of the National Sculpture Society



MUSIC AND THE ARTS IN AMERICA

Sculptural Conception of the Finer Instincts in American Life which are now beginning to ennoble the National Character of the Republic

Panel for Facade in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan of New York By Adolph A. Weinman of the National Sculpture Society Reproduced by special permission for Historical Record in The Journal of American History



TRUTH AND THE SCIENCES IN AMERICA

Sculptural Conception of the Scholarship in American Civilization which is solving the problems of the ages and lifting the veil of the Future

Panel for Facade in the Library of J. Pierpont Morgan of New York By Adolph A. Weinman of the National Sculpture Society Reproduced by Special Permission for Historical Record in The Journal of American History

1-25



AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTION TO INTELLECTUAL ART

"The Blind"—Sculptural Conception of a Visionless Life—Masterful Symbolism of Spiritual, Intellectual and Physical Sightlessness in Psychological Appeal to the American People for Light and Reason

By LORADO TAFT Chicago, Illinois

Member of the National Sculpture Society



AMERICAN HEROISM

Memorial to American Gallantry in War with Great Britain in 1812 Statue to General Alexander Macomb, in Detroit, Michigan Erected as a Tribute to His Bravery which culminated in His being made Commander-in-chief of the Army of the United States of America



American

PROGRES

Historical Truths syn in which America the Light of a Political ar of By-go and

Member of the



AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD Sculptural Tribute to South America at the National Capital of North America Erected at the Bureau of American Republics at Washington, District of Columbia—By Isadore Konti, Sculptor, of New York—Member of National Sculpture Society

Sculpture

) TRADITION

n American Sculptural Art s is Forging Ahead into while the Economic, setual Traditions re left Fettered Thralldom

TTER ork

Sculpture Society





AMERICAN COMMERCE
Sculptural Conception of America's
Triumph over the Oceans in which American
Genius has Conquered Time and Tide and Brought
the Nations of the Earth together in a Great Brotherhood
of Trade—By Isadore Konti of the National Sculpture Society







FIRST PERMANENT GERMAN SETTLEMENT IN AMERICA



HISTORIC LANDMARKS IN AMERICA



Figure on the Dome of the Capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, typifying the Peace and Plentitude of the Republic "Pennsylvania"

> By R. HINTON PERRY National Sculpture Society



AMERICAN CHARACTER

Magnificent Tribute to American Magnanimity in which The True Spirit of the South and the North is Exemplified "Reconciliation"

> By R. HINTON PERRY New York



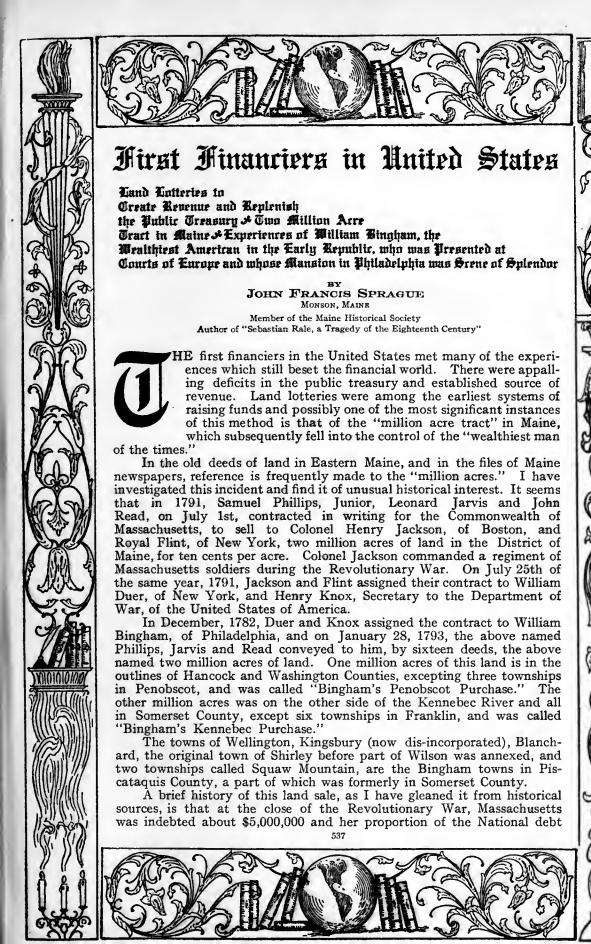


AMERICAN VALOR
Monument to Bravery of Soldiers
of the Civil War in United States—Erected
at Somerville, Massachusetts—By Augustus Lukeman





MEMORIAL TO THE FATHER OF AMERICA—Bas Relief to Amerigo Vespucci whose name was bequeathed to the Western World—Modelled by Victor D. Brenner of New York—Member of the National Sculpture Society





The Kirst Kinanciers in the United States

was supposed to be about as much. There was no revenue but a direct tax, which was oppressive, unpopular and not easily collected.

Governor Hancock called the attention of the General Court to the eastern lands in the District of Maine, and although there was great confusion regarding titles to land in that section of the district, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts did possess a good title to a large portion of its area.

Many Massachusetts soldiers who had been discharged, not "without honor," save that they were paid off in paper money worth about ten cents on a dollar, had immigrated to Maine and become settlers or "squatters" on any of these wild lands wherever their fancy led them, regardless of title or ownership.

Although lands were offered at \$1.50 per acre to actual settlers, not enough was sold to replenish the treasury. A land lottery was then purposed, and after much discussion the General Court passed an act, November 9, 1786, entitled, "An act to bring into the public treasury £163,200 in public securities, by sale of a part of the eastern lands and to establish a lottery for that purpose."

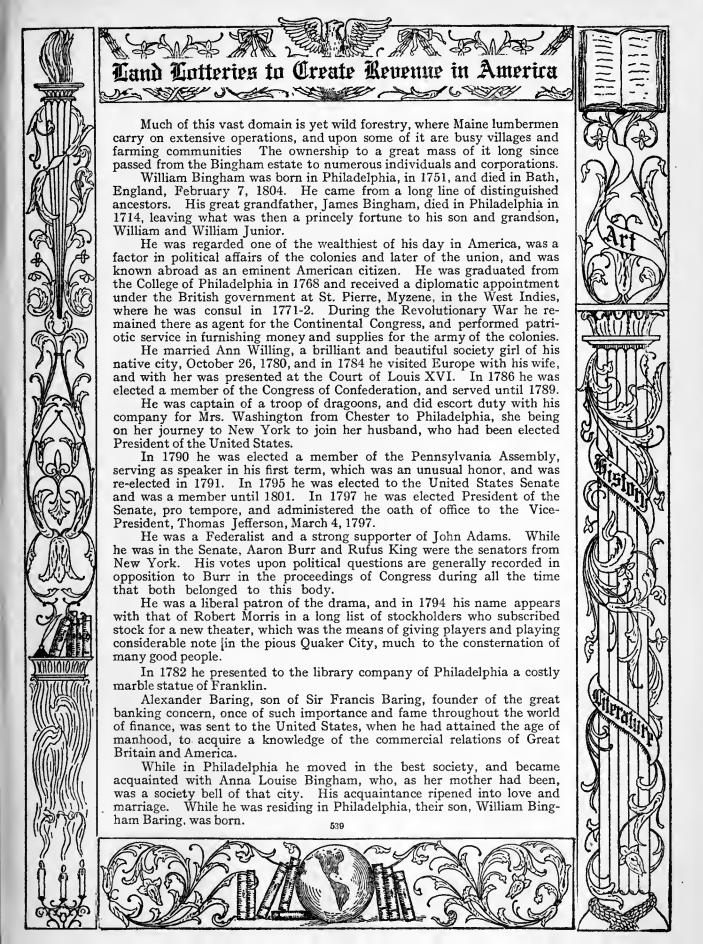
This act provided for the selling of fifty townships of land, six miles square, each containing in all 1,107,396 acres, situated in what is now Hancock and Washington Counties, between the Penobscot and St. Croix

There were in the lottery 1,939 tickets, which were to be sold for \$60.00 each, for which soldiers' notes, and all other public securities of the state, would be received in payment. The above named Samuel Phillips, Junior, and Leonard Jarvis and Rufus Putnam were sworn by Justice Samuel Barrett, October 11, 1787, to "the faithful performance of their trust as managers of the lottery."

Up to the time of the drawing, October 12, 1787, 437 tickets had been sold to about one hundred different purchasers, among whom were Harvard College, Reverend John Murray, of Newburyport, and Reverend Jonah Homer, of Newton. But the lottery scheme did not prove as successful as its promoters anticipated, and it was determined to make another effort to sell the eastern lands. A new committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Jarvis, Phillips and John Read, who, through Colonel Jackson and Royal Flint, sold two million acres as before stated to William Bingham, of Philadelphia, for ten cents per acre, this sale including the lottery lands. Mr. Bingham's agent subsequently bought up many, if not all, of the lottery titles. One million acres of these lands were to be at, or near, the head of the Kennebec River, and, as before stated, has ever since been known as the "Bingham Kennebec Purchase."

Some very distinguished Maine men have at various times acted as agents and attorneys for the owners and their decendants, in the management of this vast purchase. Among these have been General David Cobb, of Taunton, Massachusetts, who removed to Gouldsboro, Maine, in 1796. General Cobb lived in Maine for nearly thirty years, though the Massachusetts historians have generally ignored this fact; John Richards, Esquire, Colonel John Black, and his son, George N. Black; and later Honorable Eugene Hale, now one of our United States Senators; Honorable Lucilius A. Emery, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, and Hannibel E. Hamlin, the present Attorney-General of Maine. the name of William Bingham has become interwoven with the early history of Eastern Maine, its records and land titles.







The First Financiers in the United States

Alexander Baring afterwards became, in England, banker for the United States, and was subsequently made Lord Ashburton, and in 1842 he came once more to this country, as special ambassador for Great Britain to the Government of Washington. During this time the famous Ashburton-Webster treaty was made, which ended a prolonged territorial struggle between the two governments, which had caused the bloodless and somewhat farcical "Aroostook War," the treaty resulting in the State of Maine losing what it is believed was by right a part of her domain, it being a strip of land that is now a rich and populous portion of the province of New Brunswick.

For many years the Binghams maintained at Lansdown, near Philadelphia, a magnificent country seat. When Joseph Bonaparte (ex-King of Spain), came to the United States, he leased Lansdown and had a

permanent residence there for a year.

Mr. Bingham's residence in Philadelphia, known as the "Mansion House," was an elegant structure, and considered the most magnificent and elaborate private dwelling in America. It was enclosed in a close line of Lombardy poplars, which he had imported and from which, it is said, have sprung all the ornamental poplar shade trees now in this country.

In Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, it is stated that "the Mansion House, built and lived in by William Bingham, Esquire, was the admiration of that day for its ornaments and magnificence.... The grounds, generally, he had laid out in beautiful style, and filled the whole

with curious and rare clumps of shrubs and shade trees."

He was believed to be the richest man of his time in the colonies, for, in addition to the fortune which he had inherited, he accumulated large wealth in the West Indies as agent for American privateers. It was alleged by some that his methods there had been dishonest and corrupt, but none of his critics attempted to bring direct charges against him. Their accusations were merely innuendoes and hints of something mysterious, and appear to have been more the malicious carpings of the envious than the utterances of any one who possessed knowledge against his character. He was censured and vilified and abused by the newspapers in a manner that would have done credit to some of the so called "yellow" journalistic performances of the present day. Peter Marcoe, a writer of that period, in a poem published in the *Times*, in 1788, had this doggerel about Mr. Bingham and his enterprise in the West Indies:

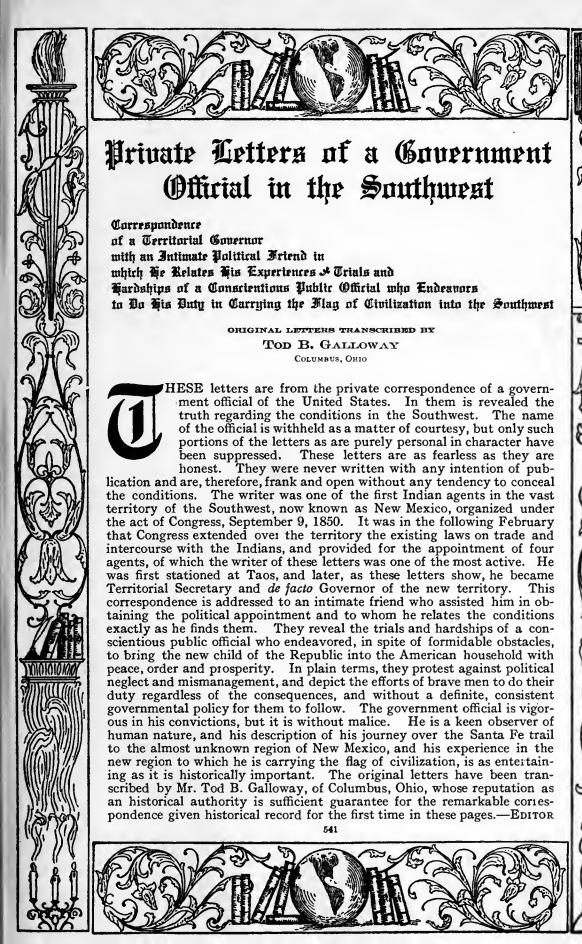
"Rapax, the Muse has slightly touched thy crimes, And dares awake thee from thy golden dreams; In peculations various thee sits supreme, Though to thy 'Mansion' wits and fops repair, To game, to feast, to flatter and to stare: But say, from what bright deeds dost thou derive That wealth that bids thee rival British Clive? Wrung from the hardy sons of toil and war, By arts which petty scoundrels would abhor."

And yet, notwithstanding the tempest of calumny which he was for a time subjected to, there is no evidence that he was other than a person of the highest honor and integrity in all his public and private affairs of life.

William Bingham was a financier of ability, a publicist of renown, a patriotic citizen, a leader in social and political circles, a cultured gentleman and a faithful and loyal public officer whenever called to fill important and eminent positions.

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INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, May 12, 1851.

My DEAR SIR:

After a delightful trip down the beautiful Ohio River and up the Mississippi to St. Louis, I landed, and was advised to make my outfit before I proceeded further up the country, as mules were said to be scarce and it would be almost impossible to procure a carriage made of seasoned timber, if I did not secure one here.

I think I was fortunate in following the advice, as I have a good light carriage at the cost of \$105.00, and two very fine gentle mules for

\$100.00.

I have driven them here from St. Louis, and they have continued to

improve in flesh notwithstanding the drive of over 300 miles.

St. Louis exceeds any city in the way of improvement that I have ever seen—even exceeding Cincinnati by far. I had the good fortune to meet Mr. Ewing² here, who has made a fine speculation. A law suit he gained in the Supreme Court some time ago gives him one-tenth of 300 acres of what will soon be in the heart of the city. A fortune in itself.

I also saw old Governor Bartley³ here who was on his way to Kansas, and from there was going to New Orleans. What can the old man be

after? Do you know?

I had the pleasure of hearing Senator Geyer⁴ make a speech in Court the other day. He is not a showy man by any means, but I think a very sincere one. He looks like, and I suppose is, just such another man as Judge Stillwell.⁵

Benton⁶ is the worst used up man in the country as a politician. In the city election at St Louis, although he was present and made every effort to secure the election of some of his friends, yet only one received a majority of votes and he was ousted afterwards because he was not eligible, not being a citizen. In my whole route I have not met a Benton man.

I was detained at St. Louis about a week longer than I should have been had I not met Colonel Sumner, who is to command the expedition to Santa Fe, and he informed me he could not possibly start before the 10th of this month, owing to the extreme low water in the Missouri River. He could not get boats for transportation. He intends to take out implements for irrigating and cultivating the soil in New Mexico, and intends the soldiers shall turn their attention to farming, so as the Government shall not be at so much expense, but I am inclined to think the scheme is a visionary one.

Troops are now on their march to Fort Leavenworth, and they will leave there for Santa Fe on the 20th. You may look for lively times in that country before the snow falls, as Sumner is the most business-like,

¹The writer started from his home, Columbus, Ohio.

Henry S. Geyer, United States Senator from Missouri, 1851-57.

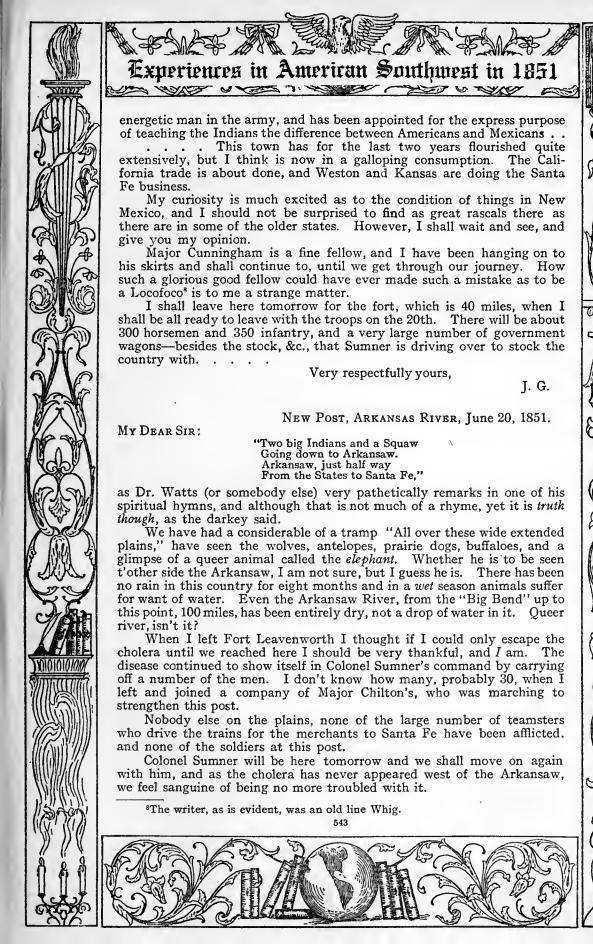
Of Zanesville, Ohio.

Afterwards military governor of New Mexico for a short time.



²Thomas Ewing. United States Senator from Ohio, 1831-37 and 1850-51, had at this time retired from political life and devoted himself to the practice of law. ⁸Governor Mordecai Bartley, of Ohio, 1846-48.

^{*}Senator Benton at this time was 69 years old. Far from being, as the writer expresses, "a used up man," he continued to exert a powerful influence in national and state politics until his death, in 1858.





Letters of a Covernment

We are in the midst of about 4,000 Indians who have assembled here for the purpose of meeting Major Fitzpatrick, Indian Agent, to hold a council. I was lucky in being there yesterday as it gave me an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies attending such an occasion. Fitzpatrick is trying to induce the Indians here to attend a grand council of all the prairie tribes in the West at Fort Laramie, where the Government hope to make arrangements with them by which the safety of the whites can be guaranteed in passing through the country. But the Major will hardly succeed. Fort Laramie is 500 miles from here, and these tribes do not wish to go so far. Besides, they are afraid of the cholera and the smallpox, as they have heard these diseases are spreading among some of the northern tribes. The Comanches, Kioways, Chians, and Araphoes are all at peace with us and have not committed any depredations for a long time, and with good management on our part will probably continue to be at peace for a long time yet. To keep all these prairie tribes in order, the garrison here numbers only about 75 men.

A few days ago we encamped upon Walnut Creek, and were sitting around the camp, talking and laughing, when our Mexican servant sang out "Indians Mucho," and looking up in front of us, we saw a company of Indians with their lances glittering in the sun and all around with bows and arrows, ready to pounce upon us. We numbered about 30 soldiers, and as there were twice that number of Indians in view, and we didn't know how many behind, you may suppose there was considerable scram-

bling among us. But

"We wasn't skeered Nor a bit afeared,'

but the way horses and mules were brought in, guns loaded and capped and swords loosened in their scabbards, was much quicker than on ordinary

They came in and encamped close by us, and for some reason did not pass the pipe around to us. This looked suspicious, and about midnight a great jabbering was heard among them and another party of about

80 came too, making them a pretty strong body.

We kept a strong guard out, but they were very peaceable and proved to be a war party, Comanches and Arapahoes, looking out for Pawnees, with whom they and all other tribes were at war. We are fearful of a want of water on the Cinnamon, but we can get along if anybody can.

Yours &c.,

J. G.

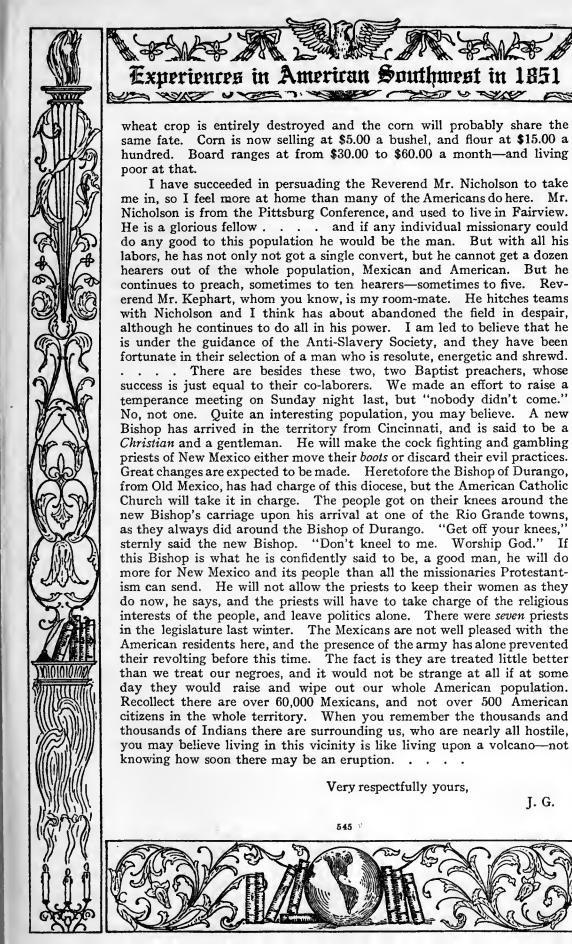
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, July 29, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:

. We arrived at this, the City of the Holy Faith, on the 17th inst., 53 days out. Although our trip was a long and a weary one, we had no right to complain. We enjoyed good health, met with no serious accidents, and got through safely.

There has been no rain scarcely in New Mexico for nearly a year, and the whole face of the country is dried up—many of the rivers even have run dry. For hundreds of miles not a single spear of grass has grown this season, and I suspect there will be no chance for any this year. The







Private Cetters of a Covernment

Santa Fe, New Mexico, October 1, 1851,

My DEAR SIR:

Here am I in the Palace of Santa Fe, sitting alongside of Governor Calhoun, writing letters to my old friends in the States, far, far away.

If I succeed in getting safely back again among my friends under Providence I shall consider myself a highly favored man. Between the savage Indians, the treacherous Mexicans and the outlawed Americans, a man has to run the gauntlet in this country. Three governors within twelve years have lost their heads and there are men here at present who talk as flippantly of taking Governor Calhoun's head as though it were of no consequence whatever. Everybody and everything in this country appears at cross purposes. In the first place the civil and military authorities are at war. 10 Colonel Sumner refuses to acknowledge the right of the Governor to send Indian agents with him to the Indian country—and will not afford the proper facilities for them to go-and the Governor refuses to send them. The Governor and Secretary of the Territory cannot hitch horses. The American residents are at war with the Governor, while the Mexican population side with him. Even the missionaries are at loggerheads. The Baptist preacher, Reed, is at war with the Methodist, Nicholson, and "wice-wersa." While the Presbyterian, Kephart, has turned editor and is raising the in general through the columns of the Santa Fe Gazette. The American troops are at war with the Indians, and if they could only catch them (the Navajoes), would give them fits, but Colonel Sumner is on his way back from their country without even seeing one of them. Since his expedition started, the Indians have come into this country within twenty miles of Santa Fe, and have robbed the citizens and run off their stock.

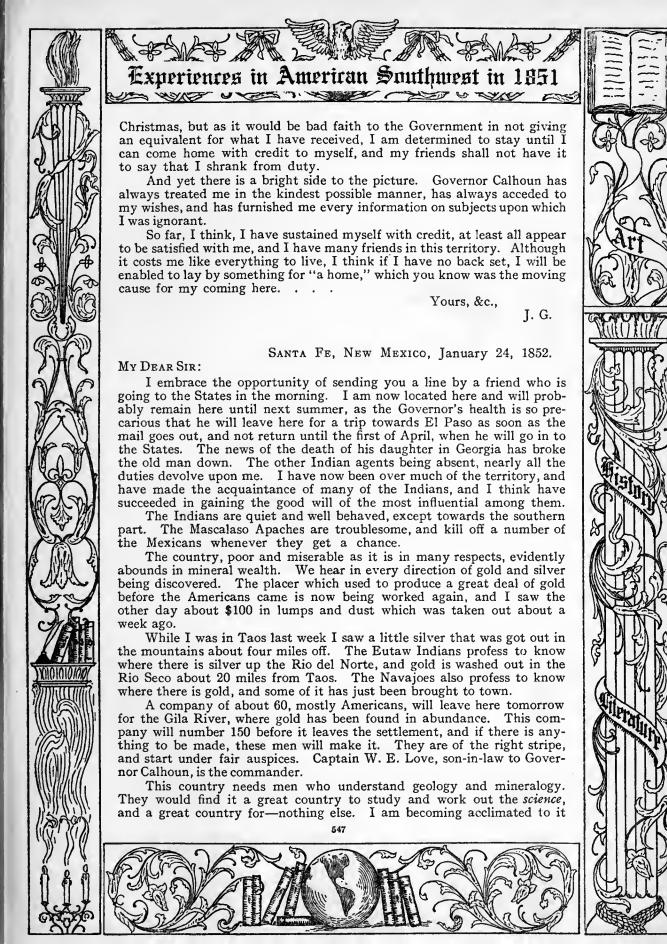
Two Americans have been murdered lately here by Mexicans, owing, I think, to their own impudence, and the Governor is charged with aiding and abetting the deed, although 70 miles distant from the scene of operations-and they make no bones of saying they will avenge the deaths upon him. Yet I have never known him to give any cause for such hostilities; cool, calm and deliberate, he is not easily thrown off his guard, and you may depend upon it, if he does fall, it will be with his face to the sky and his feet to the foe, and there will be men who will die with him.

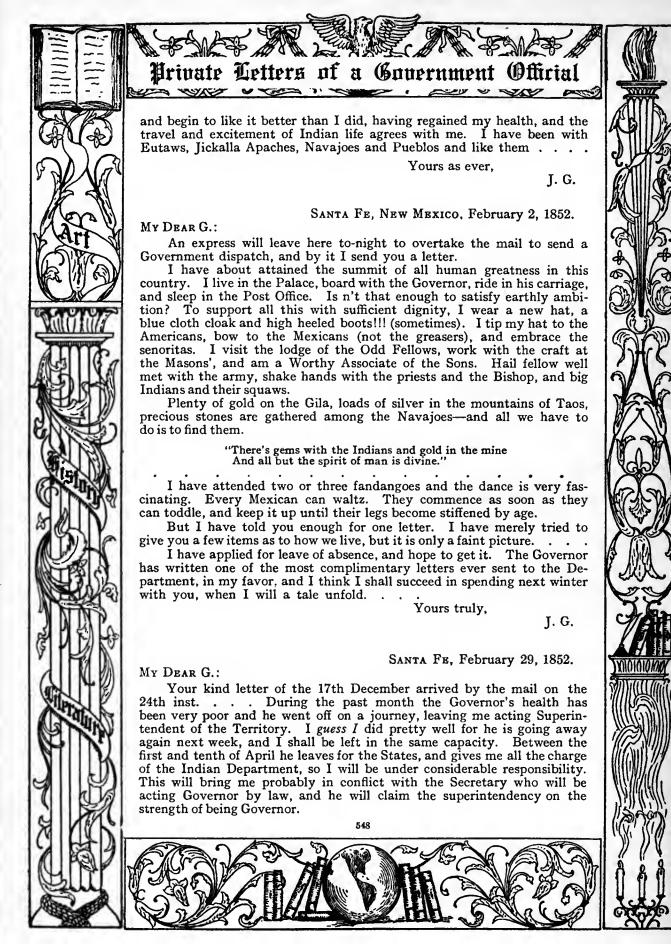
I have been residing at Taos lately, among the Eutaws and Apaches, who get drunk whenever they get a chance and boast of how many whites they have killed, and talk very glibly of the scalps they intend to take. There is a great and deep gulf between the Americans and Mexicans yet, and the love they bear each other has by no means waxed warm.

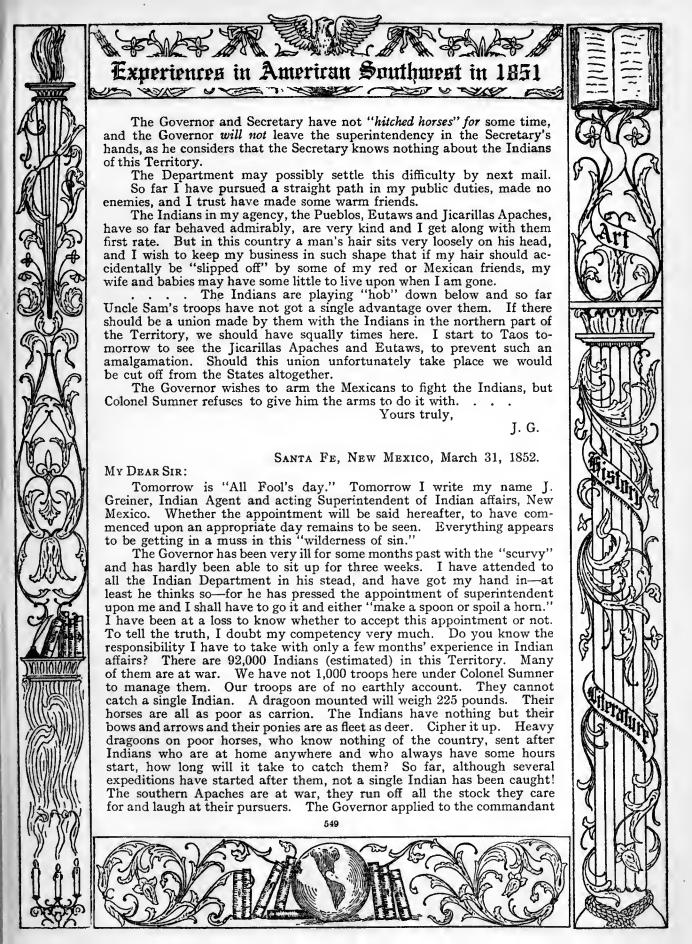
There is hardly an American here that stirs abroad without being armed to the teeth. and under his pillow, pistols and bowie-knives may always be found. None go to bed without this precaution. Taking all things into consideration, isn't this a nice, interesting country? If I had paid my own expenses to get here, you would see me at home before

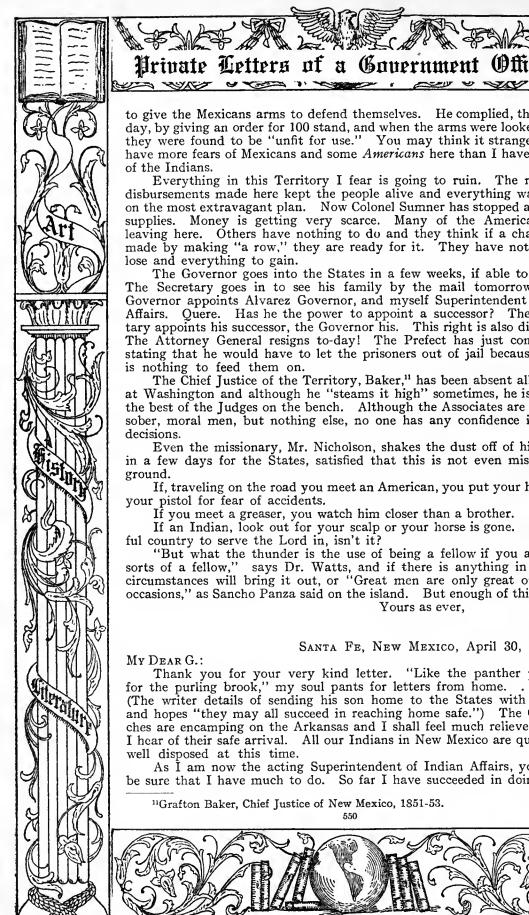
⁹James S. Calhoun, general agent for New Mexican Indians, 1848-51. On the organization of the Territory was appointed governor and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs.

¹⁰Sumner was inclined to regard the Indian depredations as of slight importance and the report of Calhoun '51 shows the grievous antagonism between the military and civil authorities brought about by conflicting instructions and lack of policy on the part of the general government.









Private Cetters of a Covernment

to give the Mexicans arms to defend themselves. He complied, the other day, by giving an order for 100 stand, and when the arms were looked after they were found to be "unfit for use." You may think it strange, but I have more fears of Mexicans and some Americans here than I have of any

Everything in this Territory I fear is going to ruin. The military disbursements made here kept the people alive and everything was done on the most extravagant plan. Now Colonel Sumner has stopped all these supplies. Money is getting very scarce. Many of the Americans are leaving here. Others have nothing to do and they think if a change be made by making "a row," they are ready for it. They have nothing to

The Governor goes into the States in a few weeks, if able to travel. The Secretary goes in to see his family by the mail tomorrow. The Governor appoints Alvarez Governor, and myself Superintendent Indian Affairs. Quere. Has he the power to appoint a successor? The Secretary appoints his successor, the Governor his. This right is also disputed. The Attorney General resigns to-day! The Prefect has just come here stating that he would have to let the prisoners out of jail because there is nothing to feed them on.

The Chief Justice of the Territory, Baker, 11 has been absent all winter at Washington and although he "steams it high" sometimes, he is by far the best of the Judges on the bench. Although the Associates are steady, sober, moral men, but nothing else, no one has any confidence in their

Even the missionary, Mr. Nicholson, shakes the dust off of his shoes in a few days for the States, satisfied that this is not even missionary

If, traveling on the road you meet an American, you put your hand on your pistol for fear of accidents.

If you meet a greaser, you watch him closer than a brother.

If an Indian, look out for your scalp or your horse is gone. Beauti-

ful country to serve the Lord in, isn't it?

"But what the thunder is the use of being a fellow if you ain't all sorts of a fellow," says Dr. Watts, and if there is anything in a man circumstances will bring it out, or "Great men are only great on great occasions," as Sancho Panza said on the island. But enough of this.

> Yours as ever, J. G.

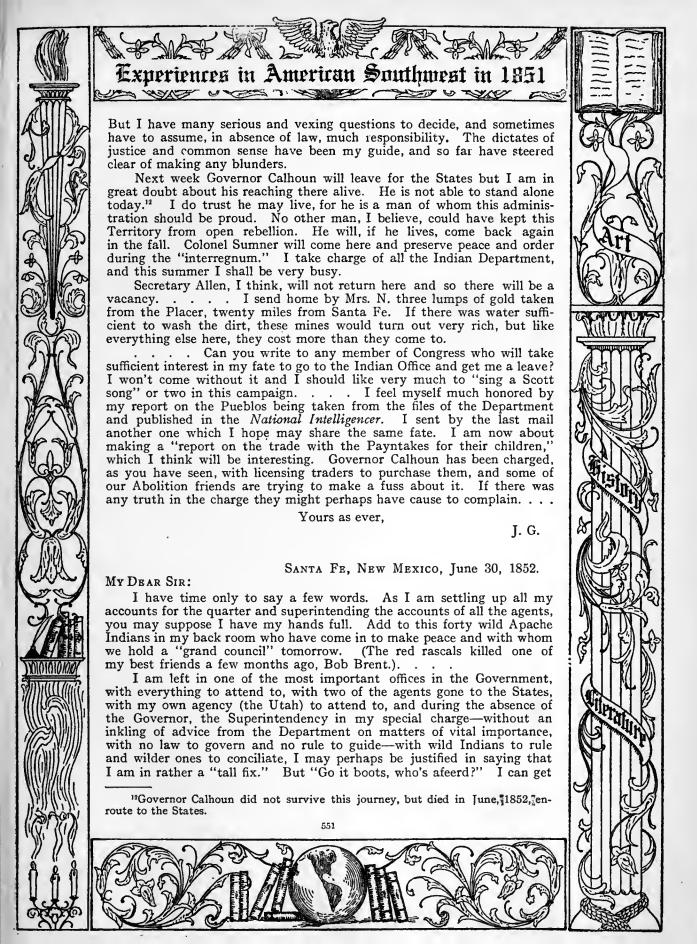
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, April 30, 1852.

Thank you for your very kind letter. "Like the panther panting for the purling brook," my soul pants for letters from home. . . . (The writer details of sending his son home to the States with friends and hopes "they may all succeed in reaching home safe.") The Comanches are encamping on the Arkansas and I shall feel much relieved when I hear of their safe arrival. All our Indians in New Mexico are quiet and well disposed at this time.

As I am now the acting Superintendent of Indian Affairs, you may be sure that I have much to do. So far I have succeeded in doing well.

¹¹Grafton Baker, Chief Justice of New Mexico, 1851-53.







Private Letters of a Covernment Official

the force to compel obedience, I can get as much money as I need on my own hook, I am getting the "hang of the school-house" and I have "troops of friends," so what's the use of grumbling?

The Department at Washington say I stand A No. one as an Indian Agent and they will give me leave to go home in September. But can I do it and leave my post here? Aye, there's the rub. Unless a new Governor or Secretary comes, I cannot. However, I shall hope. We are a magnificently governed Territory—that is, we have no government at all. Governor, Secretary, Chief Justice, Attorney-General, District Judge, two Indian Agents, all absent in the States.

But verily, if we did not know they were absent we wouldn't miss anybody but the Governor much. He is a glorious old fellow and I only wish he may live, 13 and be able to attend to business at Washington. You must think from what the people of New Mexico at Washington say of one another that we are a great set of rascals in this Territory, and perhaps they are not far from the truth. New Mexico, this year, will raise glorious crops. It rains a slow shower every day and everything indicates a fine harvest. . . . The mail is closing.

Yours truly, J. G.

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, July 31, 1852.

MY DEAR G .:

Hurrah for Scott! Ohio will once more be a Whig state, won't it?

. . . How I would like to be at home this campaign to enjoy the fun, but there is no hope. I had written for leave to come home, but although I got a few compliments for my official services, I got no leave and I won't come home without it. I received a letter from Major Weightman" by this mail telling me I am to be appointed Secretary of the Territory. As our Governor will be absent (if he is not dead) for some time, I will have to assume the duties of Governor. Again I say, Sancho Panza on his Island, hey? What the mischief will happen next, I wonder. But I am inclined to think I will not accept it. I prefer the Indian Department as I have the hang of the ropes and know what I am about, and have given general satisfaction to everybody. But as I have no certain news on this matter I will come to no decision until next mail brings me something more definite.

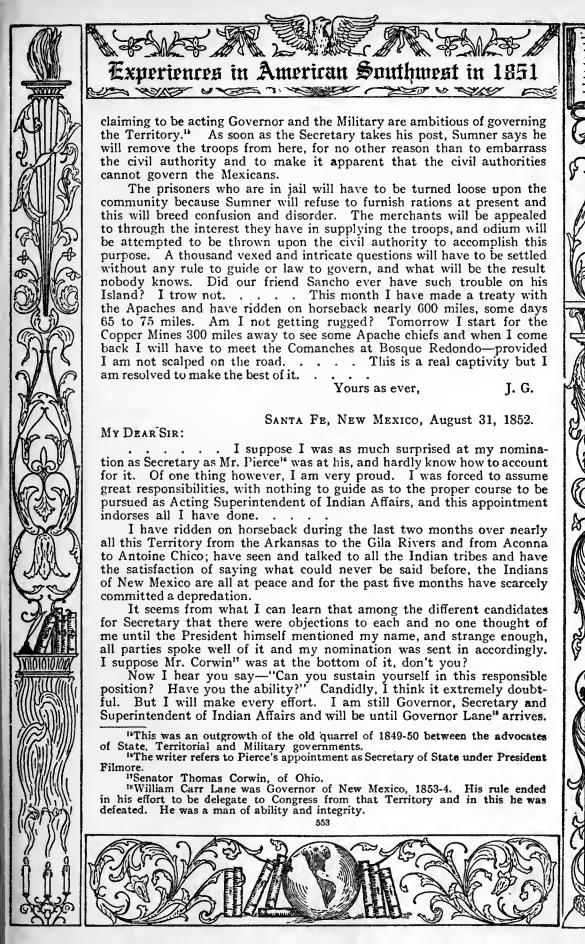
I have waded through so many difficulties during the past few months without getting stuck, that I am beginning to think the only plan is to shut my eyes and go ahead. Now the difficulties are growing thicker and more of them.

Left in charge of the superintendency of Indian affairs by Governor Calhoun, without a dollar to pay expenses, without any means provided to meet any of the Indians, with only one Indian agent in the Territory and he in the Navajo country, with a rumor that the Comanches are forming a league with the other wild tribes to pounce down upon New Mexico and Texas, with suspicions that some devilment is afoot among the Pueblos, with rumors of revolution among the Mexicans, with Governor, Secretary, and Chief Justice absent in the States, you can judge of my condition. . . . Suppose I take the Secretaryship and with that the office of Governor from the States. Colonel Sumner is here

¹⁴Delegate from New Mexico, elected 1851.



¹³The writer, as is evident, was not aware of Governor Calhoun's death.





Private Letters of a Covernment Official

But to tell you the truth, I am getting homesick. I want to see my wife and babies, and if I can get away from here with credit to myself and no detriment to the public service, I will be at home next spring, let who be elected, Scott or Pierce. I have taken the oath of office, fixed all my papers, given \$20,000 bond and am defacto now, almost the Civil Government of New Mexico, for everybody else, except the Chief Justice and Marshall are absent. The new Governor is on his way, and will reach here soon, I hope. He is a very estimable man, I hear from all quarters. If I can only perform the duties of Secretary as well as I have Indian Agent I will do. At all events, I will try. I. G.

My DEAR G.:

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO, October 30, 1852.

. . I am getting along in my office much better than I expected. The duties are not half so intricate as I imagined and yet I have to grope my way, hardly knowing what is the proper course to pursue. For instance, I have the disbursing of all the Territorial funds, the pay of the legislature is part of my duty—and yet I have not a single dollar to do it with because my predecessor carried away with him to the States all the money.

So far I have had to use my private credit and borrow money to pay claims of the treasury. The public printing has been done and not a dollar have I to pay the printer. But, I suppose next mail will bring me some instructions from the Department what to do. However, I shall go ahead, do what is right and leave the rest to Providence. So far, I have been well sustained. Since the first of April every dollar of money expended for the Indian Department has been raised on my own private credit—and me not worth a dollar!!! But the last mail left me out of the woods. Two drafts, one of \$1,000 and one of \$200, all I had out, were presented and paid, and I think to the full satisfaction of the Department. I have now, subject to my draft, of public money, about \$20,000, and if I can disburse it to the satisfaction of the Department, I shall be glad.

I am much pleased with Governor Lane. He is a gentleman of the old school, and will make a popular Governor. I am going to Taos next week to meet the Utahs and Jicarillas Apaches. I shall purchase and distribute about \$5,000 worth of presents among them, the Governor requesting me to attend to this duty for him, as he says I know more about Indians than any man in the Territory. Soft corn.

Yours truly,

J. G.

The remaining letters in the lapse of time have become lost or destroyed, but the following clipping from the Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio, of July 29, 1853 tells of our correspondent's return from the Territory of New Mexico, and forms a fitting sequel to his letters.

BACK AGAIN

Governor Greiner has just returned from Washington, where he has been to close his accounts with the Indian and State Departments, for his disbursements and services in New Mexico. He has a clean sheet, and met with much courtesy and kindness from Colonel Manypenny and the heads of the Department. We trust John will conclude to settle among us, as he is a right worthy citizen and true man, and has the confidence of all classes.

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Investigation
into the Origin of the
Historic Demarcation Dividing the North
and the South in the Civil War in United States.

First Established to Fix Exact Boundaries Between Lands of
William Penn and Lord Baltimore in 1763. Exhaustive Researches

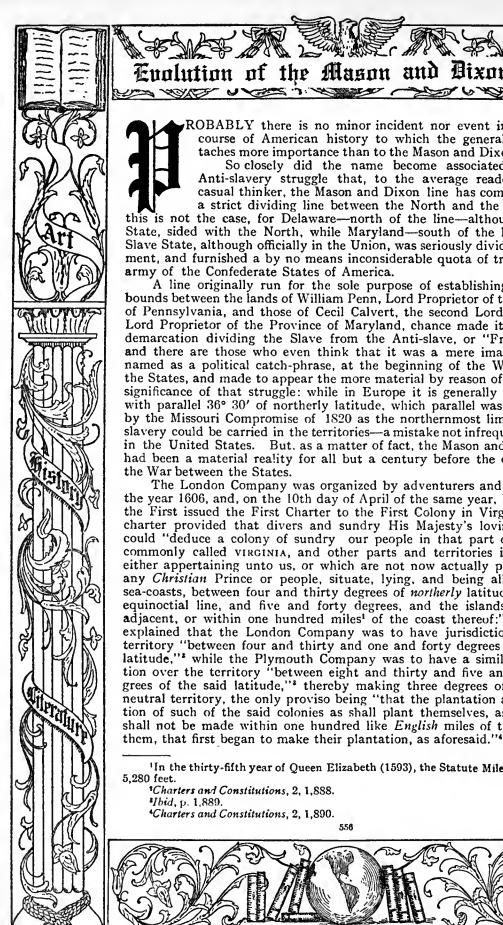
Morgan Poitiaux Robinson

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

NVESTIGATIONS into the origin of the historic demarcation known as the Mason-Dixon Line have brought interesting developments. The researches upset many traditions and prove that the boundary is not of modern inception, but that it was first established to fix the position of the properties of William Penn and Lord Baltimore. The historic line had therefore been in existence more than a century before it became popu-The great struggle of brother against brother brought this strange geographical line into prominence when it was used to define the dividing line between the states of North and the South, and entered into the politics of the nation. Historians have disagreed regarding its real significance, and the line has been as much in dispute as the great problem which it popularly represents. Some years ago, the writer of this article made an exhaustive investigation into the origin of the imaginary line, which occupied so tragic a part in American history, with the intent of settling the discussion for all time. The investigation required many years of study, research and travel. The legislative acts of many states were examined and the old English records were brought into evidence. The original charters and grants of land were also carefully reviewed. This exhaustive investigation is a work of great historical importance and scholarship. It was first recorded by the researcher, in the annals of the Oracle Magazine, a literary treasury in Richmond, Virginia, and is now given permanent record in America's national historical repository—The JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY. This is one of the many investigations into Southern history now being pursued by Southern scholars; the article by Professor Fleming, of the Louisiana State University, on "The Plantation of Jefferson Davis," and that of Mr. Crowder, of Virginia, on "Historic Manor-Places in the South," in the preceding issues of these pages, being equally important contributions to the historical records of Investigators are now at work on similar researches into Southern historical problems, visiting the shrines and examin-These articles will continue to ing the locations and records. be recorded in this journal throughout the coming year.—Editor







ROBABLY there is no minor incident nor event in the whole course of American history to which the general public attaches more importance than to the Mason and Dixon line.

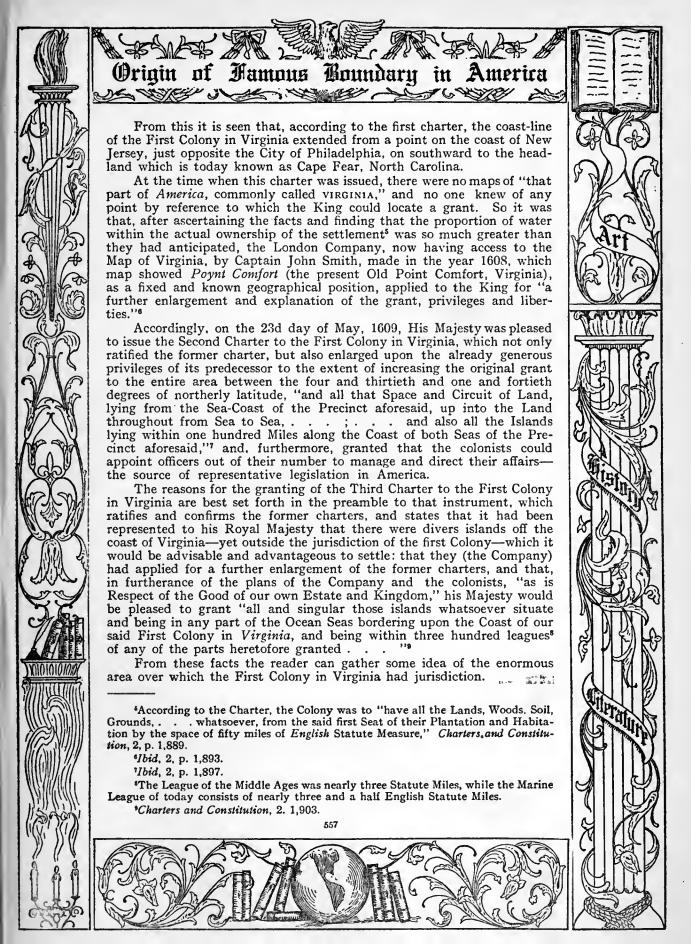
So closely did the name become associated with the Anti-slavery struggle that, to the average reader and the casual thinker, the Mason and Dixon line has come to signify a strict dividing line between the North and the South: but

this is not the case, for Delaware—north of the line—although a Slave State, sided with the North, while Maryland—south of the line—also a Slave State, although officially in the Union, was seriously divided in sentiment, and furnished a by no means inconsiderable quota of troops to the

A line originally run for the sole purpose of establishing the exact bounds between the lands of William Penn, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania, and those of Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, chance made it the line of demarcation dividing the Slave from the Anti-slave, or "Free" States, and there are those who even think that it was a mere imaginary line, named as a political catch-phrase, at the beginning of the War between the States, and made to appear the more material by reason of the greater significance of that struggle: while in Europe it is generally confounded with parallel 36° 30' of northerly latitude, which parallel was established by the Missouri Compromise of 1820 as the northernmost limit to which slavery could be carried in the territories—a mistake not infrequently made in the United States. But, as a matter of fact, the Mason and Dixon line had been a material reality for all but a century before the outbreak of

The London Company was organized by adventurers and planters in the year 1606, and, on the 10th day of April of the same year, King James the First issued the First Charter to the First Colony in Virginia, which charter provided that divers and sundry His Majesty's loving subjects could "deduce a colony of sundry our people in that part of America, commonly called VIRGINIA, and other parts and territories in America, either appertaining unto us, or which are not now actually possessed by any Christian Prince or people, situate, lying, and being all along the sea-coasts, between four and thirty degrees of northerly latitude from the equinoctial line, and five and forty degrees, and the islands thereunto adjacent, or within one hundred miles of the coast thereof:" and then explained that the London Company was to have jurisdiction over the territory "between four and thirty and one and forty degrees of the said latitude," while the Plymouth Company was to have a similar jurisdiction over the territory "between eight and thirty and five and forty degrees of the said latitude," thereby making three degrees of the grant neutral territory, the only proviso being "that the plantation and habitation of such of the said colonies as shall plant themselves, as aforesaid, shall not be made within one hundred like English miles of the other of

^{&#}x27;In the thirty-fifth year of Queen Elizabeth (1593), the Statute Mile was fixed at





After the great Indian Massacre in the year 1622, the London Company was not only divided against itself, but was also at loggerheads with the very vain King James the First as to the best manner in which to govern and protect the colonists. This feeling of hostility continued and the relations between the King and the Company became more strained until the 10th day of November, 1624, when, upon a writ of quo warranto, the Trinity Term of the Court of King's Bench annulled the three several charters to the First Colony in Virginia, in so far as they referred to the rights of the London Company, and, as Judge Marshall said, "The whole effect allowed to the judgement was to revert to the crown the power of government and the title of the lands within its limits." "16

That same year, the King having dissolved the London Company and assumed the direction of the affairs of the colony, the First Colony

in Virginia became a royal province.

King Charles the First instructed Governor Harvey to procure reliable information as to the rivers of Virginia, so that official, in the years 1627-'9, empowered William Claiborne, then Secretary of State for the Colony, to explore the Chesapeake Bay and secure the desired information.

Claiborne soon controlled an extensive trade with the Indians of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, and in 1631, as agent for Cloberry and Company, of London, obtained a license from King Charles the First authorizing him, "his associates and company, from time to time, to trade for corn, furs, etc., with ships, boats, men and merchandise, in all seacoasts, harbors, lands and territories, in or near about those parts of America, for which there is not already a patent granted to others for sole trade, with instructions to Governor Harvey to permit such trade; giving Claiborne full power to direct and govern, correct and punish such of our subjects as may be in his command."

Under this license, Claiborne established a trading post on Kent Island, in the Chesapeake Bay, that same year, and this post was the beginning of a settlement which flourished and sent Captain Nich Martian as a burgess representing "Kisyake & the Ile of Kent," in the February

session of the General Assembly of Virginia in the year 1632."

In the meanwhile George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, had become so dissatisfied with his estate, called Avalon, in New Foundland—a grant from the King James the First—on account of the very undesirable nature of the climate, that he decided to leave that country and seek a grant where the climate was a bit more salubrious. So it was that, on the 19th day of August, 1629, George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, wrote to King Charles the First, who had acceded to the throne upon the death of his father some four years previous, complained of his estate in New Foundland, proposed to remove himself "with some forty persons to His Majesty's dominion in Virginia," and applied for the grant of "a precinct of land with such provisions as the king, his father, had been pleased to grant him in New Foundland."

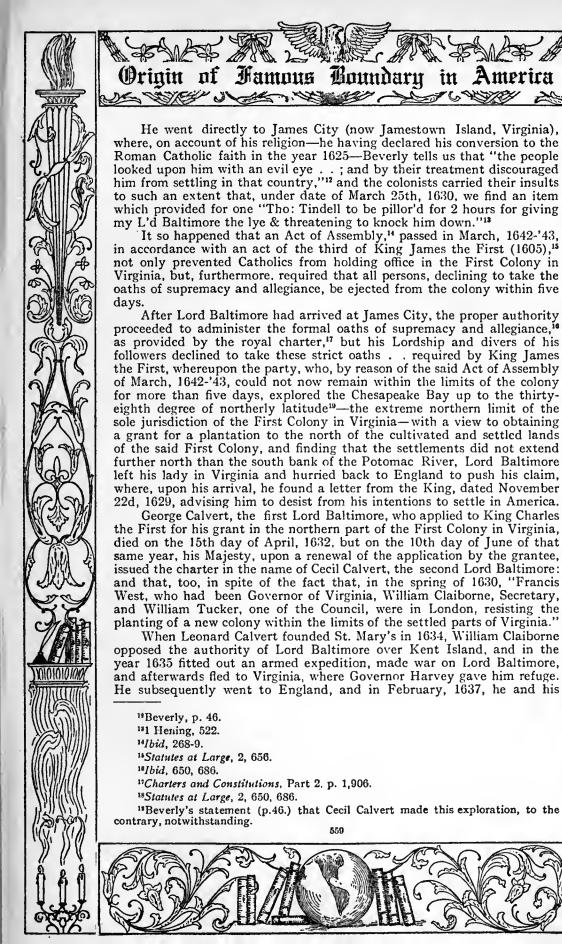
Almost immediately after the dispatch of this letter, and probably before it was in the hands of his Majesty, his Lordship started for Virginia,

where he arrived during the last days of October, 1629.

¹¹¹ Hening, 154.



¹⁰Wheaton, 578.







partners presented a petition to the King that, "by virtue of a commission under his Majesty's hand divers years past, they discovered and planted the Isle of Kent, in the bay of Chesapeake, which island they had bought of the kings of that country; that great hopes for trade of bevers and other commodities were like to ensue by the discoveries; and that Lord Baltimore, observing this, had obtained a patent, etc.," and praying that they receive a grant "for the quiet enjoyment of their said plantations." This petition was referred to the Lord's Commissioner of Plantations, who decreed in substance "that the lands in question absolutely belonged to Lord Baltimore, and that no plantation or trade with the Indians ought to be allowed within the limits of his patent without his permission; with regard to the violence complained of, no cause for any relief appeared but that both parties should be left to the ordinary course of justice."

In 1651, Claiborne was appointed Commissioner to reduce the colonies of Virginia and Maryland, and in the following year an expedition overthrew the cavalier and established a roundhead government, with Richard Bennett as Governor and Claiborne as Secretary of State, but in 1658 the Commonwealth returned the province to Lord Baltimore.

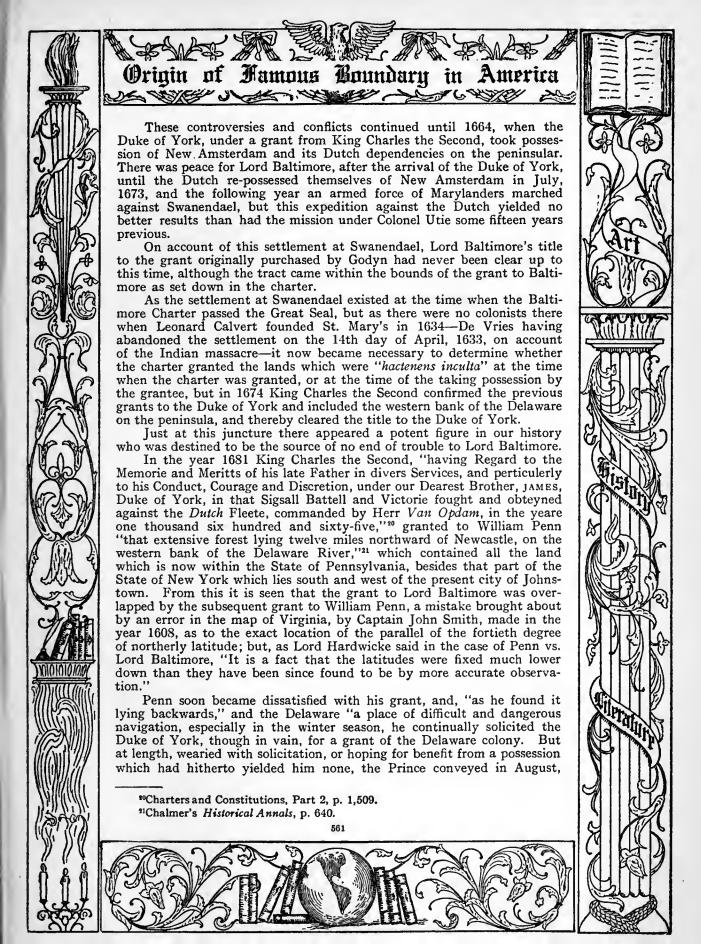
The charter to Lord Baltimore set down the southern, southwestern, and western bounds of the proprietary of Maryland, which, after discussion and controversy with the Royal Province and the State of Virginia for some two hundred and fifty years, was finally established by the Joint Commission of 1874, as the bounds of the present State of Maryland, where it borders on the States of Virginia and West Virginia.

Thus it was that the Mason and Dixon Line became the northern boundary of Maryland and not of Virginia.

This trouble with Claiborne constituted but a small part of the difficulty which Lord Baltimore had to overcome before he could gain a clear title to his grant. As early as 1629 a Hollander, named Godyn, had bought from the natives a tract of land extending some thirty miles northwardly from the present Cape Henlopen, and in 1631 another Hollander, De Vries by name, planted a colony and built a fort within the tract and called the settlement Swanendael, which was situated on the west bank of Delaware Bay, near the present site of Lewes, Delaware. But two years later the Indians massacred most of the inhabitants, destroyed the settlement, and repossessed themselves of the land, so that De Vries abandoned Swanendael on the 14th day of April, 1633.

Later on, in 1638, a company composed of Swedes and Fins, led by Chancellor Oxenstein, bought the same tract and built a fort at the mouth of Christiana Creek, which was the stream on which Wilmington, Delaware now stands, and this settlement flourished until 1655, when the Dutch, under Peter Stuyvesant, invaded the place, re-established Dutch rule, and renewed the Dutch title by virtue of the original purchase by Godyn and the settlement at Swanendael by De Vries.

In the year 1659, Lord Baltimore became uneasy about this little colony of Dutch within the limits of his domains, so he sent instructions to his Governor to notify them that "they were seated within his lord-ship's province without his permission," and for this mission Colonel Nathaniel Utie was chosen, but the serving of this notice made little impression on the Swedish forts, and we soon find Lord Baltimore applying to the powerful Dutch West India Company, which declined to espouse his cause.





1682, as well the town of Newcastle, with a territory of twelve miles around it, as the tract of land extending southward from it, upon the river Delaware to Cape Henlopen."²²

The question now arose as to whether the twelve miles about Newcastle was a periphery or a radius, so in 1750, Lord Hardwicke, who had been applied to to determine the matter, decided that the twelve miles was a radius about the town of Newcastle, or as nearly so as possible, and this decision was in support of the contention of Penn, who had said that it was a radius about the centre of Newcastle as the centre of the circle. But Lord Baltimore continued on the offensive, and, as it was to his advantage to shorten the mile, if possible, he contended for the adoption of a plan for measuring the mile according to the surface and not horizontally, so Lord Hardwicke was again applied to, and in March, 1751, he ordered that the measuring be done horizontally in the proper manner. In spite of this opposition on the part of Lord Baltimore—an application having been made to the King and the matter referred—the title and sale were afterwards recognized by the Committee of Trade and Plantation, who finally on the 13th of November, 1685, gave Penn a title dating back to the pioneers Godyn and De Vries.

From time to time there were numberless controversies and conflicts between the lords proprietor, but an agreement was made on the 10th day of May, 1732, between the children of Penn and a grandson of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, by which the Baltimores accepted as the southern boundary of Delaware an east-and-west line running from the middle point of the peninsula to the ocean, on the east, but some fifteen miles south of Cape Henlopen, from which point the east-and-west line should have run to the middle point of the Eastern Shore.

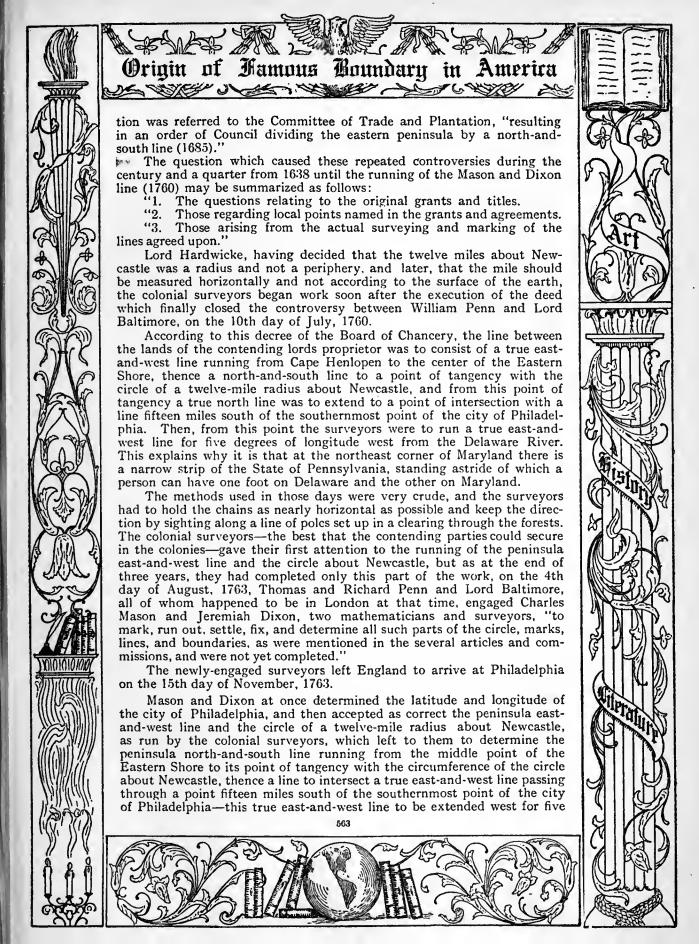
Nor did this settle the controversy, for we find that. on the 4th day of July, 1760, the Court of Chancery finally—after considering the matter for three-quarters of a century—confirmed the former decision of the Committee of Trade and Plantations. "According to the decree of the Board of Chancery, the boundary line must consist of an east and west line extending from Cape Henlopen to the centre of the Eastern Shore, thence northerly at a tangent to a circle with a twelve-mile radius about Newcastle, Delaware."

And so it was that Delaware was cut out of the territory originally granted to the Baltimores.

We have seen that Penn received an extensive grant from King Charles the Second, and that the grant overlapped the former grant to Cecil Calvert. This overlapping was, as we may imagine, the cause of most of the subsequent trouble between the lords proprietor. In the year 1682, William Penn colonized the city of Philadelphia; and while Penn claimed the spirit of his charter, based upon the assumption that the map of Virginia by Captain John Smith, of the year 1608, was used in the preparation of that charter, the Baltimores insisted upon the letter of their charter, which gave them jurisdiction over the principal settlement in the Colony of Pennsylvania, so, then, Penn contended that the charter to the Baltimores granted them only to the "beginning of the fortieth parallel (what is now the thirty-ninth degree of latitude)."

Within three years after the time when Penn received his grant from King Charles the Second, he made application to the King, which applica-

²¹Chalmer's Historical Annals, p. 643, and authorities there cited.





degrees of longitude from the Delaware River to serve as the southern boundary of the lands of William Penn.

Although Mason and Dixon were more precise mathematicians and used more modern methods and more accurate instruments than their predecessors, they recorded on the 13th day of November, 1764, with reference to the tangent line and its intersection with the circle about Newcastle, that it "would not pass one inch to the westward or eastward" of the point of tangency as determined by the cruder methods and the more inaccurate instruments in the hands of the colonial surveyors.

Having determined this point of tangency as ordered by the Board of Chancery, they proceeded to run the line thence to a point of intersection with the meridian passing through the point fifteen miles south of the southernmost point of Philadelphia, which southernmost point was agreed upon as the north wall of a house on Cedar street, occupied by Thomas Plumstead and Joseph Huddle. "They thus ascertained the northeastern corner of Maryland, which was, of course, the beginning of the parallel of latitude that had been agreed upon as the boundary between the provinces.

On the 17th day of June, 1765, the party had reached the Susquehanna River, where they received instructions to carry the line "as far as the provinces of Maryland and Pennsylvania are settled and inhabited," and on the 27th day of the following October they reached North Mountain, from the summit of which they could see Alleghany Mountain, and judged it, "by its appearance, to be about fifty miles distant, in the direction of the line."

On the 4th day of June, 1766, they reached the summit of Little Alleghany, but, as the Indians now began to give trouble it became necessary for the surveyors to stop work for nearly a year.

Sir William Johnson negotiated a treaty with the Six Nations in May, and on the 8th day of June, 1767, the surveyors took up their work where they had left off the year before.

"On the 14th of June, they had advanced as far as the summit of the Big Alleghany (Savage), where they were joined by an escort of Indians, with an interpreter, deputed by the chiefs of the Six Nations to accompany them," but the Indians soon became restless, dissatisfied and suspicious of so much gazing into the heavens and marking on the ground, so, on the 25 of August, the surveyors' notes tell us: "Mr. John Green, one of the chiefs of the Mohawk Nation, and his nephew, leave them, in order to return to their own country." This action on the part of the Indians seems to have aroused suspicion among the members of the party, for, on the 29th of September, twenty-six of the assistants left the work through fear of the Shawnees and the Delawares, and Mason and Dixon, with only fifteen axemen left, sent back to Fort Cumberland for more men, and kept on towards the setting sun.

Finally they reached a point two hundred and forty-four miles from the Delaware River, some thirty-six miles from the end of the line, when they came upon an Indian warpath at Duncard's Creek. Here the Indians of the escort told the surveyors that it was the desire of the Six Nations that they should stop, so the party returned to Philadelphia, reported to the commissioners under the deed of 1760, and were honorably discharged on the 26th day of December, 1767.



Origin of Famous Boundary in America

By order of the decree of Lord Hardwicke, the line was to be marked by a small mile-stone, every mile, having an M carved in the southern, or Maryland face, and a P in the northern, or Pennsylvania face; and every fifth mile there was to be a larger stone, having carved in the southern face the coat-of-arms of Cecil Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, surmounted by the crown of His Majesty, King George the Third, while in the northern face was to be the coat-of-arms of William Penn, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Pennsylvania, surmounted by a similar crown; hence these larger stones came to be known as "crown-stones."

The larger stones were carved in England and shipped to the colonies, and the system of marking ordered by the decree of Lord Hardwicke was carried out as far west as Sideling Hill, but as all wheel transportation ceased in 1766, the line was marked from there to the summit of the Alleghany by a vista eight yards wide, with piles of stone some eight feet high on the crests of the mountain ranges; and beyond that point, as far as the warpath at Duncard's Creek, the marking was done by posts surrounded by earth and stones to protect them from the weather.

Near the little mountain village of Highfield, Maryland, is one of the very few of these "crown-stones" which is to-day on the spot where Mason and Dixon planted it, and this one is enclosed in a large and very substantial, galvanized iron wire cage. It has been only within the past twelve or fifteen years that a road was cut through the heavier timber for the convenience of the guests of near-by summer hotels. Prior to that time, when a person wished to see this stone it was necessary to hunt up one of the native boys, who would guide the curious to it for a consideration of a few "reds," as pennies are known in that section of the country. But now, since this stone is of easy access. many sightseers go there so as to be able to say that they have seen a "crown-stone;" the amateur photographer uses numberless plates and films, others stand astride the lineone foot in Maryland and the other in Pennsylvania-while still others shake hands across the line and ask "how things are in Pennsylvania;" but, probably the most numerous class of all, as it finds members in all the other classes, is the heartless relic-hunter, ever ready to chip off a corner, an edge, a piece of the crowns, or the part which yields the quickest to the blows of his knife or anything that may come to hand. It was for this reason that it was found necessary to enclose this stone in a substantial cage, as it was so rapidly disappearing. This particular "crown-stone" is of a greenish-gray sandstone, and it is evident that it was originally a shaft about 12x12 and standing some thirty-six inches out of the ground; but, after exposure and harsh treatment for some one hundred and thirtyfive years, the weather and vandalism have reduced its size about one-half an inch and the height some three inches.

The remaining thirty-six miles of the five degrees of longitude were not run until some fifteen or eighteen years later (1784). As there arose so many disputes as to the proper allegiance of much of the land through the section of country west of Duncard's Creek, on the 31st day of August, 1779, a joint commission, representing the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia, met in Baltimore and agreed to complete the line commenced by Mason and Dixon, and on the 23d day of the following June, (1780) the General Assembly of Virginia resolved, therefore, that the agreement made on the 31st day of August, 1779, between James Madison and Robert





Adams, commissioners for the Commonwealth of Virginia, and George Bryan. John Eweing, and David Rittenhouse, commissioners for the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, be ratified and finally confirmed to-wit: "That the line commonly called the Mason and Dixon line be extended due west five degrees of longitude, to be computed from the Delaware River, for the southern boundary of Pennsylvania," on condition that all personal and property rights be respected by whichever state the inhabitants might happen to be made citizens of, just as though they had not changed allegiance. And it was resolved, furthermore, "that the Governor should appoint two commissioners to extend, run and mark that line from the western termination thereof to the Ohio River, which is as far as the General Assembly conceive it can be done at present without giving umbrage to the Indians," and on the 23d day of September the General Assembly of Pennsylvania likewise ratified the action on the part of its commissioners.

Under this agreement a temporary line was run in 1782-'3, but the permanent boundary between the two states was not finally established

until the following year.

As the line had been definitely fixed, no one thought of it, but the forces of Nature were at work busy making trouble for the bordering states. The stone marking the northeast corner of Maryland was undermined by a brook and fell out of its proper place, so some thrifty farmer, probably ignorant of its importance and thinking it a fortunate find, built it into the chimney of his house.²⁵

When the matter was found out the legislatures of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware, in 1845, 26 appointed a joint commission, of which Lieutenant-Colonel James D. Graham, U. S. Topographical Engineer, had charge, to review the work of Mason and Dixon wherever it might be

deemed necessary.

So it was that about the middle of the century, it was necessary to again determine the circle about Newcastle, re-locate the tangent point and the point of intersection, and to run the meridian and a part of the parallel of latitude in order to determine the exact spot on which the original stone had stood; and once found, the new stone was permanently set.²⁷

This re-survey in every way confirmed the work done by Mason and Dixon, except that the tangent point had been placed 157.6 feet too far north, and the point of intersection 143.7 feet too far to the south.²³ And an error in tracing the circle, which was corrected, made the State of Maryland the richer by one and eighty-seven hundredths acres than she had previously been.²⁸

As so many of the old stones had been removed from their proper places and were badly defaced as the result of years of service as doorsteps and for other such alien purposes, the rock-heaps having fallen away and the posts having rotted, it became a matter of no little difficulty to locate the exact line at different points; so it was that the Governor of Penn-

⁹⁵Graham's Report, p. 44.

²¹Graham's Report, p. 79 et seq

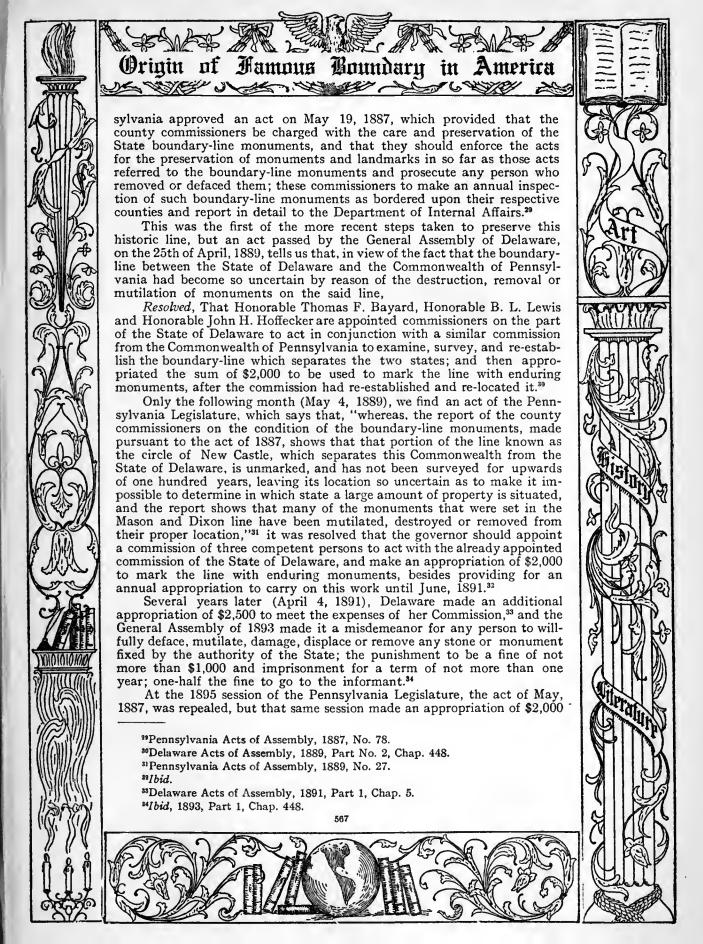
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²⁴Journal of House of Delegates, May, 1780, pp. 60-1.

²⁶Resolution of December Session, 1845. No. 18.

²⁸Latrobe's Address on Mason and Dixon Line.





to carry out the provisions of the act of 1889, ordering the marking of the boundary-lines between Pennsylvania and the adjoining states, and an act of June 23, 1897, accepted, approved and confirmed, for the State of Pennsylvania, the report of the work accomplished by the commissioners appointed under the act of 1889, and declared the line established by that commission to be the true boundary between the States of Pennsylvania and Delaware. The states of Pennsylvania and Delaware.

On the 13th day of May, 1899, the State of Pennsylvania passed an act appropriating the sum of \$7,000 for services and expenses to be incurred in the examination and repairs to the boundary-line monuments, as ordered by the act of May, 1889; provided that \$5,000 of the amount be not available unless the State of Maryland make an appropriation of a similar amount for the purpose of examining, repairing, and restoring the boundary-line monuments along the Mason and Dixon line, and reestablishing the said line, when found necessary.³⁷

The following year the General Assembly of Maryland, on the 12th day of April, 1900, appropriated "to the commissioners on behalf of the State of Maryland, to re-establish the boundary-line between the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, the sum of \$5,000 to be paid upon vouchers of the commissioner on behalf of the State of Maryland, appointed by the governor to co-operate with the commissioner appointed on behalf of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the superintendent of the United States Geodetic and Coast Survey to re-establish the said line." 38

Pursuant to the above acts and appropriations, the Governor of Pennsylvania appointed General J. W. Latta, Secretary of Internal Affairs, to be commissioner on behalf of the "Keystone" State, while the chief executive of Maryland appointed Professor William Bulloch Clark, State Geologist of Maryland, to be commissioner on the part of that commonwealth, and the superintendent of the United States Geodetic and Coast Survey deputized Assistant W. C. Hodgkins, as the surveyor in charge of the work.

These appointments were made in the year 1900, the engineer being detailed without charge to the two states, and the respective appropriations being used to meet the expenses of the subordinates necessary to carry out the work, and to the purchase and setting of whatever monuments may be necessary. Hence it is that the general government incurs no expense, except for the salary of the engineer in charge of the party.

The historic demarcation will always occupy an important position in the annals of the nation, for it is not probable that any other geographical line has played a more important part in human progress.

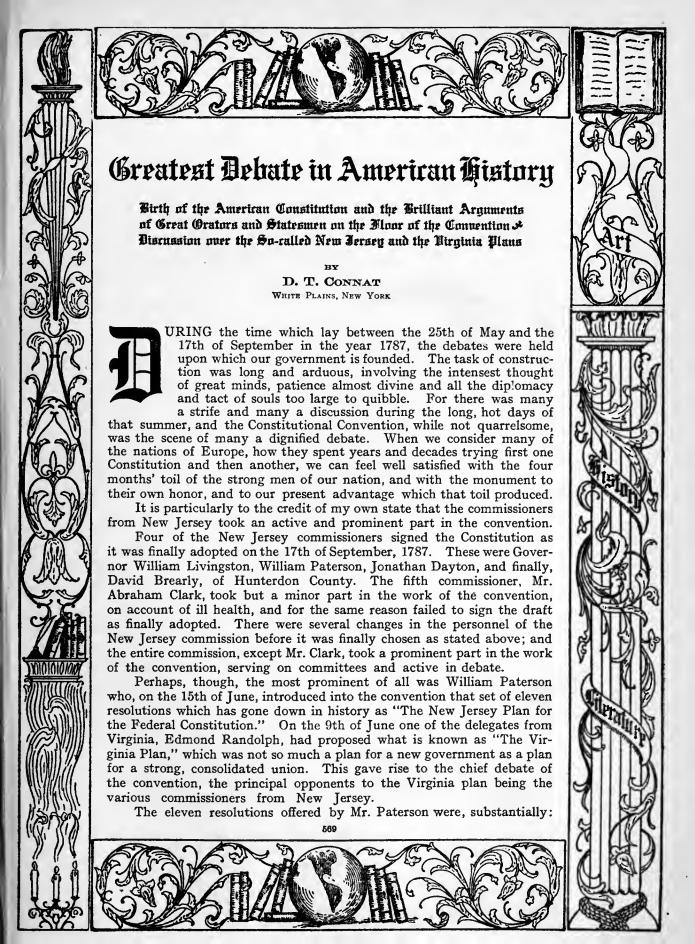
⁶⁸Maryland Acts of Assembly, 1900, Chap. 745, p. 1,185.



⁸⁵Pennsylvania Acts of Assembly, 1895, No. 39 and No. 447, p. 552.

^{**}Ibid, 1897, Chap. 152.

⁸⁷Pennsylvania Acts of Assembly, 1899, No. 203, p. 369.





The Greatest Behate in American History

THE RESOLUTIONS

1. That the Articles of Confederation should be revised and enlarged, so as to render the Federal Constitution adequate to the exigencies of government.

2. Resolved that the Congress of the United States should have the power to levy duty or duties to raise revenue, on foreign goods imported; to pass acts for the regulation of trade and commerce, as well with foreign nations as among the various states, leaving the fines and penalties for offences to be adjudged by the common law judiciary of the state in which the offence took place, leaving the general government the right to institute all suits before such common law judiciary and to carry it by appeal to the judiciary of the United States.

3. Resolved that whenever requisition is necessary that it should be made according to the whole number of white and free citizens and inhabitants of every age, sex and condition, including those bound for a term of years, and three-fifths of all other persons, except Indians, not taxed.

4. Resolved that the Congress of the United States should elect a certain number of persons, the number to be fixed later, for a certain number of years, the term also to be determined later, to serve as the Federal executive, which was to receive at stated times a fixed compensation for their services, which sum was not to be increased or diminished during the term of the incumbents. They should be capable of holding no other office during their service, and for a certain number of years thereafter, the time not being fixed. The executive was to be inelligible for a second term, and removable by impeachment and conviction of malpractices or neglect of duty, by Congress, on the application by a majority of the executives of the several states. The executive was to have power to appoint all Federal officers not otherwise provided for, and to direct all military operations, but they might not take personal command of any military enterprise in any capacity.

5. Resolved that a Federal judiciary should be established, whose judges should be appointed by the executive, to hold their offices during good behavior, receiving at stated times a fixed compensation for their services. But no increase or diminution of pay should effect those judges who might be in office at the time the increase or diminution was made. Their duties should be to hear and determine in the first instance all impeachment of Federal officers, and by way of appeal in the last resort in all cases touching the rights of ambassadors; in all cases of capture from an enemy; in all cases of piracies and felonies on the high seas; in all cases in which foreigners may be interested; in the construction of any treaty or treaties which may arise, or of any act or ordinance of Congress which may arise for the regulation of trade or the collection of Federal revenues. No judicial officer might hold any other office during the time

of his appointment and for an unstated period thereafter.

6. Resolved that the legislative, executive and judicial officers of the several states ought to take oath to support the articles of union.

7. Resolved that the acts and treaties of Congress shou'd be the supreme law of the respective states so far as those acts relate to those states or their citizens, and the judiciaries of the several states shall be bound by them, anything in the individual law of the respective states



The Birth of the American Constitution

to the contrary notwithstanding. And if any state or body of men attempt to prevent the execution of such laws or treaties, the Federal executive may call forth the powers of the confederate states to compel the execution of the law and obedience to it.

8. Resolved that provision ought to be made for the admission of

new states into the union.

9. Resolved that provision ought to be made for the hearing and deciding of disputes between the United States and individual states with regard to territory.

10. Resolved that the rule for naturalization ought to be the same

in every state

11. Resolved that a citizen of one state committing an offence in another state shall be deemed guilty of the same office as if it had been committed by a citizen of the state in which the offence was committed.

The Virginia plan, already alluded to, was the first defin te outline laid before the convention. It was a strictly national plan and contrasted strong'y with the federal ideas set forth in the New Jersey plan, which was really little more than a revision of the articles of confederation. Among the other prominent schemes of government laid before the convention, are the radically national plan of Hamilton and the Connecticut compromise which sought to amalgamate the Virginia plan and that of New Jersey. This effort, however, failed. The sense of the convention was in favor of a national government rather than a federal union. Hence the Virginia plan was adopted as a foundation for the Constitution. One by one its provisions were rejected, and one by one the ideas of the New Jersey plan were incorporated as provisions of the Constitution. The two things in the New Jersey plan that were totally rejected were the provisions for a plural executive, and for a Congress of but one body. But it was not without much discussion that the convention finally determined upon a bicameral Congress.

While New Jersey lost these two points, it is to be observed that she won several important victories. The most signal of these was the equal representation of each state in the Senate. The New Jersey plan, in providing for but one body of the national legislature, provided also for equal representation in that body. Pinckney, of Virginia, had formerly introduced a plan divesting the smaller states of their rights of equal representation. This was pushing matters almost too far. It remained for New Jersey to champion the cause and wage the battle for equal repre-

sentation in the Senate.

The two other great compromises of the convention were the counting of three-fifths of the slaves in apportioning the representatives to Congress, and in prohibiting the slave trade after 1808. In these two battles the New Jersey commissioners took a prominent part and lent much aid to bring about the compromises as they now exist in the Constitution. The New Jersey idea that the Constitution should be the supreme law of the land was adopted with but one dissenting voice.

Among some of the minor details in the New Jersey scheme, which found a place in the Constitution as we have it today, might be mentioned the provis ons against d minishing or increasing the compensation of Federal officers during their incumbency; against a Federal officer holding more than one office at a time; the requirement of state officers to take







The Greatest Debate in American History

oath to support the Federal Constitution; the provision for uniform naturalization laws, and others. But perhaps the value of New Jersey to the convention lay not so much in the value of the plan or in the ideas of the plan that were ultimately incorporated into the Constitution as in the fact that the New Jersey commissioners were a balance wheel to the whole convention. Living as the people of this nation had lived for nearly ten years; loosely bound by the Articles of Confederation, most of the people felt the need of a strong government. A few, of whom William Paterson was the leader, could see no use of a strong government, and so warded off the danger of the extreme nationalism which Hamiliton and Pinckney and Randolph and the rest, fought for. By means of this strife, compromises were worked out which have proven themselves adequate to all the exigencies of government for the past one hundred and sixteen years.

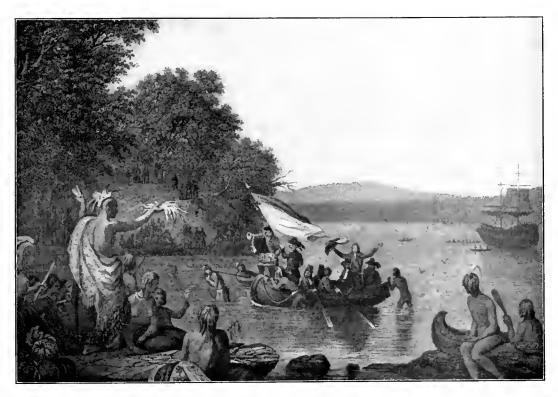
There is much talk in some of our modern histories which tends to belittle the efforts of the convention. Some say that our Constitution is but a modification of the British Constitution. Others say that it is Colonial; that it is merely based on the general lines of Colonial government. But the annals of the convention tell a different tale. The number of plans suggested, the animated discussions, and the wonderful compromises all indicate the existence of great minds working zealously for the greatest good to the commonweal, and among these noble men William Paterson, of New Jersey, stood high. William Pierce, a delegate from Georgia, made notes of impressions he received of the various delegates, and here is what he says of William Paterson:

"Mr. Paterson is one of those kind of men whose powers break in upon you and create wonder and astonishment. He is a man of great modesty, with looks that bespeak talents of no great extent. But he is a classic, a lawyer, and an orator, and of a disposition so favorable to his own advancement that everyone seemed ready to exalt him with their praises. He is very happy in the choice of time and manner of engaging in debate, and never speaks but when he understands his subject well."

Bancroft says of him, in mentioning one of his speeches in favor of a confederated union, "Paterson spoke next, with all the skill of a veteran advocate."

Perhaps it would not be out of place to mention the ratification of the Constitution by this state. New Jersey at that time consisted of but thirteen counties: Bergen, Burlington, Cape May, Cumberland, Essex, Gloucester, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Monmouth, Morris, Salem, Somerset and Sussex. The document of ratification is dated at Trenton, Hunterdon County, December 18, 1787. The delegates from Hunterdon were David Brearly, one of the commissioners to the Constitutional Convention, Joshua Corshon, and John Stevens the president of the convention. New Jersey was the third state to ratify, Delaware and Pennsylvania coming first and second respectively. In New Jersey there was no trouble over ratification as there was in Massachusetts, in Virginia and in New York State.

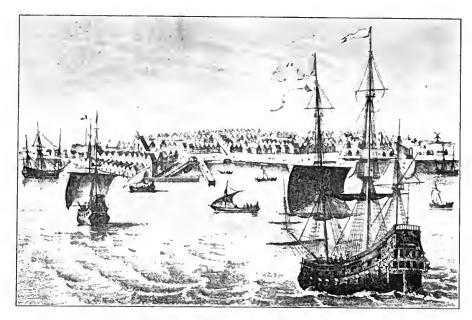
Taking it as a whole, or even closely scrutinizing each link in the chain of events, every Jersey man has the right to be proud of the part New Jersey played in the formation of our Constitution, which Gladstone was pleased to call, "The greatest work ever struck off at any one time by the mind and purpose of man."



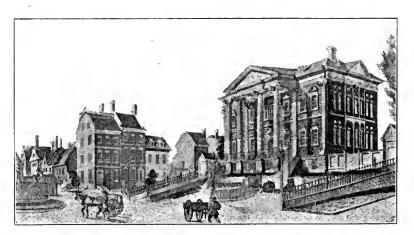
OLD PRINT OF DISCOVERY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—Landing of Henry Hudson, an English navigator, sailing under the flag of the Dutch East India Company—His greeting by the Indians as he anchored in the North (Hudson) River, on September 11, 1609, with his crew of twenty sailors, from the "Half Moon"—This old print was exhibited in the historical collection during recent Hudson-Fulton Anniversary at New York



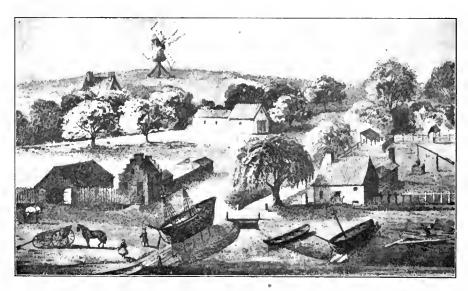
AMERICA'S GREATEST METROPOLIS AS IT APPEARED MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO—An old wood cut of village on Island of Manhattan taken near present junction of Pearl and Chatham Streets, showing Bowery road, City Commons and Burying Ground



OLD PRINT OF NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1667—"A small city on Manhattan Island, New Holland, North America, now called New York, and is part of the English Colonies"



OLD PRINT OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE ERECTED IN 1786—Originally designed for residence of President Washington—Site now occupied by Custom House at Bowling Green



OLD PRINT OF NEW AMSTERDAM ABOUT $1650-\!\mathrm{Now}$ site of Maiden Lane in heart of America's greatest metropolis



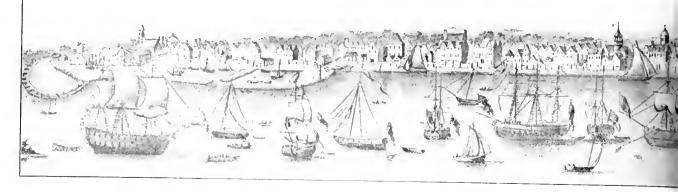


Collection of Historic Engravings

Rare Prints of Manhattan Island Showing the Foundation upon which Has Been Built the Greatest Metropolis of Western Civilization & Originals Loaned by Their Owners for Historical Record in The Ionenal of American History

HIS collection of old prints is selected from the rare engravings in possession of private collectors and historical societies in New York. During the recent Hudson-Fulton celebration, hundreds of these rare prints were first brought to public view. Many of them are valued at very high prices, and were exhibited during the anniversary. They are reproduced in these pages with the permission of the owners of the originals. lecting of historical engravings pertaining to the foundation and the development of American civilization is one of the most wholesome pastimes of the generation. Each print is a study in the economic and political growth of the nation. The traveller in America's greatest metropolis cannot realize the stupendous purport of it until brought face to face with Manhattan Island as it appeared before it fell under the wand of modern civilization. When one considers that the wonderful city, which now opens its gates to the peoples of the earth to come and enjoy the blessings of liberty, was but a brief span ago purchased for trinkets and exchange to the value of twenty-four dollars—then one feels the full realization of the power of American civilization. Never in the history of the world has a magic city sprung into existence in so comparatively few years. This influence now dominates the trade of the world. It is the heart of the great financial system which vibrates prosperity or business depression around the globe. It is the funnel of the nation into which pours the millions of immigrants from the races of the Old World. With this in mind, it is interesting to look upon the old prints reproduced in these pages. Many of them show the great metropolis when it was an open field of rolling pasture land. Today, on this same green sward, are towering structures—modern towers of Babel—that rise above the clouds in majestic tribute to the triumph of man over the earth. prints are a direct contribution to history, and, during the coming year, it will be the privilege of these pages to record many rare collections. Collectors, who have historical prints in their possession, are invited to contribute them for this record. The originals will be returned to their owners immediately after reproduction.—Editor





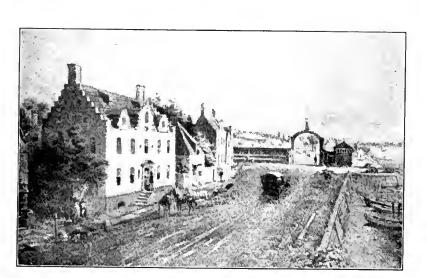
OLD PRINT OF YE FLOURISHING CITY OF NEW YORK IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK, NORTH AMERICAL IN THE PROVINCE OF NEW YORK, NORTH AMERICAN IN THE PROVINCE OF NE



FIRST CITY HALL ON MANHATTAN ISLAND—The Stadthuys, creeted in 1642 on Pearl street near present Wall Street



OLD PRINT OF NEW YORK IN 1679—Original drawing in possession of Lor Lane; house and land on corner was owned by John Haberding, and sold for \$600,



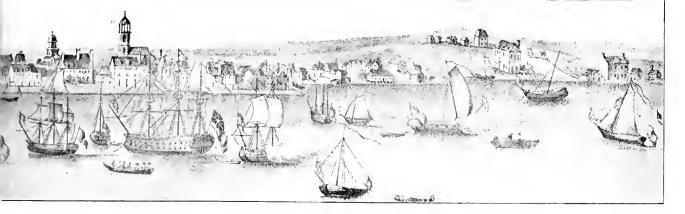
OLD PRINT OF RESIDENTIAL STREET IN NEW AMSTERDAM IN 1696—Home of Captain William Kidd, the adventurer, located on the present Pearl Street, then known as Tienhoven—He held a commission from the king and later became a notorious circuta



OLD PRINT OF FORT AMSTERDAM ON



OLD PRINT OF NEW YORK IN 1650—Showing beg



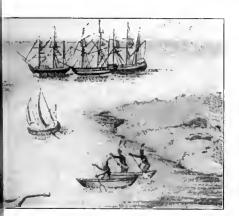
From lithograph by G. Hayward, presented to the New York Society Library by Mrs. Maria Prebles, of Lausingburg, New York

1 6 Part of Nutten Island 8 Lower Market 9 Crane 10 The Great Flesh Market 12 Dutch Church

10 Upper Market 12 Upper Market 13 Station Ship 19 Wharf 21 Wharf for building ships



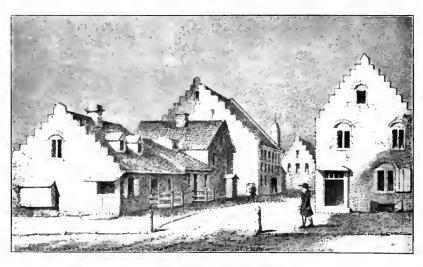
orical Society—Figure (1) marks present Broadway—Figure (2) marks Maiden



I, IN 1635—Original print is in Holland



OLD PRINT OF ONE OF FIRST HOUSES IN NEW AMSTERDAM Kipps Bay House—Erected in 1641



OLD PRINT OF FIRST DUTCH DWELLINGS IN NEW AMSTERDAM-Broad Street,



Beginning of America's Great Metropolis



OLD PRINT OF DUTCH CHURCH IN NEW YORK IN 1766—This church stood on Fulton Avenue, near Lawrence Street, and was the second edifice erected on this site.

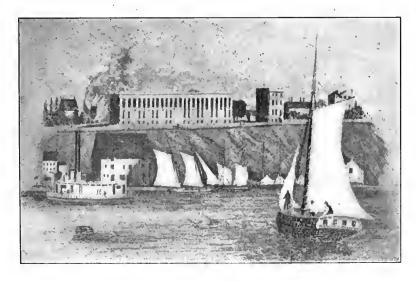


OLD PRINT OF COLLECT POND IN 1785—This fresh water lake was sixty feet deep and occupied the present site of the numicipal buildings in New York—It was filled in 1809 and was considered a remarkable engineering feat at that time

Collection of Kare Prints of Old New York



' PRINT OF THE OLDEST HOUSE STILL STANDING IN BROOKLYN—Built about 1690 on site of first house in Brooklyn in 1636—Known as Schermerhorn House, at corner of Third Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street

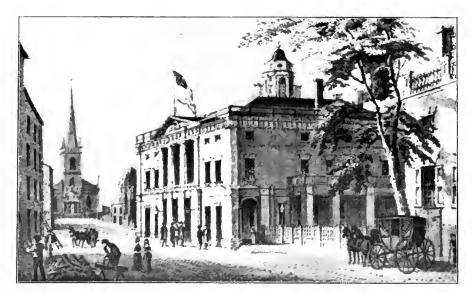


OLD PRINT OF BROOKLYN HEIGHTS—Showing Colonade which was destroyed by fire in 1853—This print shows the traffic on East River long before it was considered possible to span it by a bridge





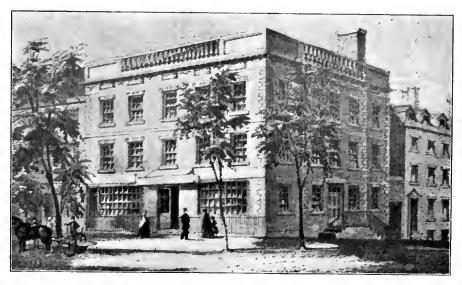




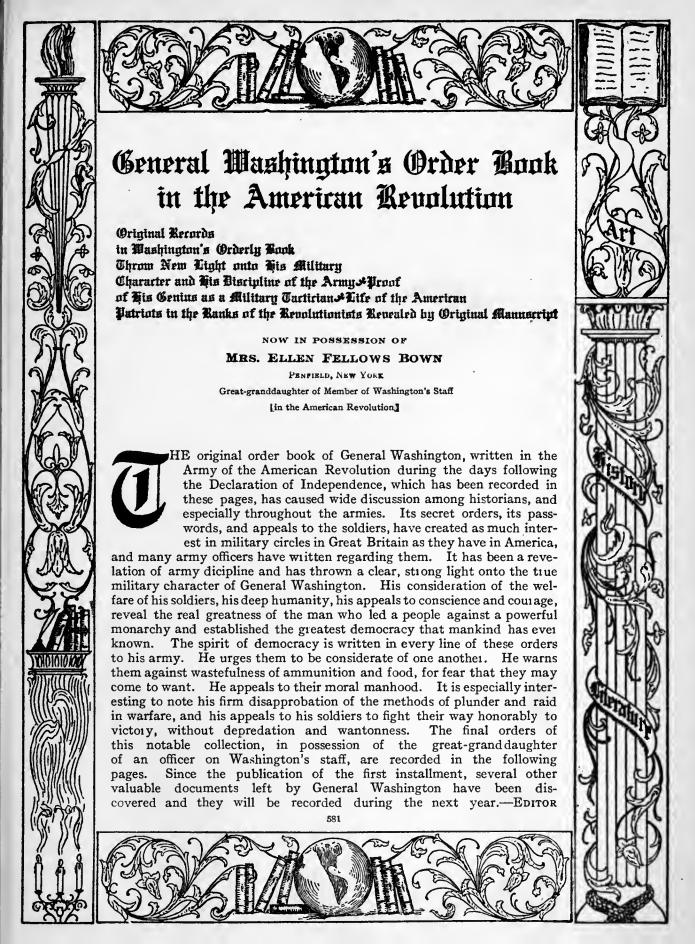
OLD PRINT OF WALL STREET IN 1789-Showing Trinity Church and Federal Hall



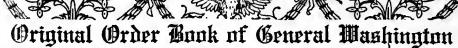
OLD PRINT OF CITY HALL IN NEW YORK 1N 1825—Showing Park Row to the right and Broadway to the left



OLD PRINT OF FIRST PRESIDENTIAL MANSION IN NEW YORK—Occupied by Washington during the first session of the first congress







THE PARTY OF

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 26th, 1776.

Parole, Halifax; Countersign, Georgia.

The Court Martial of which Coll. Magaw is President haveing found that Lt. Stewart struck Sergeant Phelps, but that he was provoked so to do by the latter, and acquitted him of threatening the life of Coll. Silliman, the Gen'l approves the Sentance and orders Lt. Stewart to be discharged from his Arrest. The same Court Martial haveing tried and convicted Lt. Daniel Pelton of Coll. Ritzmar's Reg't, of The same Court leaving Camp two Days and being absent without leave, the Court order him to be mulcted of one Month's Pay, the Gen'l approves the Sentance, and directs that care be taken accordingly in the next Pay Abstract. Serg. Phelps of Capt'n Hubbell's Comp. in Coll. Silliman's Reg't, tried by the same Court Martial for Cowardice in leaveing his Party on ye 17th Inst., was acquitted. The Gen'l approves the Sentance, and orders him discharged. The Reg'ts of Malitia which composed ye Brigades Commanded by Colls. Douglass and Silliman being dismissed, those Reg'ts are to join their former Brigades. Court Martials for the Trial of Deserters and all other crimes not Capital, are Immediately to be formed into the several Brigades, and the Sentances when approved by the Brigadeer Immediately to be executed. Coll. Magaw being necessarily detained from the Court Martial, Coll. Ewing is to Preside during his absence. The Gen'l expects and insists that all the Plunder and other things found in consequence of the Examination lately made be sent Immediately to the white House on the Road near Head Quarters, & delivered to the Captain of ye Guard there to be deposited till further orders, Colls. and Commanding Officers to see it is done Immediately.

The Officer Commanding the Barges may give Passes to any of his own party,

Upon any alarm of approach of the Enemy towards our Lines, Gen'l Mifflin with the Brigade are to Possess our left Flank, from the hollow way by Coll. Sergeant's late Encampment, to the Point of Rocks on the left Front of our Lines, and till the Reg't Commanded by Coll. Weeden is Brigaded to be joined by the same.

Gen'l McDougall's Brigade is to repair to the plains back of Gen'l Mifflin, and be ready to support him or the Picquet in the Front, as occasion may require. Gen'l Bell's Brigade is to repair to the lines which cross ye road by Coll. Moyland's lodging, and to extend their right Flank to the Middle Redoubt, by Mr. Cartright's House, occupying the same. Gen'ls Wadsworth and Fellows are to take the remaining part of those Lines, with the Redoubts therein on the North River. These three Brigades to defend those Lines or wait therein for orders. Gen'l Heard's Brigade is to parade and be ready to March wherever ordered. Gen'l Putnam is to command in the Front of the Lines by Mr. Cartright's House, and Gen'l Spencer in the rear

Brigadeer for the Day, Gen'l Bell; Field Officers, Coll. Smallwood, Coll. Griffith, Lt. Coll. Broadhead, Lt. Coll. Whitley, Majors Putnam and Day. Brigade Major

Adams.

HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 27th, 1776.

Parole, Hampton; Countersign, Walton.

Lt. Drake of Coll. Philip's Reg't tried by a Court Martial, whereof Coll. Ewing was President, for leaveing the Reg't without Permission of his Commanding Officer and being absent 20 Days, was acquitted, the Gen'l approves the Sentance and orders him to be discharged, the Returns is expected tomorrow at orderly time, which the

Brigade Majors and Adjutants would do well to attend to.

The Gen'l is not more surprised than Vexed to find that all his care to prevent Unnecessary fireing and waste of Ammunition, that every afternoon Produces fresh Instances of the Shamefull discharge of Muskets when there has been no rain to wet or otherwise Injure the loads. He now positively orders that there shall be no fireing without leave from the Brig'r of the Brigade the Men belong to, who are to enquire Minutely into the necessity of the Case, and wheather the Pieces can not be drawn without.

The Gen'l also directs that none but the out Centries shall ever have their Musquets loaded, and if these would be watchfull and Vigilent on their Posts, they need

not load till occasion should require it.

Brigadeer for the Day, Gen'l Fellows, Field Officers Coll. Silliman and Coll. Smith, Lt. Coll. Hobby and Longley, Majors Patten and McDonough.







HEAD QUARTERS, Sept. 28th, 1776.

Parole, Stamford; Countersign, Pye.

Fenn Wadsworth is appointed Brigade Major to Gen'l Wadsworth. William Heggon of Capt'n Hamilton's Comp'y of Artillery, convicted by a Gen'l Court Martial whereof Coll. --- is President, of Plundering and Stealing, ordered to be whiped 39 Lashes, the Gen'l approves the Sentance and orders it to be executed tomorrow at the Usual time and Place.

A number of new Rules and Regulations of the Army are come to hand, the Several Brigades are to receive their Proportions and deliver them to the Commanding Officers of the several Reg'ts, who are Immediately to cause them to be Read to their Reg'ts and made known to both Officers and Soldiers, so that there may be no Pretence

for Ignorance.

It is with great concern that the Gen'l finds that so many excuses are made by Field Officers and others on Duty, especially on Picquet, by this means active and willing Officers are discouraged, he hopes that trifling reasons and Slight Complaints will not be urged to avoid Duty when the Utmost Vigilence and care is necessary. The Gen'l has also observed, in rideing through the Camps, a shamefull waste of Provision, large pieces of fine Beef not only thrown away but left above Ground to Putrify.

Whilst such Practices continue, troops will be sickly. The Colls. or Commanding Officers of Reg'ts who have not done it, are Immediately to appoint Camp collimen, and officers who have spirit and Zeal will see such Nauciousness removed; some of the Camps nearest Head are very faulty in that respect, and will be pointed out in

Gen'l Orders if there is not reformation.

Stephen Moyland Esq. haveing resigned the Office of Quart'r Mast'r Gen'l, Brig'r Gen'l Mifflin is appointed thereto till the Pleasure of the Congress can be known. The Quart'r M. G. will deliver to Gen'l Spencer's orders such Tents as are wanting

in Gen'ls Wadsworth's and Fellows' Brigades.

As the approach of the Enemy may be known as soon as possible, two Field Pieces are to be fired by the order of the Brig'r of the Day, at the Redoubt on the Road by Coll. Moylan's, this to be repeated by two others at Head Quarters, and the like number at Mount Washington.

Coll. Shea is to take charge of Gen'l Mifflin's Brigade till further orders. Coll. Saltonstall is to order in four of the Malitia Reg'ts under his Command to Encamp on the Hill opposite to Fort Washington, towards the Point opposite to the Encamp-

ment on the other side Harlem River.

The Gen'l desires that the several Works in which we are now engaged in may be advanced as soon as Possible, as it is Essentially necessary. In future when any Officer is ordered on Duty and through Sickness or any other Private reason cannot attend, he is to Procure one of equal Rank to do his duty for him, unless some extraordinary reason should occasion an application to Head Quarters, unless a regular Roster never can be kept.

The Brigade Maj'rs are to furnish the Chief Engineer with a Detail of Men from their respective Brigades ordered for Fatigue, this is to be left at his office near Head Quarters and when any alteration is made, they are to give in a new Detail. Maj'r Bicker is ordered to attend the Works and be excused from other Duty.

Any Soldier detected in cutting any Abbettees without orders from the Chief Engineer is to be sent to the Provost Guard, and tried by a Gen'l Court Martial, Officers are directed to put a stop to so dangerous a Practice, Immediately.

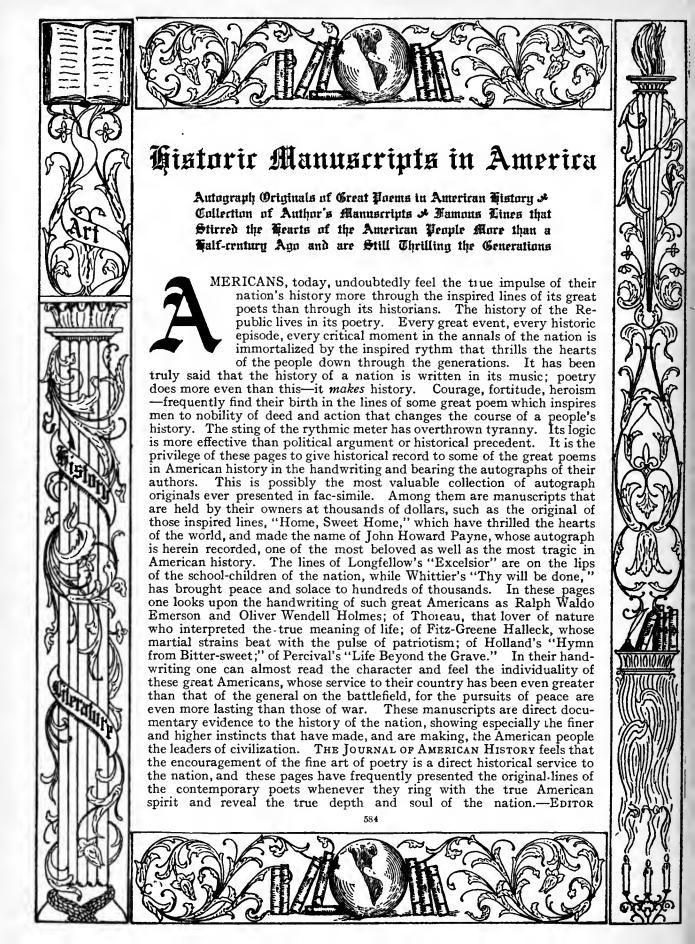
Fatigue Men are to Breakfast before they go to Parade, no Man to be allowed to Return home after to his Tent or Quarters on this Account.

The building up tents with Boards is a Practice Particular to this Army, and in our Present Situation cannot be Indulged without the greatest Injury to the Service. The Boards brought into Camp are for Floors to the Tents, and Officers would do well Immediately to prevent their being applied to any other Use.

Officers for the Day, Brig'r Gen'l McDougall, Coll. Douglass and Smallwood, Lt. Coll. Wysenfelse and Bryerly, Maj'rs Tuttle & Mentz. Brig'r Maj'r Mifflin.







Home, Sweet Storne!

1

'Mid plasures and palaces though we may roam

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there

Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Thome, home, - sweet, sweet home!

There's no place like home! their no place like home!

11.

An exile from home, splender daggles in vain!

Oh, give me my lowly that chid cottage again!

The birds singing gaily that came at my call!—

Jive me them, with the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, home, - sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! there's no place like home!

John Howard Fayne.

Excellin.

The thates of night were falling fact,

As though an obline village nassed

A yout who love midsnow and ice

A banner into the Etvange device

Excelsion!

Idis brow was sad; his eye beneath.

Fleshea like a falchion from it sheath,

And like a silver clarion rung

The accents of that unknown tongue

Excelsion!

In happy homes he saw the light

Of homehold lies gleam warm and bright;

Above the spectral glacies shorre,

Ind from his lips excepted a grown

Excelsion!

"Fry not du pass!" the old man said,
"Dark lowen du tempert overhead,
The voaring torrent is deep and wide!"
Andlord that clavion vive replied.
Excels ion!

O stay! It moiden said, "and rest!"
They weary head upon thin breast!"
It tear stood in his bright blue age
But stile he and wered with a sigh
Excelsior!

"Bevare the prinched's withered branch!

Boware the auful andlandre!"

This was the measure's last good evident;

A wise repried, for my the height,

Excelsion!

At break of day as hedvennown.

The private months of St. Bernard.

Uttered the cefts revented prouger,

A vice evied through the started air

Excels iv!

A traveller by du faithful hound.

Halfebruied in du Snow was Jound,

Stile grasping in his hand of ica.

That banes with the Strange device.

Excelsion!

There in the twilight eved and gray, difeless but beautiful he lay,

And from the sky serene and far

A voice fell like a falling star

Excels ion!

Ideny W. Longfeller.

To two beyond the grave — to leave a name,
That like a living hum, that keep its every
Undimmed the or ages — to be hailed hereafter,
As first among the spirits, who have gipted
Their land with farme — to downed the thoughts
Of all sublimer loads, as Deitico
Are breasured in their sharper — to load the tongue
of nations, and be writtend in the ronger to
And farmyers of millseons — The who keeps thereof hope
Fixed in his heart, and holds his lonely way
Cheered by this only, and yet keeps family ely
Universal promits path—The way not cast
his prespecse from its path—The way not cast
he nature, someoners record — to be hope itsely

He Marione

280

Thy rule be done!

He see not know not; all ourway Is dark: - with Thee alone is day; From out the tovouts troubled drift above the storm our frayer we lift, Thy will be done!

The flesh may fail, the heart may faint But who are we to make complaint Br dare to urge in times like these The weakness four love of Ease?— They will be done! Our burden up non ask it less: Counting it jug that even we may suffer serve or wait for Thee. They will be done!

Though faint as yet in tent bline We dimly trace Thy wise design And thank Thee that our age supplies Its dark relief of sacrifice. Thy will be done!

And if in our unworthiness
They sacrificed wine we press.
If from They ordeal's heated wars
Our feet are seamed with church sears
They will be I one!

If for the age to come this hour Of trial hath vicarious power, and blest by Thee our present pain The Liberty's eternal gain Thy will be I one!

Strike Thou the Master, we Thy key,
The authorn of the destines!

The minor of Thy Loftier strain
Our hearts shall breathe the old refrain
Thy rule be done!

Clems bury My, 12 2 mm 1864

John J. Whetteen

Mark! a Biglig cake comy Hark! a fife in finging, Hark! the 20th of far off drung. Dan, it y thy muy from Ookening the hove-hearted Memony body, a floring coult Atiquele hanftartia. Menoing - of our Tines of old Ooke, officificin- Frien High their rainfun flag un where Memony of the true and trans Other, at Nonoing bisting, The their pointings high to fave to Don as to their werking,

Menony ghang a bottle plane, Solan then to flow ing, Mary freen theyprop and Jobo the frain, Abouther gramps one glowing; Hope. Het the children of their prayer, Dith them in valor being May To a gellant Ties by their, In him and his dying; Antho ke for children Jet to com Ihan of their by westing She mifer al and the feels home Of happunt being, breating to them the bearing of the true The title potty Ant shanger for fresh and forest bed. Du boney of love and teamly,

Mayin, hie they being truly play At them cheen the bring brave to day They may wait the deed to home, 17/2 Steene Hallak Hymn from Bitter Sever! For Summers bloom and Cutumis blight, For bending puhear and blashet Maige, For health and dickness, Love of Lisher, and Lord of harkurs, he an our praised "The trace to the our fors and wars, -To The of Canses Still The Cause. We thank The that Thy Hand bistoms; The bless The That They love withdraws. "The bring no dorsons to They Throne; The danie to The with a complant In Moridace Thy will is down, and thus is so come to the saint. "Here on This bless Thanks sing Angles, The raise to Thee our gratiful horce; For what Thou doesny Lord is right and Thus believing One rejoice. Springfuld, Enues.

Tope. My life is like a stately warmer horse, that walks with fluent pass along Kiway, And I the upright horseman that bestrides His flexuous back, feeling my private thoughts. Alas, when will this rambling head and neck Be welded that firm and browny breast? But till my steady steed you broudly forth, Mining his thank steps along the road; But say wuresting steed holds on his way. Ho is four gone ere this, you fain would range the is far group. Plant grow and rivers run; you wier may look whom the ocean wave, at morn or eventide, but you will rec Fur in Re honison with Expanded rail, Some rolitary back stand out to sea, Fra bound well so my life rails fran, To double some for cape notyet explore A cloud new standett in the summer's, The lagle railing high, with outspread wings bleaving the silent air, reteth him not a moment in his flight, the air n'at his pen Nor doth my life fold its unevaried wings, And hide its head within its downy breast, But still it plans the shadess seas oftene, Breasting the wave with an unsanded bow. W. D. Thoram

moship. This is he who felled by foes flowing hermless up, refreshed by blows: He to Captivity was fold, Buthim no knisonbary would hold; Though they fealed him in a rock, Mountain chains he can unlock; Throw to line for their meet, The Cronching lion kiped his feet: Firms to the Stake, no flaves appalled, But arched our him an honoring Vault. This is he men niscall Fate, Threading dark ways, arriving late, But ever coming in time to Grown. The truth, and hard wrong does down.

He is the oldest, and best known, There near then aught-then callif they own, Net, Creeted in another, eyes, Disconcerts with glad pinkrise. This is love, who, deal to prayers, Hoods with blessings unawares. Draw, if then canft, the my sie line Severing rightly his from there, Which is human, which divine. Kw. Cmerfon.

The Flower of Liberty.
What flower is this that greats the morn, It's hues from He aven So freshly born?
With burning Star and flaming band It kindles all the Suncer land:
Other as what it's name may be,
It this the It lower of Liberty?
It is the barner of the free,
The Itarry I lower of Liberty!

In Savage Nature's far above Its tende Leed our fathers soured; The storm-winds locked its Swelling bud, Its opening leaves were stocked with blood, Till to! earth's typouts shook to Lee The Jule-Hann Flower of Liberty! They hail the banner of the Jee, The starry I lower of Liberty!

Behold its sheaming Ecoys unite, One mingling flood of haided light, - The red that fines the Touthen late, With spotlers while from Morthen Sours, and springled our its wave, see The Lister stars of Liberty!

Then hail the bounce of the feel The stary Mower of Liberty!

The Vlades of heroes feace it lound.
Whereer it springs is holy ground.
From trues and done its flories of mead;
It waves where lonely sentius head:
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants can empire on the Sea!
Then hail the banner of the fine
The stany Hower of Liberty!

Thy Sacred because, Jan Faedomi Mover, Thall ever float on dome and tower, To all their heavenly colors there In Hackening frost or Crimson due, and God love as as we love thee, Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!

The starry Flower of Liberty!

More Mendell Hotmus

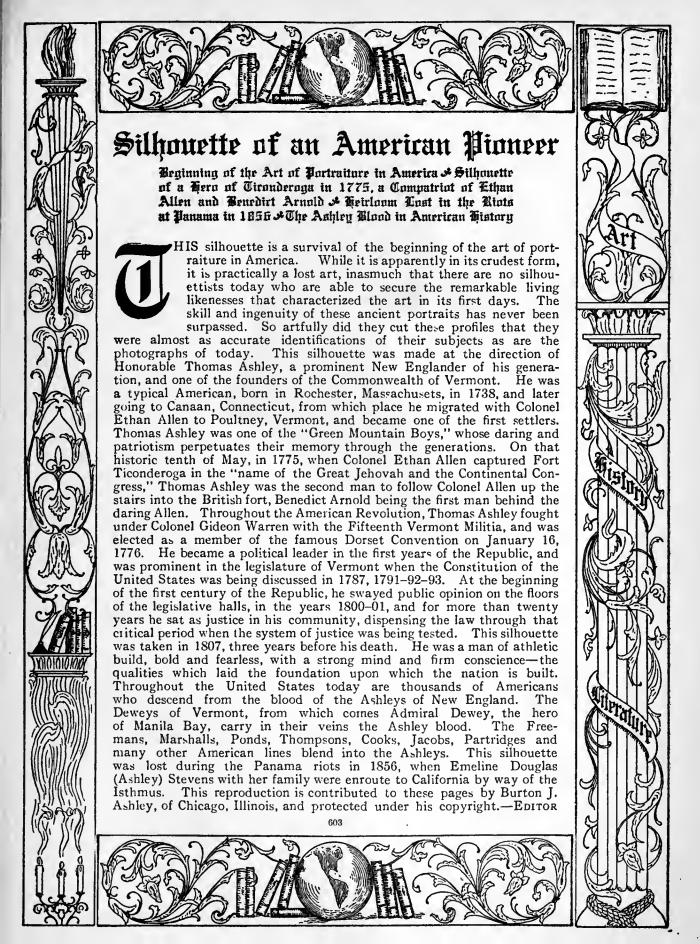
More Mendell Hotmus



BEGINNING OF PORTRAITURE IN AMERICA

Silhouette of Honorable Thomas Ashley Compatriot of Colonel Ethan Allen' and Benedict Arnold at Fort Ticonderoga in 1775

Copyright by Burton J. Ashley of Chicago, Illinois







Genealogy Houndations in America

Progenitors of American Families & List of Passengers Transported to New England from Condon in 1635

MERICANS are beginning to realize the moral as well as the historical significance of genealogical foundations. A nation which relies upon the record of its homes for its national character, cannot afford to ignore the value of genealogical investigation as one of the truest sources of patriotism. The love of home inspires the love of country. There is a wholesome influence in genealogical research which cannot be

over-estimated. Moreover, there is a deep human interest to it. Take, for instance, this passenger list of the ship "Hopewell" which sailed from London to New England in 1635; note the names and ages of its passengers, and then consider that from them a great race has sprung, of which the reader may be its living representative.

Theis under-written names are to be transported to New England imbarqued in the Hopewell, Tho. Babb, M' p cert. from the Ministers & Justices of their conformitie in Religion to o' Church of England=& yt they are no Subsedy Men. they have taken ye oaths of Alleg: & Suprem.

Husb. Wilton Wood	27	Robert Withie	20
Elizabeth Wood	24	Henry Ticknall	15
Jo. Wood	26	Harniss Maker, Isack Heath	50
Robert Chambers	13	Elizabeth Heath	40
Tho. Jn°son	25	Elizabeth Heath	5
Marie Hubbard	24	Martha Heath	30
Jo. Kerbie	12	W ^{m.} Lyon	14
Jo. Thomas	14	Grace Stokes	20
Isak Robinson	15	Tho. Bull	25
Ann Williamson	18	Joseph Miller	15
Tanner. Jo. Weekes	26	Jo: Prier	15
Marie Weekes	28	Richard Hutley	15
Anna Weekes	1	Daniel Pryer	13
Suzan Withie	18	Katherine Hull	23
Robert Baylie	23	Mary Clark	16
Marie Withie	16	Jo: Marshall	14
Samuel Younglove	30	Joan Grave	30
Margaret Younglove	28	Mary Grave	26
Samuel Younglove	1	Joan Cleven	18
Andrew Hulls	29	Edmond Chippfield	20
Anthony Freeman	22	[Chippenfield]	
Twiford West	19	Mary With	62
Roger Toothaker	23	Robert Edwards	22
Margaret Toothaker	28	Robert Edge	25
Roger Toothaker	1	Walter Lloyd	27
Ellen Leaves	17	Jo: Forten	14
Alice Albon	25	Gabriel Reld	18
Barbary Rofe	20	-	54





AN AMERICAN MANSION DURING THE REVOLUTION—"The Hermitage," at Hohakus, New Jersey, residence of Theodosia Prevost during the Struggle for Independence—In the parlor of this house she was married to Aaron Burr, the early American political leader who killed Alexander Hamilton, the father of the American financial system, in duel—The mansion is still standing and is the residence of J. Rosencranz



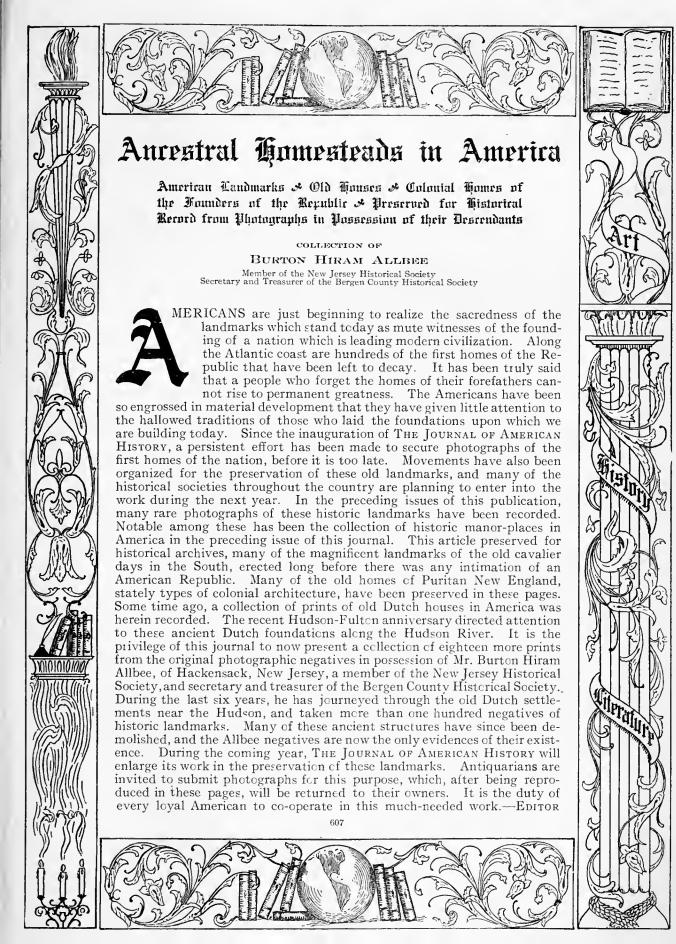
FIRST HOMES IN AMERICA—The De Kype House at Hackensack, New Jersey—Brilt about 1699—Still standing after more than two centuries—Photographs from the Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee, of the Bergen County Historical Society, Hackensack, New Jersey



OLD LANDMARKS OF THE BEGINNING OF THE NATION—Captain Berry House at Rutherford, New Jersey—Built about 1785 and the gathering place of builders of the Republic—This historic house has been restored and remodelled in recent years



TAVERN DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—The Abram Quackenbush House at Wyckoff, New Jersey—Built about 1750, and used as an Inn during the War of Independence—Officers and Soldiers gathered about its hospitable fires while on their journeys to and from the American Army





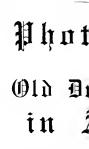
Built about 1750 - William E. Winter House at Campgaw, New Jersey



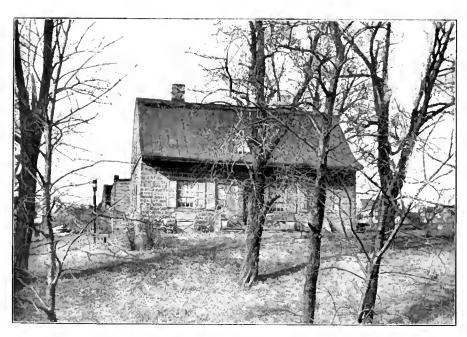
Built about 1699-John



Built about 1750—House at Oakland, New Jersey



Photographs of An Demolished by Mo Hiram Allbee in The Jour



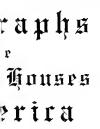
Built in 1725-Brinckerhoff House at Ridgefield Park, New Jersey



Built about 1740-Fe



use at Wyckoff New Jersey



marks that are being ss—Taken by Burton · Historical Record ERICAN HISTORY,



American Officers' Headquarters at Pompton, New Jersey, during Revolution—1776



Built about 1780-Dutch House at Paterson, New Jersey





First Homes in the American Republic



BUILT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—The Van Bus Kirk House in Hackensack, New Jersey—Erected about 1775 while the American Nation was struggling into existence



BUILT DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION—The Quackenbush House at Wyckoff, New Jersey—Built about 1780 while the War for Independence was in progress—Photographs from Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee

Photographs of Old Dutch Couses



AN AMERICAN INN IN FIRST DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC—The Wortendyke House at Hillsdale, New Jersey—Built about 1780—Scene of many social festivities when the Nation was in the making—Still well preserved

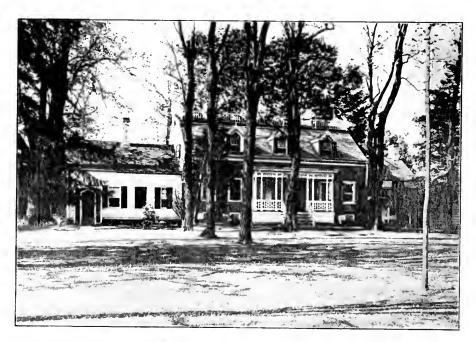


OLDEST HOUSE IN ITS COMMUNITY—Structure of Old Dutch Architecture in Bogota, New Jersey, which still stands as a witness of the beginning of a township—Built about 1775—Photographs from the Allbee Collection





MANSION ASSAULTED BY BRITISH TROOPS IN AMERICAN REVOLUTION—The Colonel Peter Schuyler House at Arlington, New Jersey—Built about 1770 and still bearing bullet marks from the British guns and the bayonet thrusts of the King's soldiers—The tower and veranda are modern



HISTORIC AMERICAN LANDMARKS—The Demarest Homestead at Bergenfield, New Jersey—Built about 1799 and still occupied by the descendants of the builders—Photographs from the Collection of Burton Hiram Allbee, of the Bergen County Historical Society, Hackensack, New Jersey





Memoirs of an Old Politician in the National Capital at Washington

Reminiscences
of a Political Leader in
the Early Bays of the Nation. His
Experiences on a Ionrney to the National Capital
with Anerdotes of the Political Methods of the Times. Memoirs
of Campaigns of Clay, Calhoun and Jackson. Posthumous Manuscript

JOHN ALLEN TRIMBLE

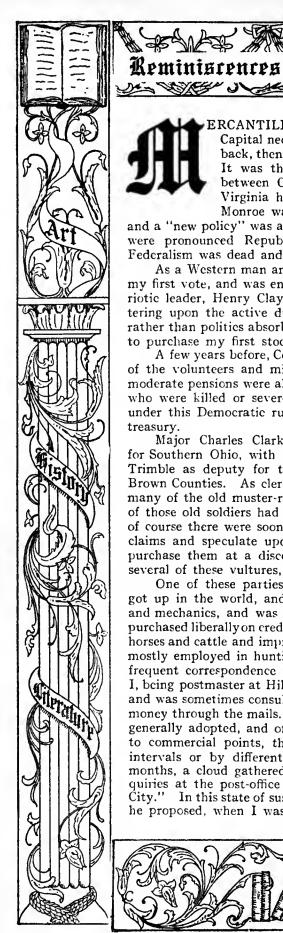
OF OHIO

Transcribed from the Original Manuscript by His Daughter
Alice M. Trimble of New Vienna, Ohio

HIS manuscript, revealing the political conditions of more than a half-century ago, has lain among the private papers of an old Ohio family for a generation. It is one of the thousands of documents treasured in the homes of the nation, which relate in a simple, entertaining way, the life experiences of their writers. The very fact that they are merely the private diaries or journals of some unpretentious citizen, without any intent of becoming history, gives them a frankness that makes them doubly interesting. In a former installment of this old manuscript, the writer related many anecdotes of the early politics and politicians with whom he had an acquaintance-Clay, Webster, Benton. He told of listening to the stump speeches of Calhoun, and the excitement in the campaigns of Van Buren and Harrison, with a sense of humor that carried one right into the presence of these political leaders of the first half of the last century. In the installment now transcribed from the original manuscript, the writer tells of his journey to the national capital at Washington by horseback, and his experiences with government officials. It is like a breath from the past. It convinces one that human nature is about the same through the generations, and that the political tendencies of today are not so appalling as some would have us believe. Such documents as this renew faith in mankind, for they show that the tendency of humanity is toward higher ideals and better manhood, and not deterioration. The world is growing better all the time. lifting out and up through the generations. The unpretentious records of life left by the forefathers are the most reliable eye-witnesses and the truest evidence for historical comparisons. This document reveals simple truths and gives one a clearer understanding. such, it is of value in arriving at historical conclusions.—Editor







Reminiscences of the National Capital

ERCANTILE arrangements made a visit to the National Capital necessary in 1823, and the trip was made on horse-back, then the usual mode of travel on business or pleasure. It was the era of the exciting Presidential campaign between Clay, Crawford, Calhoun, Adams and Jackson. Virginia had long held the Presidential honors, and Mr. Monroe was soon to retire and give place to a new line,

and a "new policy" was agitating the public mind. All of these aspirants were pronounced Republicans or Democrats of the Jefferson school. Federalism was dead and buried by the war with England.

As a Western man and a native of Kentucky, I was in a year to give my first vote, and was enlisted under the banner of the popular and patriotic leader, Henry Clay. After a long apprenticeship, I was then entering upon the active duties of a merchant in Hillsboro, and business rather than politics absorbed my attention, as I was going to Philadelphia to purchase my first stock of goods.

A few years before, Congress had made appropriations for the services of the volunteers and militia who had served in the War of 1812, and moderate pensions were allowed to widows and orphans of private soldiers who were killed or severely wounded in battle. Officers were excluded under this Democratic rule of economy and watchful care of the public

Major Charles Clarkson, of Kentucky, was appointed paymaster for Southern Ohio, with headquarters at Chillicothe, and Captain C. A. Trimble as deputy for the district of Highland, Fayette, Adams and Brown Counties. As clerk for my brother, I have still in my possession many of the old muster-rolls of McArthur's and Key's regiments. Many of those old soldiers had died or removed to the West, and as a matter of course there were soon found loyal patriots, as now, to hunt up these claims and speculate upon the sorrows of the widow and orphan, and purchase them at a discount. Hillsboro and Highland County mustered several of these vultures, some of whom thrived while others failed.

One of these parties, from being a thriftless and lazy loafer, soon got up in the world, and had extensive credit with merchants, farmers and mechanics, and was handling large sums of United States bills. He purchased liberally on credit, and stocked a little farm near Hillsboro with fine horses and cattle and improved farming utensils for his boys, his time being mostly employed in hunting up business. He had, of course, regular and frequent correspondence with the War Department at Washington, and I, being postmaster at Hillsboro, was necessarily familiar with his business. and was sometimes consulted as to the safest mode of receiving or sending money through the mails. At that period the system of exchange was not generally adopted, and often large sums in bank notes were transmitted to commercial points, the notes being usually subdivided and sent at intervals or by different routes. After a prosperous career of several months, a cloud gathered over his financial affairs, and his frequent inquiries at the post-office were answered: "No letters from Washington City." In this state of suspense, and suspicion on the part of his creditors, he proposed, when I was preparing to go East for goods, to give me a

of a Politician in power of attorney to adjust and settle up his affairs at the War Department, alleging that he was entitled to receive \$1,200 or \$1,500 on pension claims in the hands of the Third Auditor, out of which he was to pay his store account of some \$400. To this I agreed. The morning of my departure he was slow in coming to town. I had mounted my horse for the long journey of a thousand miles (both ways), when the gentleman made his appearance hurriedly from the old clerk's office, with a package of papers, saying he had been detained getting the county seal and clerk's certificate attached to a new pension claim of \$700 for Mrs. Jane Leach, of Clinton County. This, with his letters of attorney, wrapped in a newspaper, was thrown into the saddlebags without dismounting, and was never examined until I reached Washington City and opened them at the Department. My route was via Chillicothe, Lancaster, Zanesville to Wheeling, and the unfinished National Road to Cumberland, Maryland. At Lancaster I fell in with a traveler from Hagerstown, Maryland, a Mr. Huffman, who was returning home from a survey of the West. We formed a traveling and social acquaintance, and journeyed together for ten days over The incidents of the long and weary miles would be the mountains. occasional droves of Ohio or Kentucky cattle or horses going East, now and then a family carriage of travelers, or the fast United States mail line making eight and ten miles an hour, followed by the accommodation passenger line at a slower pace. The railroad was then an experiment feeling its way to Washington City, and was only completed to Point of Rocks, or Harper's Ferry, in 1835. Reaching Frederickton, Maryland, I left my faithful steed to rest for ten or twelve days, and took the stage via Baltimore, and Chesapeake packet to Havre de Grace, thence stage and steamboat to Philadelphia. A week in the Quaker City sufficed to purchase goods, and thence to Washington City, the objective point, and of great attractive interest to a Western man. It was then, during recess of Congress, a dull and ordinary country town, without attraction or interest, save the capitol and President's house. A few handsome country seats towards Georgetown Heights alone embellished the city. And here I must sketch an episode of interest to the journey. At Wilmington, Delaware, where we left the steamer. my ticket for coach number 10 introduced me to a mixed company, as follows: Reverend Dr. Ely of New York, the then distinguished and eloquent Presbyterian preacher, Captain Hamrick, an invalid and petulant seaman just off from a cru se and a shipwreck on the coast of South America, three wild and hilarious young fellows from the city, and myself, packed closely together, and baggage on deck. The first intimation that we had a clergyman aboard was a mild yet severe rebuke to the profanity of one of the young men, who bowed politely to the handsome and dignified stranger. and begged pardon for his offence in indulging a foolish habit. "I hope, my young friends, you will pardon me," said the stranger, "but I must have respect to my calling, and bear testimony against a practice which we all know is 'more honored in the breach than the observance.'" Then the crusty sea-captain said curtly: "I guess you are one of those chaps that spin long yarns for children and old women, called sermons, and you are a preacher." "Yes, sir, you are right. I am not



Reminiscences of the National Capital

travelling in disguise, and always show my colors. I am called Dr. Ely, of New York, and my calling is in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church." It was spoken with a mildness and earnestness which impressed the whole company, and seemed to soften the hard features of the sailor. We all bowed respectfully to Dr. Ely, and were on our good behavior while crossing over the State of Delaware, where the blue hen hatched her chickens in '76.

An animated and earnest controversy soon arose between Dr. Ely and the sea-captain, who contended for the sailor's privilege of swearing. "Why, sir, we could not enforce discipline on board ship without it, and a captain or mate who couldn't swear had better stay ashore. In fact, it is a necessary part of discipline, especially on a man-of-war ship." This, of course, brought out the eloquent and earnest protest of the doctor and the animated dispute was kept up until we reached the steamer on the Chesapeake.

It was resumed on the boat. It seems the captain was going home to Alexandria, Virginia, after a disastrous voyage, wrecked in fortune and with impaired health, and Dr. Ely became deeply interested in his history, and earnest for his reformation. We three traveled together to Washington City, and Dr. Ely said to me at parting: "I had intended to stop at Baltimore, but this captain has so interested me that I have followed him up, and now he invites me to accompany him home, and I am going with him to Alexandria, and hope to leave him a Christian." We parted company, and I was forcibly impressed with the worth and earnest zeal of this accomplished preacher.

But to resume my history of the Hillsboro pension agent, W. C. On arriving at Washington I put up at Brown's hotel, Pennsylvania avenue, then, as in the days of Jefferson (who rode there on horseback to be inaugurated), the principal hotel of the city. Hillsboro is better built to-day and about as large as the capital in 1823.

I at once repaired to the Third Auditor's office, Major Peter Haynor, and presented my credentials as the agent and attorney for this speculating character of Highland. "Yes sir," said the Third Auditor, looking at me closely. "You are authorized by this party to settle and adjust this unsettled business with this Department.

"Mr. Clerk, hand me the papers and vouchers of W. C. of Hillsboro, Ohio." The papers were laid upon the table. Taking up a power of attorney from a party authorizing him to draw a pension of \$500, the Third Auditor said: "Look at that certificate and county seal of Samuel Bell, Clerk of the Court of Highland County. What do you say as to that paper, Mr. Trimble?"

At first sight I saw it was a bad forgery of the clerk's signature, but a correct impression of the old county seal which had disappeared a few years before. (An ingenious mechanic, John Kelvy, had made a new one.) "Why, Major," I replied, "that is a forgery of Mr. Bell's signature, and will explain to him the lost county seal." Then handing me another paper, he said: "Here is one from Clinton County, with the signature of Isaiah Morris. Are you familiar with his writing?"



Aemoirs of a Politician in Washington

"Yes, Mr. Morris' signature is on the style of John Hancock, and here is another worse failure on the part of my client." I had handed my letter and accompanying papers to the Auditor without examining them. Opening a power of attorney from Mrs. Jane Leach, of Clinton County, to draw a pension of \$750, I found Morris' signature correct, but the certificate of the magistrate, one Thomas Hatcher, looked suspicious, and of course nothing could be collected at the Department for this party.

Fortunately for me, Major Haynor was an intimate friend of and comrade with my brother in the late war. Enjoining caution and secrecy, he authorized me, on my return to Ohio, to have the pension agent arrested, and furnished the necessary documents.

This first impression of Washington was not very pleasing, as I had reached there with just enough money to pay a hotel bill for a day, expecting to receive a large amount of United States Bank bills. In this dilemma it occurred to me that I was a deputy paymaster under Honorable John McLain, Postmaster-General, and that I had a limited personal acquaintance with that distinguished Ohio gentleman. I at once repaired to his office, was recognized, and informed him of the peculiar circumstances of my business in Washington. He handed me \$70, a sum amply sufficient for a protracted journey through Virginia, and insisted on taking me out for dinner to his residence at Georgetown Heights. Mrs. McLain and some of the family I had known in Hillsboro, and I was cordially received. In the afternoon Judge McLain said I must remain and make the acquaintance of John C. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, and candidate for the Presidency, saying that Mr. Calhoun was the warm personal friend of my brother, the late Colonel Trimble, who had died at Washington two years before. He would take no excuse of business or diffidence, saying Mr. Calhoun was his next door neighbor across the lawn, and I consented. This marked respect to the memory and worth of my brother by two distinguished members of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet was pleasing and gratifying to a stranger in the city. When we called, Mr. Calhoun was entertaining a few other visitors, young men from the South, to whom I was introduced, and the afternoon was spent in listening to the gifted and fluent statesman, whose conversational powers charmed all who heard him. The exciting topics of the Presidential contest, and prominent men of the era, were discussed freely. In the course of conversation the Texas question was referred to and commented on. Turning to me, Mr. Calhoun observed that, pending the negotiation with Spain for the cession of the Floridas. he had a long and interesting correspondence with my brother, Colonel Trimble, then (1817) in command of his regiment at Natchez. He stated to the company that at his suggestion Colonel Trimble, with two officers of his company, had explored Texas to the Sabine and Rio Grande to learn the character of the country and that of the Spanish inhabitants on the question of annexation to the United States, as part of our Louisiana purchase. He said the Colonel had made an elaborate report touching the vast resources of the country and that he thought there would be little trouble in asserting and maintaining our claims to the Rio Grande; that with an additional regiment to the Eighth and a company of artillery he would guarantee to hold possession, and urged this policy strongly. Mr. Calhoun said as







Reminiscences of the National Capital

Secretary of War he had fully coincided with Colonel Trimble, but the President declined the responsibility, and the treaty of Mr. Adams was adopted transferring the rich domain to Spain for East and West Florida. remarked Mr. Calhoun, "we lost the golden opportunity of acquiring and holding that vast territory, so rich in resources and so naturally the geographical boundary of the United States." The correspondence referred to I have in my possession, as interesting documents of our history. Governor Morrow of Ohio had recently retired from the Senate to preside over the Buckeye State. Referring to him, Mr. Calhoun paid the highest enconium. He remarked: "I do not know your brother, who recently contested the race with Governor Morrow, but it was a high compliment to him to have made so close a race with such a man as Jeremiah Morrow. I served with him in the Senate, and learned to know and appreciate his sterling and unpretending worth. As chairman of the Committee on Public Lands, he made a record that won the confidence and respect of the Senate. He is a fine specimen of the Democrat American statesman and patriot, the people of Ohio ought to be proud of such a representaive, and of the position she is taking in her rapid strides to population and wealth. Do you know, gentlemen, that I regard Ohio as the true keystone to our "glorious arch" in place of Pennsylvania. She is the firstborn of the union and confederation of the states. Virginia, her foster mother, endowed her with a rich domain of free territory, a voucher for her conservative patriotism, and that free gift of a boundless domain was itself a guarantee and bond of union which has deeply impressed the public mind, North and South. The population of Ohio is from all sections, and will thus form a homogeneous mass of conservative and patriotic citizens that will, I trust, forever keep in check the selfish and sectional jealousies of demagogues who would disturb the harmony of our glorious Union for selfish aims. Yes, Ohio is henceforth a power in our political and social system, which will be felt and appreciated in the near future of our Republic."

How true and how forcible the words of this dintinguished statesman, I leave to the reflection and candor of our modern patriots. John McLain, Postmaster-General, was thought to be a good judge of elements which would constitute great men and patriots, and he was the enthusiastic friend and follower of John C. Calhoun, and urged strongly his claims over all his competitors for the Presidency. Walking home with him from this interesting visit to the great Southerner, Judge McLain was lavish and earnest in his eulogy of his friend, and said he would write to Governor Trimble, McArthur and others to consider the claims of Mr. Calhoun as paramount and superior to that of Mr. Clay or any other statesman. Let modern patriots ponder over these strange revolutions that have thus changed the current of popular opinion of great men.

Resuming my journey and my narrative, I left Washington, after visiting the capitol, public offices, and the Congressional Cemetery, where repose so many distinguished dead, and where I marked the resting place of a cherished brother. In the stage to Fredericktown I had for an only companion General John P. Van Ness, of that city, a zealous and enthu-

Memoirs of a Politician in siastic friend of General Jackson for the Presidency. He soon learned my name, residence and politics, and we had an animated and pleasant stage-coach discussion as to the merits and claims of the five aspirants, (as he said, a splendid galaxy, but all paled before the hero of New Orleans). He was a polished and courteous gentleman, going South with his family, who had preceded him in the family carriage and were waiting for him at Fredericktown. At the latter place I resumed my homeward journey on horseback, fording the Potomac at Williamsport, thence through the Shenandoah valley to Staunton, and thence via White Sulphur Springs and the Kanawha route to Hillsboro, a solitary horseman for 400 miles. At the "Hawk Nest" I did fall in with two young men going West, Mr. Douglas of Loudon County, Virginia and Mr. Moffet of Kentucky. were strangers to the wild and romantic scenery of New River, and I was their pilot to the far famed cliff of the "Hawk's Nest." Turning aside a hundred yards from the road, we followed the pathway to the precipice, where, holding on to a cedar tree on the verge, every one involuntarily recoils from the fearful depths of chasm and the wild rush of the New River to the great falls a few miles below. It is now a wild and picturesque promontory on the route of the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, which has cut its way through these ramparts of the Alleghenies. The veritable hawk or eagle's nest was then in a cluster of leaves and sticks upon a platform or table-rock ten or twelve feet below the "standing point," a smooth slab, 10 by 15 feet, and projecting over the immense void. On one side a tall, solitary holly had found footing in the cleft, and its top branches were touching this shelving rock. Mr. Douglas was carrying a valuable silver-mounted riding-whip, and as he peered over the verge, it fell and lodged in the top branches of the holly. It was in reach from the hawk's nest, if he could only descend to that point, where foot of white man or Indian had perhaps never ventured. He determined to regain his whip, and finding a crevice in the rock for a foothold, he let himself down to the projecting table. He was proud of the feat, and proposed that we all would follow, and claim precedence for our folly. So Moffet and I took off our boots and made the descent safely. Then to reach the riding-whip we stood behind Douglas and held to his coat, while he reached over the verge to grasp the limb that held his whip. It was just within his reach, when the heavy handle lost its balance and went, like an arrow, a thousand feet below. After doing the Hawk's Nest, and looking up for a pathway to terrafirma, there was found no foothold for making the ascent. The crevice that had served to let us down was out of our reach, and there we were were in a trap, until some casual visitor might happen to pass that way and give rescue. At last Douglas suggested that I, being the lightest, could stand on his shoulders, and thus reach the foothold and regain the objective point. This was done, Moffet followed, and getting a stout stick we held on to it while our comrade clambered up the cliff. Reaching Hillsboro, I found my claim agent and pension speculator had suspected there was danger ahead and starting his family in the night, and disposing of his stock, had taken his departure for the far West. He was never arrested, John Smith, the pioneer merchant, had a large claim, and followed him to Indiana, but found him bankrupt. The pension claim of Mrs. Jane Leach of Clinton county, I afterwards procured for her.





Britain's Tribute to the Americans

"And our friendship will last long as love doth last and be stronger than death is strong"

BY

ALFRED AUSTIN

Poet-Laureate of Great Britain

LONDON, ENGLAND

What is the voice I hear
On the wind of the Western Sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
"Tis a proud, free people calling aloud to
a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last,
and be stronger than death is strong!"

Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan,
Let us speak with each other, face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none
but freemen can.

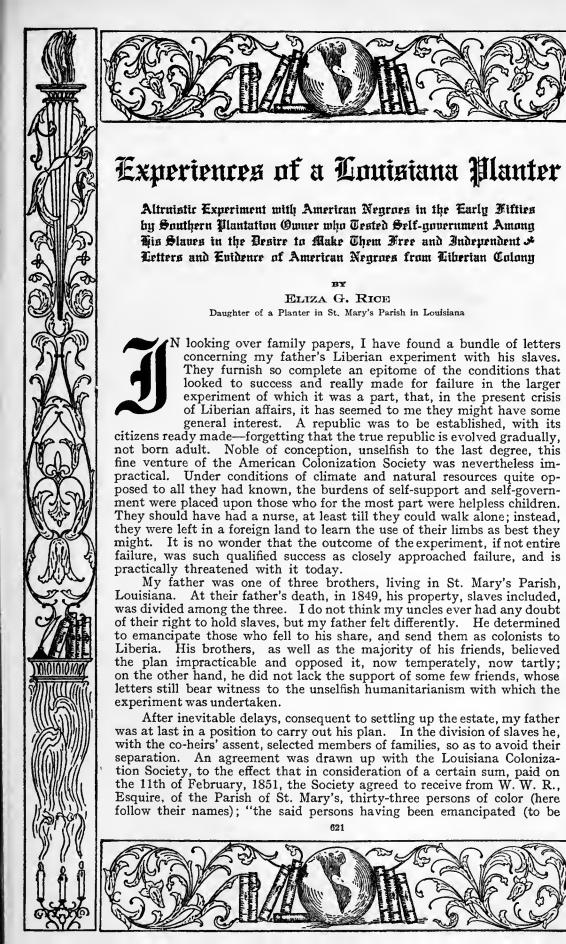
Now fling them out to the breeze, Shamrock, thistle, and rose, And the Star-Spangled Banner unfurl with these, A message to friends and foes, Wherever the sails of peace are seen and wherever the war-wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake
And his menace be void and vain,
For you are lords of a strong young land and
we are lords of the main.

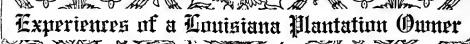
Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale, "We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a wornout tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship will last long as love doth last
and be stronger than death is strong."

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deemed free on their arrival in Liberia) for the purpose, and convey them to Liberia, Western Africa, as emigrants for the settlements in Liberia, and provide for their comfortable support and maintenance for six months after their arrival, affording them houses, provisions, medical attendance, and also to secure to the said persons all the immunities and privileges enjoyed by other emigrants, according to arrangements already existing between the Republic of Liberia and the American Colonization Society, respecting donations of land, etc. And it is further agreed by the Louisiana Colonization Society, that, as far as practicable, the said persons shall be located in the territory assigned to emigrants colonized from the State of Louisiana, known as the Blue Barre territory, lying on the east side of the 'Sinoe rise.'"

This expedition, consisting of 139 emigrants in all, sailed from New Orleans in the brig "Alida," on the 12th of February; "the occasion," according to the African Repository for April, 1851, being "celebrated by the assembling of a large number of the friends of the society and the emigrants. . . An address was made by Reverend Mr. Pease, agent of the American Colonization Society. He gave the emigrants advice respecting their conduct on shipboard, and the course they should take upon reaching Africa; advising them to settle upon farms that would be furnished to them, free of expense, in preference to remaining in the city. After commending them to the care and blessing of God, he bade them farewell."

From a letter signed Eusebius, in the New York *Observer* for March 6, 1851, I quote a few further details, as showing how thoroughly my father tried to provide for the successful outcome of his experiment. He not only with full faith committed his camel to God, but he also followed

the Prophet's advice to tie it securely in the first place.

"Thirty-three of the emigrants," says Eusebius, "were emancipated by one individual. . . who is an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He gave them their freedom and pays all the expenses of their journey hither" (from St. Mary's to New Orleans) "and of their passage out, together with their support for six months after their arrival in Liberia. He also furnishes them with a complete outfit for the voyage and for their residence in Africa. He came with them to New Orleans, to superintend in person the purchase and distribution of everything that they might need, and I saw him on shipboard, giving out with his own hands to former servants, clothing, mattresses, household and farming utensils of all kinds, tools for those who had trades, and everything that they might need for their comfort and success in their new homes. All this was done as cheerfully, and with as much interest, as if they were his own children. As the vessel had been detained by waiting for the arrival of his company, he paid the demurrage, amounting to \$150. It is estimated that the amount of his sacrifice in giving these slaves their freedom, and of the actual expense which he has incurred in sending them out thus thoroughly equipped and provided for, is from \$20,000 to \$25,000."

The subsequent history of these colonists will be best given, so far as I know it, from their letters to my father. These illustrate, often quaintly enough, their childlike dependence upon him, and their inability, at least at first, to master their novel conditions. The first bears date of April 17th:

"RESPECTED SIR, By the return of the Liberia Packet from the coast of Africa we deem it our indispensible duty to pen you a few lines

father proceeds: of bleached Domestic.'

Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes

to let you see that we arrived safe in our newly destined home in Africa we must say that we owe to you a debt of gratitude in which we are afraid that we will not be able to pay you, but we intend to Try and do all we can to show you that if industry will be any use to us in Liberia we will make use of it to the very best advantage we had a passage of fifty three days across the Atlantic ocean we must inform you that during the Voiage the Small Pox broke out among us and it proved fatal to some but thank God we lost none of our Company as yet, but how soon I am not able to say sir many of us had the complaint and has it up to this date we like the country very well so far but we are unable to say anything about the country at this present time as we have so recently arrived but in our next communication we will try and give you some information about the country we must beg of you to send us some cooking utensils and a cross cut saw and a whip saw and some provisions of money at the Expiration of the six months and two hand mills you will please to inform your brother we arrived safe in Liberia please to send us some cloth to make clothes as we had to throw away many of our clothing from sickness and a box of shoes all the servants I send their to Master

"Yrs obedient servants Henry S. and Titus G".

The next letter, of June 3d, was written to one of my uncles:

"MR. J. R. MY DEAR FRIEND," it begins, "I embrase the chance to let you know that we are all in a bad state of helth at present but i hop that we will be bether in a fu Days we havent got threw with the African fever as yet but I hope that these fu lins may find you in the good helth I now wright you we have lande after a long voiage 55 days we had a very plesan voiage with the exsept of the smallpox there want but seven (of us) that had it but there were 53 cases and only two Died and I with the brain fever I hop that you have a good crop on hand I want you to send me a barrel of pork and a bolt of bleach Domestic and I will send you 2 barrel of pam oil pamoil is plentyer than fishoil is in America and I J. R." have now that is bether or as good as the fishoil.

My uncle's views as to the folly of the expedition were confirmed by this appeal for aid, and he seems to have been unable to refrain from saying, in effect, "I told you so!" as I infer from my father's answer to him, a copy of which is preserved with the rest. After remarking that sickness must be expected until the emigrants become acclimatized, and that the request for pork and cloth does not necessarily mean that they are destitute, my

"The fact in the case is just this; at the end of the six months for which I secured them a supply of the necessaries of life, they were to be thrown upon their own resources and be obliged to depend for a living upon what they could make by their own labor upon the land which the Government of Liberia grants free of charge to every black person settling in that country, and it is natural that they should look forward to this period with some anxiety and endeavor to make some preparation for it beforehand. I gave them a good supply of clothes before they left New Orleans, but some of these they were obliged to throw away because infected with smallpox. I have however sent them recently some goods to replace their loss. This explains the request made by J. R. for a 'bolt

"H. S. and T. G. also preferred a request for a few necessary articles for the company; some of which I had intended to send with them, but





Experiences of a Louisiana Plantation Owner

which in the confusion incident to a hurried preparation for their departure, were forgotten. These latter articles, with the goods for clothing and three barrels of flour (as a start at the end of the six months) went out to Liberia on the Zeno, which sailed from New York last month. I should have made a much larger addition than this to their outfit last February, if I had had time for reflection, after my arrival in New Orleans, previously to their departure. . .

"I do not expect my people to get along without meeting with difficulties, and hardships and privations. These are what every person, who goes to a new country with comparatively nothing, must contend with. They are what the pioneers of our own country have to battle with in all our frontier settlements. It is true that for this conflict the manumitted slave is less prepared than the hardy American backwoodsman, from the fact that he has never had the responsibility of providing for his own wants and those of his family. But these difficulties are of a much less formidable nature in Liberia than in the United States. . . The probability is, then, that if they use that industry which I feel every confidence they will do, in a short time all their hardships will be past and they will find themselves in the happy enjoyment of a sufficiency for the supply of all their reasonable wants, to say nothing of the inestimable benefits of liberty, education, and religious privileges, which the negro can nowhere enjoy so fully as in Liberia."

Before the "Zeno" could get in with the desired supplies, two more appeals were sent. R. and B. write in late September—"We see at once that if we do not ask you for some little help we shall suffer for the first year so you will please Sir to send us two Barrels of Flour and two of Pork we are very well satisfied with the Country indeed." And Titus G. writes again, for himself and his companions, a letter which, though long, gives such interesting details of their new life that I give it almost in full.

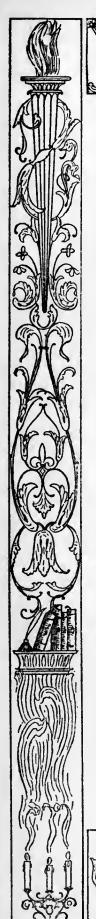
"Greenville, Sinoe; Sept. 20th, 1851.

"Respected Sir, Yours bearing date of the 19 of April is before me. I address you with a few lines hoping that they may find you in a state of perfect good as this us in a tolerable state of Health at this time We have had the acclamating feaver of the Country to contend with since our arrival to our new and destined home in Liberia

"We all joins in this letter to you. Though we are at a great distance from you but yet sir we know and feel that we owe to you a debt of Gratitude in which we are afraid that we will never be able to repay you back again for the kindness that you have bestowed upon us in giving of us our freedom and sending of us to Liberia. We rejoice to see and to know that you feel Such a deep interest in our future welfare and that you are willing to send at any and all times any instruction that you may see fit or proper to write us at any time that may offer. We certainly had a pleasant passage across the Atlantic Ocean and I must further say that Capt Fales acted and treated us all Very Kind indeed

"We had a Misfortune happened us that is the Small Pox broke out on board the Ship we had one death of the Small Pox on board and I myself had it Very bad if you was to see me at this Moment you would not know me from the fact it left my face marked up in Such a Manner. I have lost my wife in going through the acclamating feaver Henry S. lost his two children his Family has been the worst off of any of us with the feaver that is all of us Has Died





Altruistic Experiment with American Negroes

"according to your wishes we have all gone to farming and we work Every Day upon our Farms as we see that is the only thing to built up Liberia. Two thirds of the peple in this country are farmers we are in hopes to let you see some of the produce of our Farms by the Next season if God wills. We are trying as much to please you as we did when we was with you. Our children goes to School regular evry day and some of them has made considerable improvement and they also attend Regular, the Sabbath School

"Our Farms seems to be in a prosperous State with the produce of the Country and the Land and Soil of Africa Seems to be as good as the Land in my Country James P. has drawn a poor piece of Land and he has been quite dissatisfied but has become quite reconciled Since his Family has recovered I wrote to you by the Barque Baltimore but I was that sick at the time I could not finish the Letter but sent if off so but I am in hopes this will reach you in safety I will be able to write you Twice a year by this Packet as she will leave that often"

Here follows the list of necessaries, much the same as in the first letter, with the addition of seed corn, seeds of all varieties, and a barrel of molasses. It is noteworthy that he, like the others, promises to repay in produce, as soon as possible.

Half a year later Henry S. sends another petition: "Dear Sir," he reminds my father, "I have bin your servant I want you to send me one barrel of molasses one barrel of sugar 2 pear of shos no. 9 one pear no. 8 for my wife Frances S. wants 2 pear of shoes no 6 one barrel of commeal one bolt of common hankerchiefs and one bolt of checks I want you to send me all kinds of sead. . . I want you to send me one steel mill that we use to use in the plantations"

"N. B. to Thos R." (my uncle), "I want you to send me one coffee mill and also one dozen gun Tubes for my musket one keg of six penny nails one keg of powder 6 boxes of gun caps one barrel of beef one bag of shot Nothing More"

Coming down to the year 1856, Titus G. writes from Belleview, Monrovia, that "since I left Sinoe Co. there are now war with the natives and the colonists have killed several of the Americans and burnt down several villages of ours and all my property, now I left without anything, so I hope you will take deep interest in my case at this present time, as this country is very hard one except (one has) means to carry out object I means money." He very sensibly adds: "Dont listen to every tales other persons will say about our Repub ic because it is fine place although it is new country like many other new country, as you know there must be some persons who have objection of Liberia being settled."

James P., the grumbler of the party, writes in the fall of 1857 that, "We are in tolerable helth except my Leg I think it was worse than it was when I was in the united States it pears to me that my famly wil come to Suffer if I dont get some Sistance from you the doctors say that they cant cure it in this country for the climate of this country does not suit old sores I think that if you wil Sist me to get to New York it may be that I can get cured if I cant get it cured I wil oblige to suffer I give my respects to you and your wife hoping that these lines may find you & famly enjoying the blessing of helth I state to you that we did not find the country as we expected pervisions is high and very scarse in fact new comers Cant get it for love or money my pervisions is scarse and my







Experiences of a Conisiana Plantation Owner

money is scarse and my clothing is getting scarse Nothing more until deth."

It was, in fact, the poor old man's last grumble, as he died a few months later.

Most of the letters that follow this, make allusion to the war. It doubled the colonists' difficulties and privations, and we cannot wonder that their appeals to my father became urgent. Reuben R. writes that "I has lost Everything That I had Even to my house which I had erected in a small Village called Lexington were Burnt up to ashes by the Natives and I wish if you will be so Kind as to aid me in Some Little Thing So That I will be able to put up my house again for it is a very Distressing Time in this City (Greenville) at present"

Stephen R. says: "I was getting along very well until the war which flung me Back very much But I dont despare The same God that moved your heart to set us free and send us to our own country I hope will keep me from want and sufferings, and also raise up friends for me even in the distant land of America. Our health is very Good at this time But times are very hard with us just now. Yet in the midst of all our discouragements we are trying to work and not disgrace the goodness of him who set us free." Stephen R. also asks for some small help, but it is in a very manly way, and, like most of them, he proposes sending some equivalent in produce. He must have succeeded fairly well upon his farm, for two years later he writes that he and his wife like the country well, that "it yields its Products in abundance. . . and if a man will half do he is bound to get along with a very small capital that is provided he intends to work. We wants working men here besides the Capital."

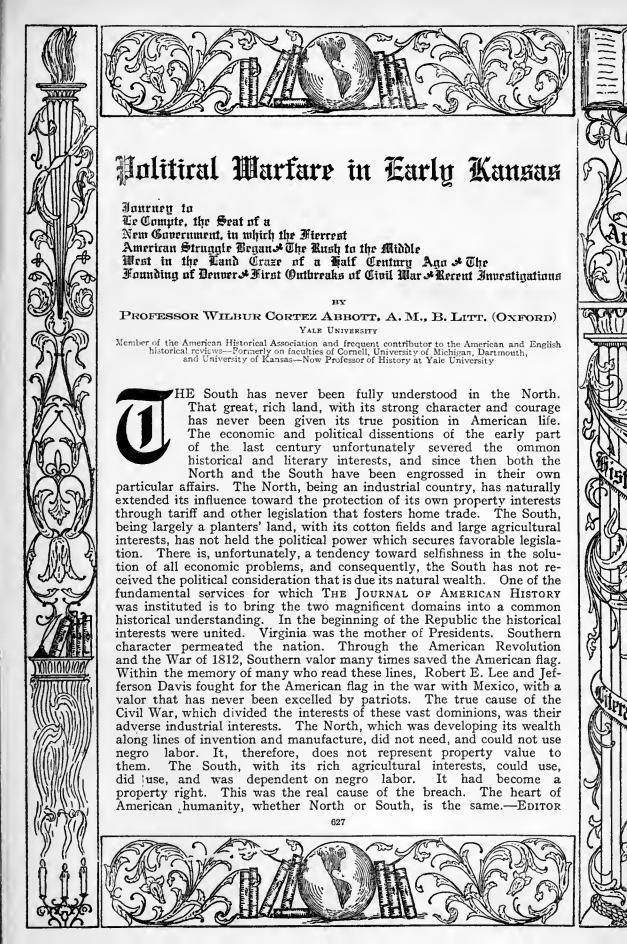
The last letters from Liberia that I can find, are dated in 1869. One of them encloses a list of those who had died since coming there—seventeen in all, out of the thirty-three who sailed in the spring of 1851 from New Orleans. Ten of these are women and young girls, and one at least, James P., was ill when he came. On the other hand, several of the younger men had married, and families were growing up around them. There are still appeals for aid, and statements as to the "hard times;" but so far as I can judge, the majority of those living were doing fairly well, getting some education, and identifying themselves more and more, as time went on, with the land that was now their home. I think that, on the whole, my father's experiment was not unsuccessful.

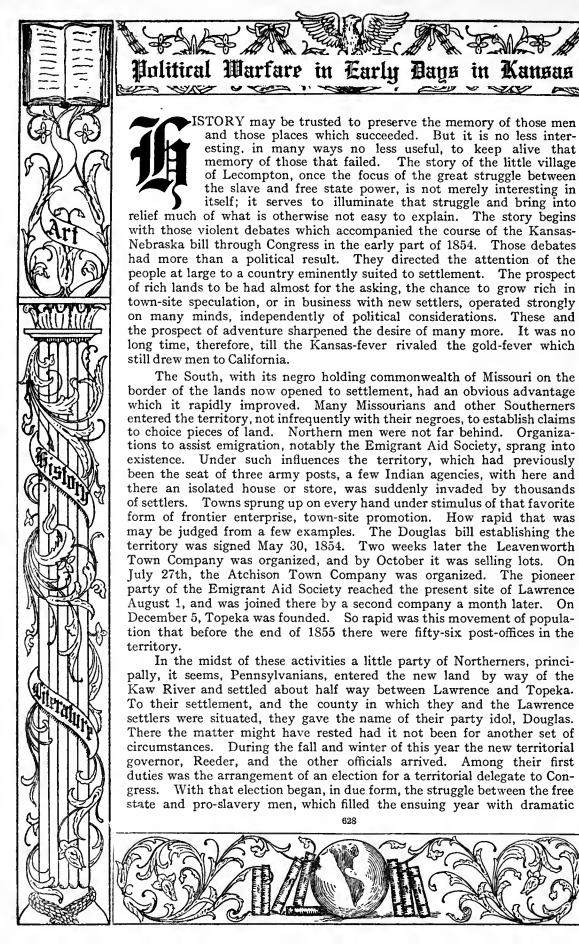
The last letter in my possession, dated March 30, 1869, may fitly close the list. My father was then himself in failing health, and must have appreciated the touch in it of loving remembrance, as an assurance that his sacrifice had not been in vain.

"Monrovia, March the 30 1869

"MR. WILLIAM DEAR FRIENDS I received your last letter here came by Mr. S. came to Titus G. But I red the contents of it and all so like it verry well But I rather see you if I could. I have very lite education But you may make this out But at same time I hope your family all well You was tell me something about your children I glad to her from them."

I have tried to learn something about the subsequent fortune of these various letter-writers, but have not been successful; and must leave them, at this point, to melt into the unwritten history of their land.





Journey to the Seat of an Old Government interest. The location of a capital was a matter second in importance only to the choice of a congressional delegate, and official attention was immediately directed to the matter. The Douglas bill had designated Fort Leavenworth as temporary capital, which part it played for some fifty days. Thence the seat of government was moved to Shawnee Mission, a Methodist school for Indian children, some seven miles from Kansas City. Thence it was transferred to Pawnee, a town site near Fort Riley, whence it was returned to Shawnee Mission. Finally, after fifteen months of these wanderings, in August, 1855, it was "permanently" located at "Lecompton," as the settlement between Lawrence and Topeka was now christened. The circumstances and reasons for this were characteristic of the whole history of the peripatetic capital, whose movements were dictated chiefly by the activities of rival town-site companies. Of these, one had at last been organized by the men about the governor. Its president was the new chief justice, Lecompte, and among its members was the governor's secretary, later acting governor, Woodson. While public affairs shaped themselves toward civil war these enterprising men fixed on Douglas as the territorial capital, secured and plotted some six hundred acres as a town site, and against the opposition of rival schemes, pushed their project through the legislature, re-named the place after their president, Lecompte, and were now prepared to reap their reward. Thus was Lecompton born, and here, in the fall of 1855, was established the seat of government. But the town became not merely the territorial capital. Partly for that reason, partly on account of its location near the center of free state activity, Lawrence, it became the headquarters of the pro-slavery forces. For the next five years it was a stirring place. From Lecompton, men went to take part in the so-called Wakarusa War against Lawrence in the winter of 1855. Here, in the following March, were brought the seven free-state leaders, with their chief, Dr. Robinson, as prisoners. In May, forces went from here to sack and burn Lawrence. Here in return, four months later, came James H. Lane and his "1200 men with cannon" to avenge the attack on Lawrence and release the seven prisoners. The tale of events is too long to be completed here. Between 1856 and 1858 the town rose to the height of its power. Hotels, some of of them of considerable size, were built to accommodate the officials, the leaders and legislators, the land seekers and floating population of the new capital. Here were the executive and judicial offices of the territory, and that of the surveyor-general. This man, John Calhoun, had been surveyor of Sangamon County, Illinois, having for his assistant the young Abraham Lincoln. He had been appointed surveyor-general by the influence of his friend Stephen A. Douglas, and he reported to the commissioner-general of the land office, Thomas A. Hendricks. And he was the presiding officer of the convention which produced the Lecompton Constitution. For his use and that of the territorial administration a building was erected, land office below and legislative hall above. A post-office was established and a stage line put in operation. Presently appeared a shortlived pro-slavery paper, the Lecompton Union, in whose yellow pages



Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas

we may still feel something of the thrill of that conflict. Founded in the "hot bed of Abolitionism," Douglas County. it avowed its purpose "to be found ever battling for the rights of the South and Southern institutions." "Believing the soil and climate of Kansas to be admirably adapted to the institution of Negro Slavery as it existed in the Southern States 'it' proposed to zealously advocate all honorable measures designed to protect and sustain it in the territory and ultimately have it recognized in the constitution of the future state of Kansas." Its pages echoed the phrases of "Black Republicans," of "Abolition outlaws, and hirelings of the New England Aid Society," in reply to the Free State taunts of "Border ruffians," and the "Demon of the Black Power."

Thus the village was equipped for territorial business and the no less important of spreading the pro-slavery propaganda. To crown the whole, Congress appropriated \$50,000 for the erection of a capitol, and its stone foundations and rising walls presently appeared among the stumps of the ten acre tract set apart for it. Thus the place flourished while the struggle for political control and status of the territory went on. The population increased rapidly, rising, it was claimed, to three or four thousand or even more, often greatly recruited by transient sojourners. Lots sold for \$500, sometimes, it is said, for as much as \$1,000. The place was visited by many men whose names bulk large in the history of the day, many, in fact, destined to fill a much larger space in later years. Most of that long list of governors, who succeeded each other so rapidly in this impossible and ungrateful task of presiding over the destinies of a province torn between contending factions, and made the center of national politics and partizan intrigue, set up their headquarters here. Reeder, Woodson, Shannon, Geary, Stanton, Walker, Denver, Walsh, Medary and Beebe, were all in some way connected with the destinies of Lecompton. Not least among the long roll of distinguished names associated with the place are those of the officers of that regiment which spent so large a share of its time striving to keep order amid the chaos of contending parties, the famous First Cavalry, from whose numbers came so many who won distinction on both sides of the later conflict. Captain McLellan had, indeed, left the regiment, but there remained with it or at the post, Joseph E. Johnston and J. E. B. Stuart, Hancock, Sumner and Sedgwick. task was no pleasant one, save perhaps to some whose political sympathies gave zest to putting down the other side. The place was full of rude and vigorous life. The engrossing business of territorial government and political agitation would seem at this distance enough to absorb the energies of a larger and older place than Lecompton, but we find in the very month of the great constitutional convention, October, 1857, an association formed through whose efforts, in the following spring and summer, a party was sent west to the edge of the Rocky Mountains where it founded the city of Denver, named for the governor of the territory.

Here met the stormy sessions of the territorial legislatures, and here, above all, between September 5 and November 7, 1857, came together that convention which framed the document designed to perpetuate slavery in the territory but which succeeded only in perpetuating the



Journey to the Seat of an Old Government

name of the place which gave it birth. It was the last throw in the game. The race for political control thrown open by the Kansas-Nebraska bill had been won by the section which used the situation to the best advantage, the North. The border warfare which accompanied the political struggle had stirred the whole nation, but it had not determined the result of the conflict. Each side had held conventions, carried elections. and put forth a constitution. But the free state party had been increasingly successful, till by 1857 it controlled not merely the majority of votes in the territory, but was about to gain the legislature. however, in June, 1857, the election for members of a new constitutional convention was called, they refrained from voting and the result was the strong pro-slavery body which met in Lecompton on the 5th of the following September. That body adjourned to await the result of the fall elections for the legislature. Finding them to be in favor of the free state men the Lecompton convention became a last resource of the proslavery forces in the territory. Their constitution, so framed as to admit slavery whatever the vote of the people, became the subject of fierce partisan struggle in Congress. The President favored admission under the constitution, Senator Douglas opposed. The body of which he was a member concurred with the President, the House would admit the territory, under this constitution, only if it was accepted by the people of the territory. The English bill which broke the deadlock provided that if the people voted for the constitution, the territory should be admitted by proclamation, if not it must wait till its population equalled the ratio required for a representative. With this went a grant of land, generally and incorrectly described as a bribe. But measure and aniendment were alike ineffectual. By an overwhelming vote the people of the territory repudiated the English idea. They rejected the constitution and the dramatic episode was at an end. Three years later the territory came in as a free state.

Though the decline of Lecompton was long delayed, the fate of the town was ultimately bound up with that of the consitution. With its failure the town's prospects of future greatness were shattered. Though Lecompton remained the legal capital of the territory the free state men who retained control of the legislature refused to hold its meetings in the place so intimately connected with the cause of their opponents. From session to session they met at the capital, in response to the governor's summons, only long enough to adjourn to Lawrence, until the day when Topeka became the capital of the free state. The political importance if not the business of the place suffered great diminution. It was abandoned to the humors of a mock legislature and its serio-comic debates on the parodies of gubernatorial messages, the "handorganic act," and the "(f) laws of Congress." The Lecompton Union was transformed into the National Democrat, a change significant of the altering fortunes of the town and the political situation. For some years the tide of emigration from North and South contributed its quota to Lecompton, as to other places, and it began a rough transition period common to frontier settlements, which endured in some form through the Civil War. The in-



Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas

congruous elements of its population, as the national struggle rose to its height added its weight to the existing rivalries and roused here, more than elsewhere, violent party feeling to embitter the situation, and the place saw dark days.

Yet, when the great conflict was over, Lecompton did not suffer the fate of some such centers of vigorous life whose very location has been nearly if not quite forgotten. When the politician and promoter, the frontiersman and adventurer had passed, there remained the sturdy original stock which had founded the place, most of whom had never been wholly in sympathy with the cause for which the name of their town stood. Nothing, perhaps, illustrates this better than the tradition that in this center of pro-slavery politics there was never but one slave, a body servant who had followed his master from his Southern home. To these were added in time other permanent settlers from North and South. They are there still, they and their descendants and neighbors, an intermingled strain of both sections, a peculiarly American community. The village still lies well up among the rolling bluffs which rise from the south bank of the Kaw, between Lawrence and Topeka, nowadays a little aside from the railroad which runs close along the bank of the slow but often dangerous stream. It is a pretty place, half hidden in spring and summer by the orchards which reach up to and invade its boundaries on every side. The census tells us that it had in 1890 some 450 souls, in 1900 some forty less. But, despite this, it seems in no danger of extinction; seems, indeed, not unprosperous in its modest way. With half a dozen well shaded streets, as many stores, its cottages for the most part trim and well kept, and a few more pretentious dwellings, good walks and quick hill drainage carried off in stone gutters, it offers a pleasant contrast to the picture one conjures up of a muddy and unkempt Western outpost. It recalls, in fact, not so much the memory of a frontier town as that of a New England or Middle States village, quiet, secure, contented, with the wild days of its rude and boisterous youth well behind it.

The present place is much shrunk from its former greatness. On every hand one finds evidences of wider boundaries and larger population. Coming up from the station he passes the heavy foundations of two of the earlier hotels long since destroyed by fire. Nearly across from them still stands the little "Federal" prison, solidly built of heavy stone, its inside partitions gone, most of the oak door jambs in place, the nail-studded door leaning against the wall and even some of the iron bars still in the tiny slits that did duty for windows. About it an orchard has grown, and the old prison's present purpose is a shelter for hay and chickens. Here and there are shown the sites of old houses, the pillars from Governor Woodson's "mansion," the spot where stood the "great house" of Governor Shannon, and many such beside. Here are the crumbling foundations of the Episcopal church, there what remains of a large Catholic edifice, the priest's house and the outline of the church alone remaining. Looking off from the hill one is shown the direction of Big Springs, just over the next high ridge, the spot where was held the first Free State Convention. In another direction one may see the traditional site of the first white



RUINS OF CONSTITUTION HALL



RUINS OF FEDERAL PRISON



FORMER UNIVERSITY IN LECOMPTON
Built on foundations of projected capitol



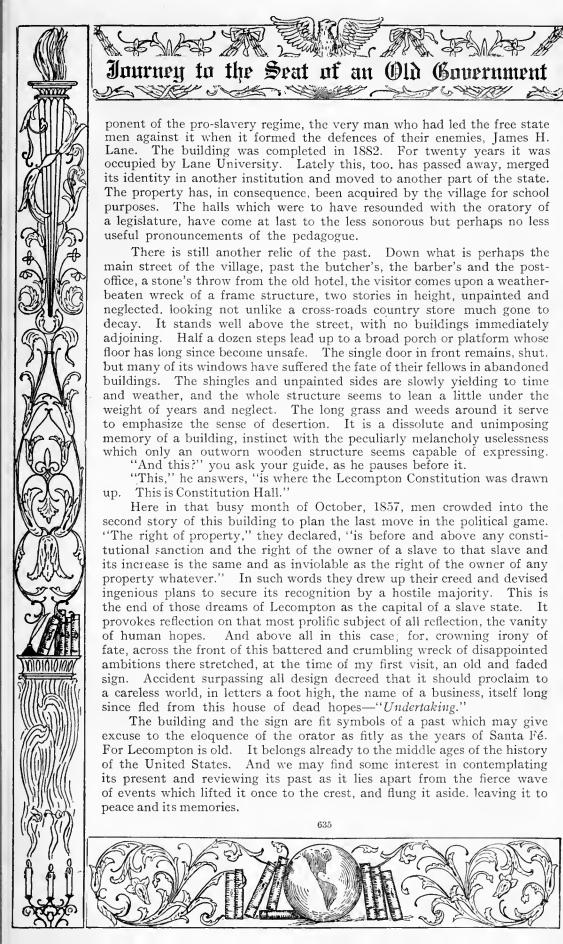
HOTEL IN HISTORIC CAPITAL Reminiscent of the old days of political warfare



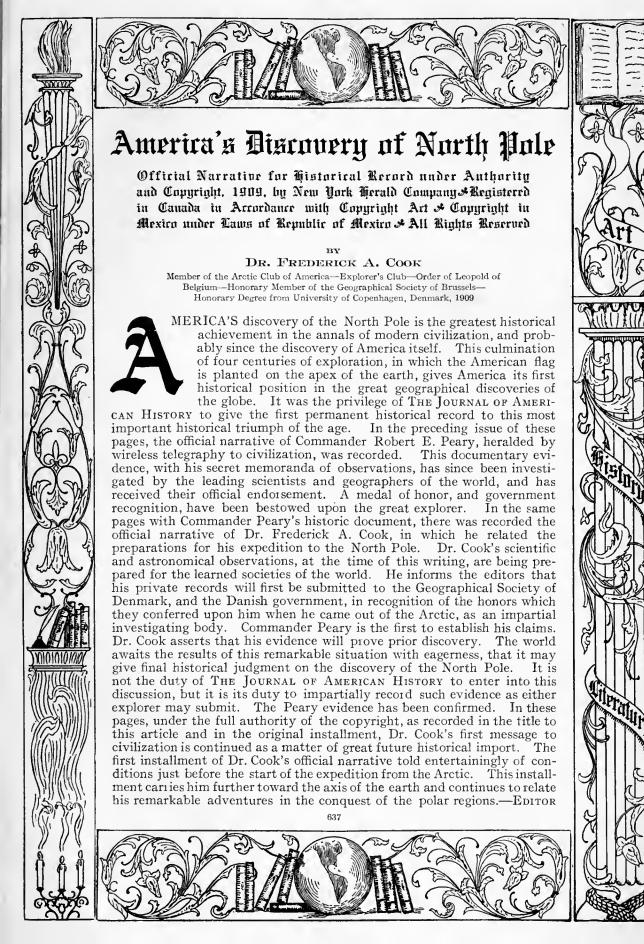
Political Warfare in Early Days in Kansas

settlement in Kansas territory, a trading post, Stonehouse Creek, established long before the Kansas-Nebraska bill had turned the land into a battlefield. And one is told that among the traders was one Boone, son or grandson of the famous Daniel. On every hand the past is revealed, a past not old, yet full of interest and importance, and treasured as the town's dearest possession.

At the very center of the place, diagonally across from the building now used as a hotel, there stands a large stone structure, three stories in height and by that fact conspicuous among the more modest business houses in its neighborhood. It is the first of those buildings which maintain the town's historic tradition. In the days when the pro-slavery propaganda seemed about to succeed, and Lecompton bade fair to become in fact what it was by legislative act, a permanent capital, enterprising and hopeful men united to erect a hotel which should accommodate visitors then or to be, and prove a worthy rival of the free state hotel at Lawrence. Here was not only the abiding place of official Kansas but the headquarters of that powerful movement which sought to win the territory for slavery. These rooms were once filled with the administrators of a new territory, politicians, army officers, cadets of Southern families, homeseeker and land speculator, the contractor and the man of business. For this was the largest and most famous of the Lecompton hotels, and the only one which has survived, the-shades of Scott!-the Rowena. When the capital was moved, and the war fought, and the cause had failed, the hotel was left among the aftermath of the wreckage. It came into the hands of a religious denomination and for many years was used as a dormitory and recitation halls. More recently it has passed from those hands and is used as a hardware store and a bank below, and a dwelling above. It is not alone in its memories of past greatness. Not far away, as one strolls about the town, he comes upon a solid square stone building, two tall stories high, standing in the midst of a well kept grassy plot of ground, some acres in extent. It is what survives of the old capitol. The fifty thousand dollars appropriated by Congress had sufficed to begin work on a building which it was estimated would cost seven or eight times that sum. Foundations were laid and some irregular walls rose upon them, which, among other matters, served as rude breastworks for the few defenders of the town against General Lane's "army of liberation." But the money was soon, perhaps too soon, exhausted, the disturbed state of the territory forbade further appropriation, and the admission of Kansas as a free state with Topeka as its capital made it unnecessary. The abandoned walls became the property of the state and thus matters stood until near the close of the Civil War. Then, first of all the ironical revenges of history, this monument of a lost cause came, with the hotel, into the hands of the aforementioned religious denomination. The latter building, as we have seen, was turned into an institution of learning. In the course of time there rose on the foundations of one wing of the unfinished capitol the present structure, not a legislative hall but a college, styling itself, after the manner of its kind, a university. Upon it was bestowed the name of that most violent op-









Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

TORMS now came up with such force and frequency that it was not safe to venture out in kayaks. A few walruses were captured from boats, then sea hunting was confined to the quest of seal through the young ice. A similar quest was being followed at every village from Annotook to Cape York. But all sea activity would now soon be limited to a few open

spaces near prominent headlands.

The scene of the real hunt changed from the sea to the land. We had as yet no caribou meat. The little auks gathered in nets during the summer, and eider duck, bagged later, disappeared fast when used as steady diet. We must procure hare, ptarmigan and reindeer, for we had not yet learned to eat with a relish the fishy, liverlike substance which is characteristic of all marine mammals.

Guns and ammunition were distributed, and when the winds were easy enough to allow one to venture out, every man sought the neighboring hills. Francke also took his exercise with a gun on his shoulder.

The combined results gave a long line of ptarmigan, two reindeer and sixteen hares. As snow covered the upper slopes, the game was forced down near the sea, where we could still hope to hunt in the feeble light of the early part of the night.

With a larder fairly stocked and good prospects for other tasty meats, we were spared the usual anxiety of a winter without winter supplies, and Francke was just the man to use this game to good effect, for he had a way of preparing our primitive provisions that made our dinners seem quite equal to a Holland House spread.

In the middle of October fox skins were prime, and then new steel traps were distributed and set near the many caches. By this time the Eskimos had all abandoned their sealskin tents and were snugly settled in their winter igloos. The ground was covered with snow and the sea

was nearly frozen over everywhere.

Everybody was busy preparing for the coming cold and night. The temperature was about 20 degrees below zero. Severe storms were becoming less frequent and the air, though colder, was less humid and less disagreeable. An ice fort was formed and the winter sledging was begun by short excursions to bait the fox traps and gather the foxes.

All these pursuits, with the work of building and repairing sleds, making dog harness and shaping new winter clothing, kept up a lively interest while the great crust which was to hold down the unruly deep for

so many months thickened and closed.

During the last days of brief sunshine the weather cleared, and at noon, on October 24, everybody sought the freedom of the open for a last glimpse of the dying day. There was a charm of color and glitter, but no one seemed quite happy as the sun sank under the southern ice, for it was not to rise again for 118 days.

The Eskimos took this as a signal to enter a trance of sadness, in which the bereavement of each family and the discomfort of the year are enacted

in dramatic chants or dances.

But to us the sunset of 1907 was inspiration for the final work in directing the shaping of the outfit with which to begin the conquest of the Pole at sunrise of 1908. Most expeditions have had the advantage of the liberal hand of a government or of an ample private fund. We were denied both favors.





America's Discovery of the North Pole

But we were not encumbered with a cargo of misfits devised by home dreamers, nor was the project handicapped by the usual army of novices, for white men at best must be regarded as amateurs compared with the expert efficiency of the Eskimo in his own environment. Our food supply contained only the prime factors of primitive nourishment. Special foods and laboratory concections did not fill an important space in our larder.

Nor had we balloons, automobiles, motor-sleds or other freak devices. We did, however, have an abundance of the best hickory, suitable metal and all the raw material for the sled and its accessories, which was henceforth to be linked with our destiny.

The sled was evolved as the result of local environment and of the anticipated ice surface northward. We did not copy the McClintock sled, with its wide runners, which has been used by most explorers for fifty years. Nor did we abandon the old fashioned iron shoes for Germansilver strips.

The conditions which a polar sled must meet are too complex to outline here. In a broad sense it seemed that the best qualities of the best wood Yukon sled could be combined with the local fitness of the Eskimo craft, with tough hickory fiber and sealskin lashings to make elastic joints. With plenty of native ingenuity to foresee and provide for the train of adaptability and endurance, the possibilities of our sled factory were very good.

For dog harness the Eskimo pattern was adopted, but canine economy is such that when rations are reduced to workable limits, the leather strips disappear as food. To overcome this disaster, the shoulder straps were made of folds of strong canvas, while the traces were cut from cotton log line.

A boat is an important adjunct to every sledge base of operation. It is a matter of necessity, even when following the new coast line, as is shown by the mishap of Mylius Erickson; for if he had had a boat he would himself have returned to tell the story of the Danish expedition to East Greenland.

Need for a boat comes with the changed conditions of the advancing season. Things must be carried for several months for a chance use in the last stages of the return. But, since food supplies are necessarily limited, delay is fatal. Therefore, when open water prevents progress, a boat becomes in the nature of a life-preserver.

Foolish, indeed, is the explorer who ignores this detail of the problem. Transport of a boat, however, offers many serious objections. Nansen introduced the kayak and most explorers since have adopted the same device. The Eskimo canoe serves the purpose very well, but to carry it for three months without hopeless destruction requires an amount of energy which stamps the polar venture with failure.

Sectional boats, aluminum boats, skin floats and other devices have been tried, but to all there is the same fatal objection of impossible transportation. It seems rather odd that the ordinary folding canvas boat has not been pressed into this service.

We found it to fit the situation exactly, selecting a twelve-foot Eurekashaped boat with wooden frame. The slats, spreaders and floor pieces were utilized as parts of sleds. The canvas cover served as a floor cloth for







Recard by Dr. Frederick

our sleeping bags. Thus the boat did useful service for a hundred days and was never in evidence as a cumbersome device.

When at last the craft was spread and covered, in it we carried the sled, in it we camped, in it we sought game, the meat of which took the place of exhausted supplies. Without it, we too would not have returned.

Preparation of the staple food supply is of even greater importance than means of locomotion. To the success of a prolonged Arctic enterprise in transit, successive experience is bound to dictate a wise choice of equipment, but it does not often educate the stomach.

From the published accounts of Arctic travelers it is impossible to select a satisfactory menu for future explorers, and I hasten to add that perhaps our experience will be equally unsatisfactory to subsequent victims.

Nor is it safe to listen to scientific advice, for the stomach is the one organ of the body which stands as the autocrat over every other human sense and passion, and will not easily yield to foreign dictates.

The problem differs with every man. It differs with every expedition and it is radically different with every nation. Thus when De Gerlache forced Norwegian food into French stomachs he learned that there was a nationality in gastronomics.

In this respect, as in others, I was helped very much by the people who were to line up my forces. The Eskimo is ever hungry, but his taste is Things of doubtful value in nutrition form no part in his dietary. Animal food, meat and fat, is entirely satisfactory as a steady diet without other adjuncts. His food requires neither salt nor sugar, nor is cooking a matter of necessity.

Quantity is important, but quality only applies to the relative propor-With this key to the gastronomics of our lockers, pemmican was selected as the staple food, which also served equally well for the dogs.

We had an ample supply of pemmican, made by Armour, of pounded dried beef sprinkled with a few raisins, some currants and a small quantity of sugar. This mixture was cemented together with heated beef tallow and run into tin cans containing six pounds each.

This combination was invented by an American Indian. It has been used before as part of the long list of foodstuffs in Arctic products, but with us it was the whole bill of fare when away from game haunts.

Only a few palate surprises were carried and these will be indicated in the narrative of camp life. The entire winter and night were spent with busy hands, under direction of Eskimo and Caucasian ingenuity, in working out the clothing and camp comforts, without which we could not invade the forbidden mystery of the polar basin.

Although we did not follow closely either the routes or methods of our predecessors, we are, nevertheless, doubly indebted to them; for their experiences, including their failures, were our stepping-stones to success.

Early in January of 1908 the campaign opened. A few sleds were sent to the American shores to explore a route and to advance supplies.

Clouds and storms made the moonlight days dark and therefore these advance expeditions were only partly successful.

On February 19, 1908, the main expedition started for the Pole. Eleven men, driving 103 dogs and moving eleven heavily loaded sleds, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward over the troublesome ice of Smith Sound, to Cape Sabine.



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The gloom of the long winter night was but little relieved by a few hours of daylight and the temperature was very low.

Passing through a valley between Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land, from the head of Flagler Bay, in crossing to the Pacific slopes, the temperature fell to 83 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit.

In Bay Fiord many musk oxen were secured, and though the winter frost was at its lowest there was little wind, and with an abundance of fresh meat and also fat for fuel, the life in the snow house proved fairly comfortable.

The ice in Eureka and Jones's Sounds proved fairly smooth, and long marches were made, with an abundance of game, musk ox, bear and hares. We found it quite unnecessary to use the supplies taken from Greenland. Caches of provisions and ammunition were left along Heiberg Island for the return.

Thus we managed to keep in game trails and in excellent fighting trim to the end of known lands. Camping in the chill of the frowning cliffs of the northernmost coast (Svartevog), we looked out over the heavy ice of the polar seas through eyes which had been hardened to the worst polar environments.

There was at hand an abundance of supplies, with willing savage hands and a superabundance of brute force in overfed pelts, but for a greater certainty of action over the unknown regions beyond, I resolved to reduce the force to the smallest numbers consistent with the execution of the problem in hand.

We had travelled nearly 400 miles in twenty-eight days. There remained a line of 520 miles of unknowable trouble to be overcome before our goal could be reached. For this final task we were provided with every conceivable device to ease this hard lot, but in addition to a reduced party, I now definitely resolved to simplify the entire equipment. At Svartevog, a big cache was made. In this cache fresh meat, todnu, pemmican and -much other food, together with all discarded articles of equipment, were eft.

In the northward advance every factor of the dog train had been carefully watched and studied to provide a perfect working force for the final reach over the Polar Sea. Etukishuk and Ahwelah, two young Eskimos, each twenty years old, had been chosen as best fitted to be my sole companions in the long run of destiny. Twenty-six dogs were picked and upon two sleds were loaded all our needs for a stay of eight days.

To have increased this party would not have enabled us to carry supplies for a greater number of days. The sleds might have been loaded more heavily, but this would reduce the important progress of the first days.

With the character of ice which we had before us, advance stations were impossible. A large expedition and a heavy equipment seemed imprudent. We must win or lose in a prolonged effort at high pressure, and, therefore, absolute control and ease of adaptability to a changing environment must be assured.

It is impossible to adequately control the complex human temperament of unknown men in the polar wilderness, but the two Eskimo boys could be trusted to follow to the limit of my own endeavors, and our sleds were burdened only with absolute necessities.







Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

Because of the importance of a light and efficient equipment, much care was taken to eliminate every ounce of weight. The sleds were made of hickory, the lightest wood consistent with great endurance, but every needless fibre was gouged out. The iron shoes were ground thin, and in very way the weight of nearly everything was reduced even after leaving headquarters.

The little train, therefore, which followed me into the further mystery was composed of two sleds, each carrying six hundred pounds, drawn by thirteen dogs, under the lash of an expert driver. The combined freight was as follows: Pemmican, 805 pounds; musk ox tenderloin, 50 pounds; todnu, 25 pounds; tea, 2 pounds; coffee, 1 pound; sugar, 25 pounds; condensed milk, 40 pounds; milk biscuits, 60 pounds; pea soup, powdered and compressed, 10 pounds; surprises, 5 pounds; petroleum, 40 pounds; wood alcohol, 2 pounds; candles, 3 pounds; matches, 1 pound.

The camp equipment included the following articles: One blow fire lamp (Jenel), 3 aluminum pails, 3 aluminum cups, 3 aluminum teaspoons, 1 tablespoon, 3 tin plates, 6 pocket knives, 2 butcher knives (10 inches), 1 saw knife (13 inches), 1 long knife (15 inches), 1 rifle (Sharp's), 1 rifle (Winchester, 22), 110 cartridges, 1 hatchet, 1 Alpine axe, extra line and lashings, 3 personal bags.

The sled equipment was: 2 sleds, weighing 52 pounds each; 12-foot folding canvas boat, 34 pounds; 1 silk tent, 2 canvas sled covers, 2 sleeping bags (reindeer skin), floor furs, extra wood for sled repairs, screws, nails and rivets.

The instruments were as follows: Three compasses, 1 sextant, 1 artificial horizon (glass), 1 pedometer, 3 pocket chronometers, 1 watch, charts, map making material and instruments, 3 thermometers, 1 aneroid

barometer, 1 camera and films, note books and pencils.

The personal bags contained four extra pairs of kamiks, with fur stockings, a woolen shirt, three pairs of sealskin mittens, two pairs of fur mittens, a piece of blanket, a sealskin coat (netsha), a repair kit for mending clothing and dog harness, extra fox tails.

On the march we wore snow goggles, blue fox coats (kapitahs), birdskin skirts, woolen drawers, bearskin pants, kamiks and hareskin stockings. We fastened a band of fox tails under the knee, and about the waist.

On the morning of March 18, preparations were made to divide the party. The advance must be helped over the rough ice of the pack edge, and for this purpose Koolootingwah and Inugito were selected. The other six Eskimos prepared to return. One sled was left with a cache to insure a good vehicle for our return in case the two sleds were badly broken en route.

A half gale was blowing into Nansen Sound from the northwest, but this did not interfere with the starting of those home-going Eskimos. With abundant game for the return, they required little but ammunition

to supply their wants.

When the word was given to start, the dogs were gathered and the sleds were spanned with a jump. Soon they disappeared in the rush of driving snow. The crack of the whips and the rebound of cheering voices was the last which we heard of the faithful savage supporters. They had followed not for pay, but for a real desire to be helpful, from the dark days of the ending of night to the bright nights of the coming double days, and their parting enforced a pang of loneliness.





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With a snow-charged blast in our faces it was quite impossible for us to start, so we withdrew to the snow igloo, entered our bags and slept a few hours longer. At noon the horizon cleared, the wind veered to the southwest and came with an endurable force. The dogs had been doubly fed the night before; they were not to be fed again for two days. The twelve hundred pounds of freight were packed on our sleds, and quickly we slipped around deep grooves in the great poliocrystic floes.

The snow had been swept from the ice by the force of the preceding storms and the speed attained by the dogs through even rough ice was such that is was difficult to keep far enough ahead to get a good course.

The crevasses and pressure lines gave little trouble at first, but the hard irregularity of the bared ice offered a dangerous surface for the life of our sleds, passing through blue gorges among miniature mountains of sea ice. On a course slightly west of north we soon sank the bold headland which raises the northern point of Heiberg Island.

After a run of twenty-six miles we pitched camp on a floeberg of unusual height. There were many big hummocks about, to the lee of which were great banks of hardened snow. Away from land it is always more difficult to find snow suitable for cutting building blocks, but here was an abundance conveniently placed. In the course of an hour a comfortable palace of crystal was erected and into it we crept out of the piercing wind. The first day's march over the circum-polar sea was closed with a good record.

The dogs curled up and went to sleep without a call, as if they knew there would be no food until the morrow. My wild companions covered their faces with their convenient long hair and sank quietly into a comfortable slumber, but for me sleep was quite impossible. Letters must be written. The whole problem of our campaign must be again carefully studied, and final plans must be made, not only to reach our ultimate destination, but for the returning parties and for the security of the things at Annotook.

It was difficult at this time to even guess at the probable line of our return to land. Much depended upon conditions encountered in the northward route. Though we had left caches of supplies, with the object of returning along Nansen Sound into Cannon Fjord and over Arthur Land, I entertained grave doubts of our ability to return this way. If the ice drifted strongly to the east we might not be given the choice of working out our own return. In that event we would be carried, perhaps, helplessly to Greenland and must seek a return either along the east coast or the west coast.

This drift did not offer a dangerous hardship, for the musk oxen would keep us alive to the west, and to the east it seemed possible to reach Shannon Island, where the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition had abandoned a large cache of supplies. It appeared not improbable also that a large land extension might offer a safe return much further west.

Because of this uncertainty Francke was instructed to wait until June 5, 1908, and if we did not return, he was told to place Koolootingwah in charge and go home, either by the whalers or by the Danish ships to the south. No relief which he could offer would help us, and to wait for an indefinite time alone would have inflicted a needless hardship. This and many other instructions were prepared for Koolootingwah and Inugito to take back.







Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

In the morning the forest in crystals had been swept from the air, but there remained a humid chill, which pierced to the bones. The temperature was minus 56 Fahrenheit. A light air came from the west and the sun burned in a freezing blue.

After a few hours' march the ice changed in character. The extensive thick fields gave way to moderate-sized floes. The floes were separated by zones of troublesome crushed ice thrown into high-pressure lines, which offered serious barriers, but with the ice-axe and Eskimo ingenuity we managed to make fair progress.

The second run on the polar sea was with twenty-one miles to our credit. I had expected to send the supporting party back from here, but progress had not been as good as expected. We could hardly spare the food to feed their dogs, so they volunteered to push along another day without dog food.

On the next day, with increasing difficulties in some troublesome ice, we camped, after making only sixteen miles. Here a small snowhouse was built, and from here, after disposing of a pot of steaming musk ox loins and broth, followed by a double brew of tea, our last helpers returned.

With empty sleds and hungry dogs they hoped to reach land in one long day's travel. But this would make the fourth day without food for their dogs, and in case of storm or moving ice, other days of famine might easily fall in their lot. They had, however, an abundance of dogs and might sacrifice a few for the benefit of the others, as we must often do.

Koolootingwah and Inugito had been our bedfellows for the entire northward run, and they had gone through many dangerous and hard experiences together. We, therefore, felt more keenly their departure than the going of the first six. We were at first lonely, but the exigencies of our problem were soon sufficiently engaging to occupy every call and strain every fibre.

Now our party was reduced to three, and, though the isolation was more oppressive, there were the usual advantages for greater comfort and progress of a small family of workers. The increased number of a big expedition always enlarges the responsibility and difficulties. In the early part of a polar venture this disadvantage is eliminated by the survival of the fittest, but after the last supporting sleds return, the men are married to each other and can no longer separate. A disabled or unfitted dog can be fed to his companions, but an injured or weak man cannot be put aside. An exploring venture is only as strong as its weakest member, and increased members, like increased links in a chain, reduce efficiency.

The personal idiosyncrasies and inconveniences always shorten the day's march, but, above all, a numerous party quickly divides into cliques, which are always opposed to each other, to the leader and to the best interests of the problem in hand. With but two savage companions, to whom this arduous task was but a part of an accustomed life of frost, I hoped to overcome many of the natural personal barriers to the success of Arctic expeditions.

By dead reckoning, our position was latitude 82 degrees, 23 minutes; longitude 95 degrees, 14 minutes. A study of the ice seemed to indicate that we had passed beyond the zone of ice crushed by the influence of land pressure. Behind were great hummocks and small ice, ahead was a cheer-



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ful expanse of larger floes. Using the accumulated vigor of man and beast, we had advanced a degree of latitude in three days. Our destination was about 460 miles beyond.

But our life had assumed quite another aspect. Previously, we permitted ourselves some luxuries. A pound of coal oil and a good deal of musk ox tallow were burned each day to heat the igloo and to cook abundant food. Extra meals were served when an occasion called for it, and each man ate and drank all he desired. If the stockings or the mittens were wet, there was fire enough to dry them out, but all of this must now be changed.

There was a short daily allowance of food and fuel—one pound of pemmican per day for the dogs, about the same for men, with just a taste of other things. Fortunately, we were well stuffed for the race with fresh

meat, in the lucky run through game lands.

At first, no great hardship followed the changed routine. We filled up sufficiently on two cold meals and used superfluous bodily tissue. It was no longer possible to jump on the sled for an occasional breathing spell, as we had done along the land. With overloaded sleds, the drivers must push and pull at the sleds to aid the dogs, and I searched the troubled ice for an easy route, cutting here and there with the ice-axe to permit the passing of the sleds.

We were finally stripped for the race; man and dog must walk along together through storms and frost for that elusive pivot. Success or failure depended mostly upon our ability to transport nourishment and

to keep up the muscular strength for a prolonged period.

As we awoke on the following morning and peeped out of the eye port, the sun was edging along the northeast, throwing a warm orange glow on us that gladdened our hearts. The temperature was 63 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit; the barometer was steady and high. There was almost no wind and not a cloud lined the dome of pale purple blue.

After two cups of tea, a watch-sized biscuit, a chip of frozen meat and a bowlder of pemmican, we crept out of the bags. The shivering legs were pushed through bearskin cylinders, which served as trousers, the feet were worked into frozen boots, and then we climbed into fur coats, kicked the front out of the snow house and danced about to start the fires of the heart.

Quickly the camp furnishings were tossed on the sleds and securely lashed down. The dog traces were gathered into the drag lines and with a vigorous snap of the long whip, the willing creatures bent to the shoulder straps. The sleds groaned and the unyielding snows gave a metallic ring, but the train moved with a cheerful pace.

"Unne noona terronga dosangwah" (good land out of sight today), we said to one another, but the words did not come with serious intent. In truth, each in his own way felt keenly that we were leaving a world of life and possible comfort for one of torment and suffering. Heiberg Island was already only a dull blue haze, while Grant Land was making fantastic figures of its peaks and ice walls.

The stamp of reality had given place to a wave of curious mirages. Some peaks seemed like active volcanoes, others rose to exaggerated heights and pierced the changing skies with multiple spires like church steeples. Altogether, this unexpected panorama of the upper surface of Grant Land, under the influence of optical illusions, gave us considerable entertainment.







Official Record by Dr. Frederick Cook

At every breathing spell the heads turned to the land and every look gave a new prospect. From belching volcanoes to smoking cities of modern bustle, the mirage gave suggestive bits of scenes, but a more desolate line of coast could not be imagined.

Low, wind-swept and ice-polished mountains were separated by valleys filled with great depths of snow and ice. This interior accumulation moved slowly to the sea, where it formed a low ice wall, a glacier of the malaspina type, but its appearance was more like that of heavy sea ice; hence the name of the fragments from this glacier—floeberg, which, seen in Lincoln Sea and resembling old floes, were supposed to be the product of the upbuilding of the ice of the North Polar Sea.

Late in the afternoon the land suddenly settled as if by an earthquake. The pearly glitter which raised it darkened, and a purple fabric was drawn over the horizon, merging imperceptibly with the lighter purple blue of the upper skies. We saw the land, however, repeatedly for several days whenever the atmosphere was in the right condition to elevate the terrestrial contour lines.

Everything was in our favor in this march. The wind was not strong and struck at an angle, making it possible to guard the nose by pushing a mitten under the hood or by raising the fur clad hand. The snow was hard, and the ice, in fairly large floes separated by pressure lines, offered little trouble. At the end of a forced effort of fourteen hours the register indicated twenty-nine miles.

Too tired to begin the construction of a house at once, we threw ourselves down on the sledges for a short breathing spell and fell asleep. Awakened about an hour later by a strong wind, we hastened to seek shelter. The heavy floe upon which we rested had several large hummocks and over to the lee of one of these was found suitable snow for a camp. Lines of snowy vapor were rushing over the pack and the wind came with a rapidly increasing force.

But the dome was erected before we suffered severely from the blast, and under it we crept out of the coming storms, into warm furs.

It blew fiercely that night, but in the morning the storm eased to a steady draught, with a temperature of 59 degrees below. At noon we emerged. The snow grays had been swept from the frigid dome, but to the north there remained a low black line over a pearly cloud which gave us much uneasiness. It was a narrow belt of water-sky and indicated open water or very thin ice at no great distance.

The upper surface of Grant Land was a mere line, but a play of land clouds over it fixed the eyes on the last known rocks of solid earth. In this march we felt keenly the piercing cold of the polar sea. The temperature gradually rose to 46 below in the afternoon, but the chill of the shadows increased with the swing of the sun's glitter.

It still blew that light, life-sapping draught which sealed the eyes and bleached the nose. We had hoped that this would soften with the midday sun, but instead, it came with a sharper edge. Our course was slightly west of north, the wind was slightly north of west; it struck us at a painful angle and brought tears. The moistened lashes quickly froze together in winking and we were forced to halt frequently to unseal the eyes with the warmth of the uncovered hand. In the meantime, we found the nose tipped with a white skin, and it also required nursing. The entire face was surrounded with ice.



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This experience brought warm language but there was no redress. If we aimed to succeed, the face must be bared to the cut of the elements.

At about six o'clock, as the sun crossed the west, we had reached a line of high pressure ridges. Beyond, the ice was cut into smaller floes and thrown together into ugly irregularities; an active pack and troubled seas could not be far away, according to our surmises. The water-sky widened but became less sharply defined.

We managed to pick a way among hummocks and pressure lines which seemed impossible from a distance and in a few hours we saw from an unusual uplift of ice blocks a broad, dark line separating the packs—a tremendous cut several miles wide, which seemed at the time to bar all further progress. We had a folding canvas boat on the sleds, but in a temperature of forty-eight degrees below zero no craft could be lowered into water without fatal results. All of the ice about was firmly cemented together and over it a way was forged to the shore of the great lead.

Camp was made on a secure old field and over its huge ice cliffs the crack seemed like a long river winding between palisades of blue crystal. Asthinsheet of yellow ice had already spread over the mysterious deep and a profusion of fantastic frost crystals were arranged in bunches resembling flowers. Through this young ice dark vapors rose like steam through a screen of porous fabrics and fell in feathers of dust along the sparkling shores. Etukhishook went east and I went west to examine the lead for a safe crossing.

There were several narrow places, while here and there floes had been adrift in the lead and were now fixed by the young ice. Ahwelah remained to make our snow house comfortable.

In exploring the shore line a partially bridged place was found about a mile from camp; but the young ice was too elastic for a safe track. The temperature, however, fell rapidly with the setting sun, and the wind was just strong enough to sweep off the heated vapors. A better atmospheric condition could not be afforded to quickly thicken the young ice.

The groaning ice, and the eagerness to reach the opposite shores, kept us awake for a long time. With the ear resting on the frozen sea, the vibrations and noises of the moving pack were not unlike those of an earthquake.

Breakfast was served early and soon after we were on the thin ice to test its strength. Though the ice was hardly safe, it did not seem wise to wait longer, for the western skies were darkening with a wind that might destroy the new ice and compel a halt for a long time.

On snow shoes and with spread legs I led the way. The sleds with light loads followed. The surface vibrated as we moved along, but the spiked handle of the ice axe did not easily pass through. For about two miles we walked with an easy tread and considerable anxiety, but we had all been on similar ice before and we knew that with a ready line and careful watchfulness there was no great danger. A cold bath, however, in that temperature, forty degrees below, could have had some serious consequences. In two crossings, all our supplies were safely landed on the north shores, and from there the lead had a much more picturesque effect.

The official record of the expedition from this point of the narrative to the "dash to the pole" will be given historical record in the next number of The Journal of American History

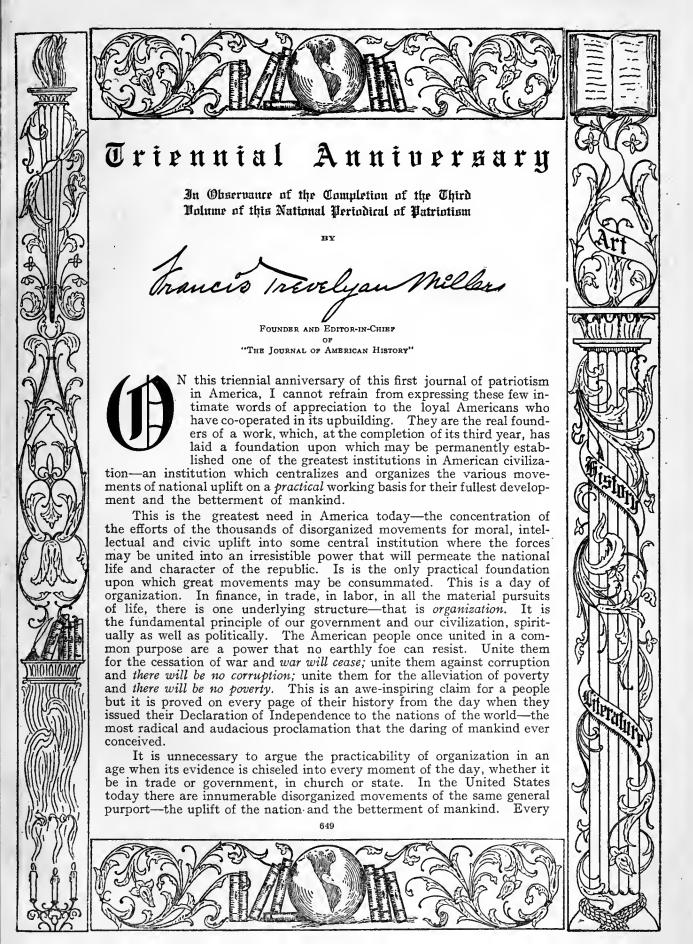






FRANCIS TREVELYAN MILLER

On this Trienmial Anniversary of the First National Journal of Patriotism in America, thus portrait by Faschamps is presented of its Founder and Editor-in-chief





Observations on Triennial Anniversary

American is interested in one or more of them. Their influence is not felt because of the narrow limits in which they are working. Thousands of Americans would affiliate with these movements if they knew that they existed. Many of them are entirely unknown; nearly all are working at tangents, with much loss of energy and but limited accomplishment. It is not strange that they finally become mere social gatherings among their own circles of friends.

There are other noble movements along the lines of political and social science that have their own organizations but which are not known outside of the specialists who are directly interested in that especial project. Even the thousands of historical societies throughout the United States are disorganized and are working independently, thus narrowing their fields of service and stunting their own great possibilities for good. These historical societies, under united efforts and constitutional organization, would become one of the strongest and most wholesome influences in the moulding of national character. The interests which they represent are the foundation upon which the nation is built. Historical understanding is one of the strongest moral influences that can be inculcated into a people. Upon it rests the spirit, loyalty and patriotism of the generations. Historical precedent is as positive a force in moulding public opinion as is legal precedent in our institution of justice. Show a man the historical revelations of war and he will rise in moral revolt against a system in an enlighted age that still employs the medieval custom of arriving at conclusions by brute force rather than God-given reason; a method that exterminates men because they disagree in their political or selfish interests, which, employed individually is branded as murder but when done by wholesale massacre is called war. The light of historical revelation would bring men to their senses and cause them to declare that this relic of barbarism must cease.

So it is with all the movements for the general uplift of humanity. They are all founded on some historical truth, which, if it could become more universally understood, would remove the evils that beset mankind. This is the fundamental purpose of the institution of The Journal of American History, the centralization of all movements of national uplift on the sound foundation of historical precedence. This is the foundation upon which it stands on this third anniversary, and upon which may now be reared a magnificent structure of modern civilization consecrated to the building of the future upon the solid foundation of the past—this is the true service of history.

The several progressions of this national movement have been definite and constructive. Most ethical aspirations fail because they attempt to attain their high standards by theoretical rather than practical approaches. This movement was organized on a sound business basis, by the inauguration of a journal in which the historical traditions and precedents of the nation could be preserved, and through which every movement for ethical uplift could speak; a journal that typifies the finer instincts and higher culture of the truest American homes; a journal so wholesome in its environment, so dignified in its personality, so entertaining in its individuality, that it would become a beloved guest in every established American home, relating the experiences of the old days and the old ways, narrating reminiscences of the years gone by, entertaining with the charm of a genteel old gentleman whose memory is still clear, whose heart is

Triennial always hopeful, who loves the past and its generations, but whose intellect is broad enough and whose faith in his fellowmen is deep enough so that he does not fear the future. This is the editorial character of the journal which was inaugurated to represent this national movement—a journal that is typical of the truest American of the times. It must be recognized, too, that this is an age of the utilitarian; that every movement to achieve success must be of definite service to those to whom it appeals. This journal, therefore, undertook to leave at the hospitable American hearths more than it took away During the year now closing it has brought into the American homes not only more than two hundred of the leading American scholars, the intellectual men of the age, but the most eminent masters in art and sculpture whose masterpieces are left on the library tables of the homes into which they are introduced. This is one of the deepest pleasures of The Journal of Ameri-CAN HISTORY, this privilege of introducing into the most exclusive homes of America, the masters who are today making the United States a great nation in art and intellect as well as trade. We feel that every discerning American who has received the books of this closing year realizes their full import. The entire income is being expended for the development of the publication and its prescribed work. On this equitable basis of full value for value received, the sound doctrine of all trade, THE JOURNAL OF AMER-ICAN HISTORY is, and will be whatever the American people make it. The accomplishment of the last three years, in which more than five hundred notable contributions have been made to American historical literature, and more than a thousand rare engravings, prints, and works of art have been preserved, is their accomplishment; and each one who has contributed to it by the moderate annual subscription has not only done significant service to the generation and the nation but has personally received the largest and fullest returns. It is on this equitable basis that THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY, the first national journal of true American spirit and uplift, greets the American people at the close of its third year. The work of the coming year will be in just such proportion as the homes of the nation devise. With every friend remaining loyal, the developments of the next year will bring several great ethical movements into being. The plans are being perfected for the promulgation of the proposed constitution of the United Nations in the solution of the world's peace, as first presented in these pages, and which now have the endorsement of such practical men as Andrew Carnegie, whose appeal to the American people is recorded in the preceding pages. There is a movement under organization for the alleviation of poverty on more practical lines than ever before; not on a basis of charity but on a sound basis of self-insurance and protection—the culmination of humane civilization. It is one of the most remarkable conceptions of the timesand yet simple and practical. This movement has been laid before The JOURNAL OF AMERICAN HISTORY as the national channel through which the established American homes, in whom the future so largely rests, may be reached. There is a movement for a great triumphant observation, throughout the North and South, on the semi-centennial of the outbreak of the Civil War, not in a spirit of exultation, but in tribute to every man who gave his life for what he believed to be right, whether he wore the blue or the gray,



Observations on Triennial Anniversary

and as a pledge of an unseverable brotherhood of the American people—North, South, East and West—the mightiest force in the marching army of civilization. It has been proposed that simultaneously throughout every state in the union, messengers from the North be dispatched to carry tidings to the South, while sons of Southern valor bring messages to the anniversary gatherings of the North. The movement has the cordial endorsement of the leaders of the gallant Confederacy as well as the North. It is not sectional, but national—the most magnificent demonstration of fellowship and brotherhood that the world has ever seen—and only fifty years after they stood arrayed against one another in the most fearful struggle that mankind had ever known. The Journal of American History has been recognized as the one central institution about which this movement may be organized—pledged, as this journal has been since its inauguration, to the reunited historical interests of the South and the North.

There has been a movement for some years to erect at the national capital, the most magnificent architectural creation on the Western Continent, dedicated "to the memory of the father of our country" and to be known as the George Washington memorial building, "consecrated to the increase and diffusion of knowledge in all lines of human activity that will conduce to the advancement of the welfare of mankind." This movement has the co-operation of such distinguished Americans as Honorable Elihu Root, General Horace Porter, Dr. Ira Remsen, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, and many others throughout the North and the South. It is possible that the cornerstone of this magnificent structure, which is to be designed as a hall of patriotism in which all the national scientific, educational, literary and patriotic movements of the country may congregate in parliament and convention, may be laid at the semi-centennial of the beginning of the Civil War, and that it may be completed so that its first great concourse may be that of the semi-centennial gathering of the close of the Civil War. There could be nothing more appropriate to American history than the memorial to George Washington, a Virginian, as the cornerstone over which the North and the South clasp hands in a pledge to universal brotherhood.

These suggestions are sufficient to prove the need in America of such a journal as this, and that it has a great work to do for the generation and the nation. Through it, many great works that have struggled for decades may be brought to a successful culmination. The foundation is only just laid. The work is just begun. The future lies in the co-operation of those who feel the opportunity—realize its full import to the nation.

It is a privilege to be allowed to present such a work as this to the American people, and to seek their interest and co-operation, for it is a work in which every one who helps the cause helps himself most of all. We believe that there are one hundred thousand true American homes in which burn the spirit of the nation, and which are unselfishly devoted to all that pertains to the moral and intellectual as well as the material growth of themselves, their homes, and their country. If not, then the republic is in peril; a people cannot long live that feel neither loyalty to themselves, their families, nor their nation. With every one of these hundred thousand homes willingly extending their influence and interest to this great work, its results will soon be discernible in American life and character, and we shall all be a better, stronger, nobler people.



Syllabus and Index to Third Volume

An exhaustive Syllabus and Index to Volume III of The Journal of American History is being compiled and will be recorded in first number of Fourth Volume

Advance copies of this exhaustive Index will be mailed with all orders for annual binders



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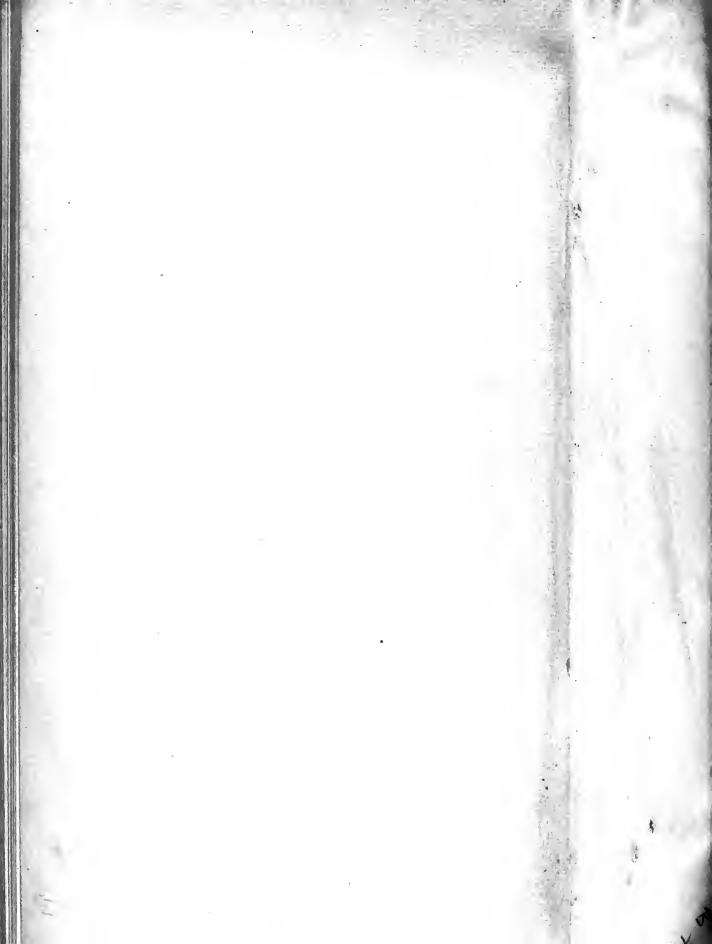
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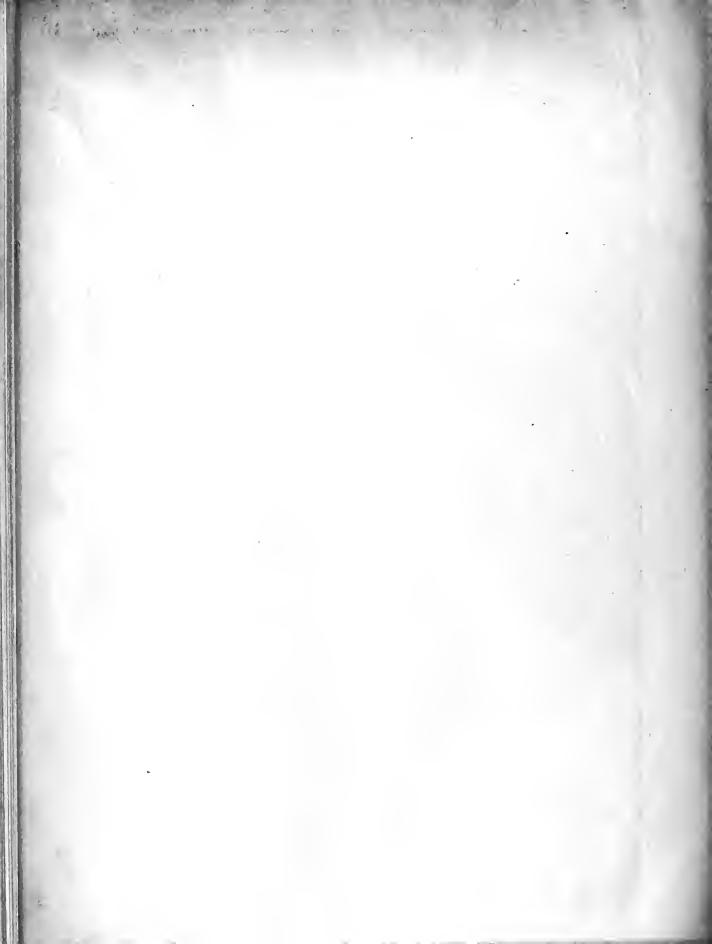
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